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THE INVINCIBLE
IRON MAN
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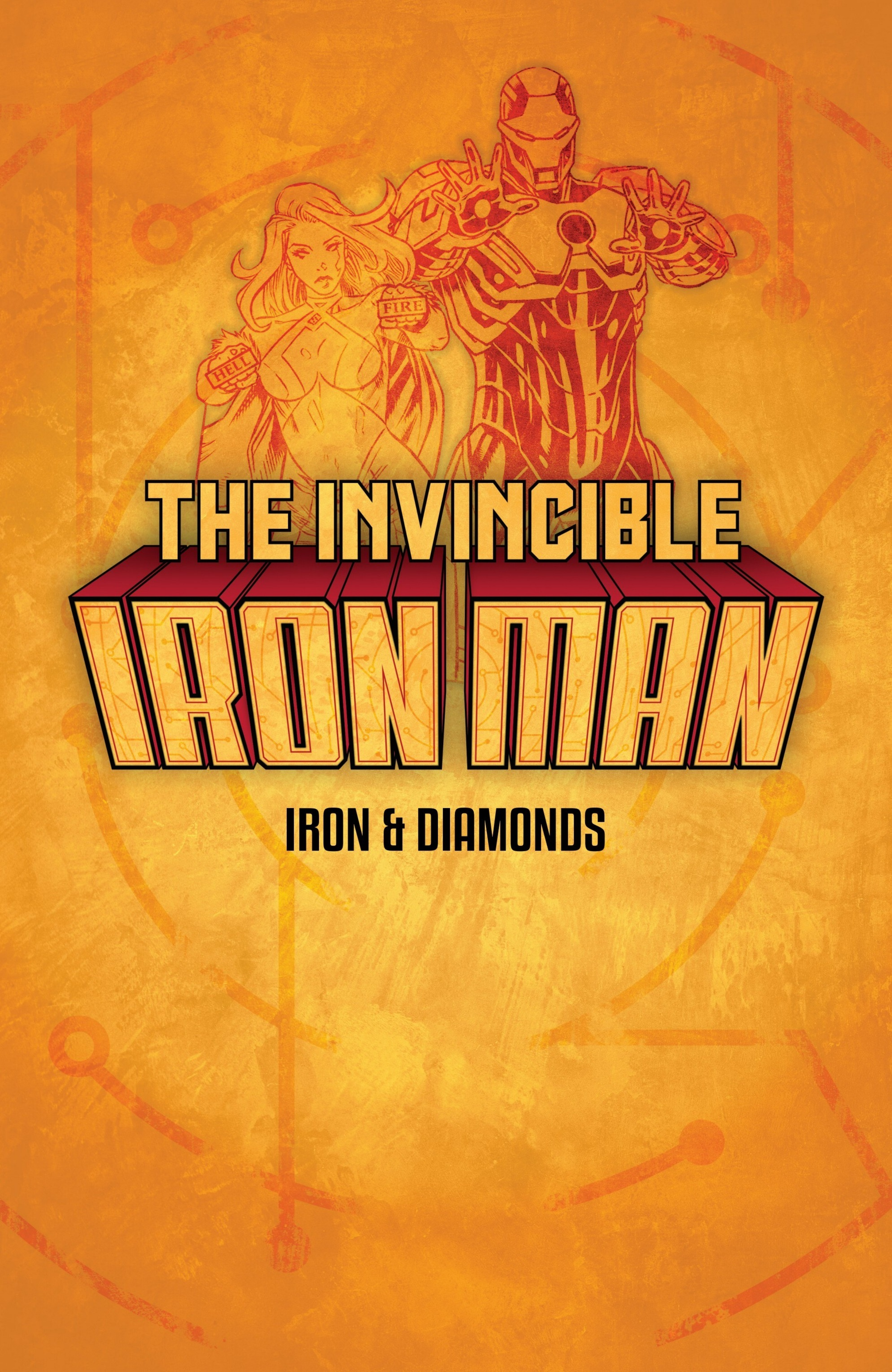
IRON & DIAMONDS



THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

IRON & DIAMONDS

WHEN MULTIBILLIONAIRE INDUSTRIALIST TONY STARK, INVENTOR EXTRAORDINAIRE, DONS HIS SOLAR-CHARGED, STEEL-MESH ARMOR, HE BECOMES A HIGH-TECH WARRIOR – THE WORLD'S GREATEST HUMAN FIGHTING MACHINE!

MARVEL COMICS PRESENTS...

THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN

PREVIOUSLY...

The mutant-hating industrialist Feilong has used Stark Unlimited to produce mutant-hunting Sentinels with Iron Man technology! Tony Stark tried to stop these Stark Sentinels from going into production, but Feilong framed his best friend Rhodey (A.K.A. War Machine) for murder.

Simultaneously, Feilong and the anti-mutant think tank Orchis have forced most of the mutants to flee Earth. Orchis' influence now reaches to the highest positions of power around the world. Tony has teamed up with Emma Frost and the Hellfire Club to take down Feilong and Orchis, going so far as to create an alias for Emma as his new wife, Hazel Kendal!

Tony has a plan to ensure the Resistance's victory, but it comes with a high cost. Ironheart has agreed to oversee construction of an armada that can stand against Feilong's Sentinels, but that kind of mass production requires raw materials, not to mention funds. Luckily, Emma has an answer to both problems.

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IRON & DIAMONDS

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THIRTEEN

I TRUST YOU HAVEN'T DRIVEN ME UP THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS FOR A FAKE ROMANTIC GETAWAY?
ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MYSTERIUM METAL I NEED IS UP IN SPACE. AND WE NEED A RIDE, SO I CALLED IN A FAVOR.

TSK.
WON'T OUR ABSENCE BE NOTICED BACK AT THE HELLFIRE CLUB?

YES, BUT I HAVE A PLAN FOR THAT.

TONY STARK, I AM V'CHUN, AND THIS IS MY SERVANT, N'DAK.
WE ARE RONIN, AND WE SERVE ONLY THE COIN.

FEAR NOT. THE INTERMEDIARY WHO ARRANGED OUR HIRING HAS TOLD US ALL ABOUT YOU.

YOUR MAIN TRAITS ARE VANITY AND THAT YOU'RE BOTH EGOTISTS--

EXCUSE ME?

WELL, WE'RE RUNNING LATE. BETTER JUMP.

WATCH YOUR EAR THERE, NON-UNION TONY STARK.

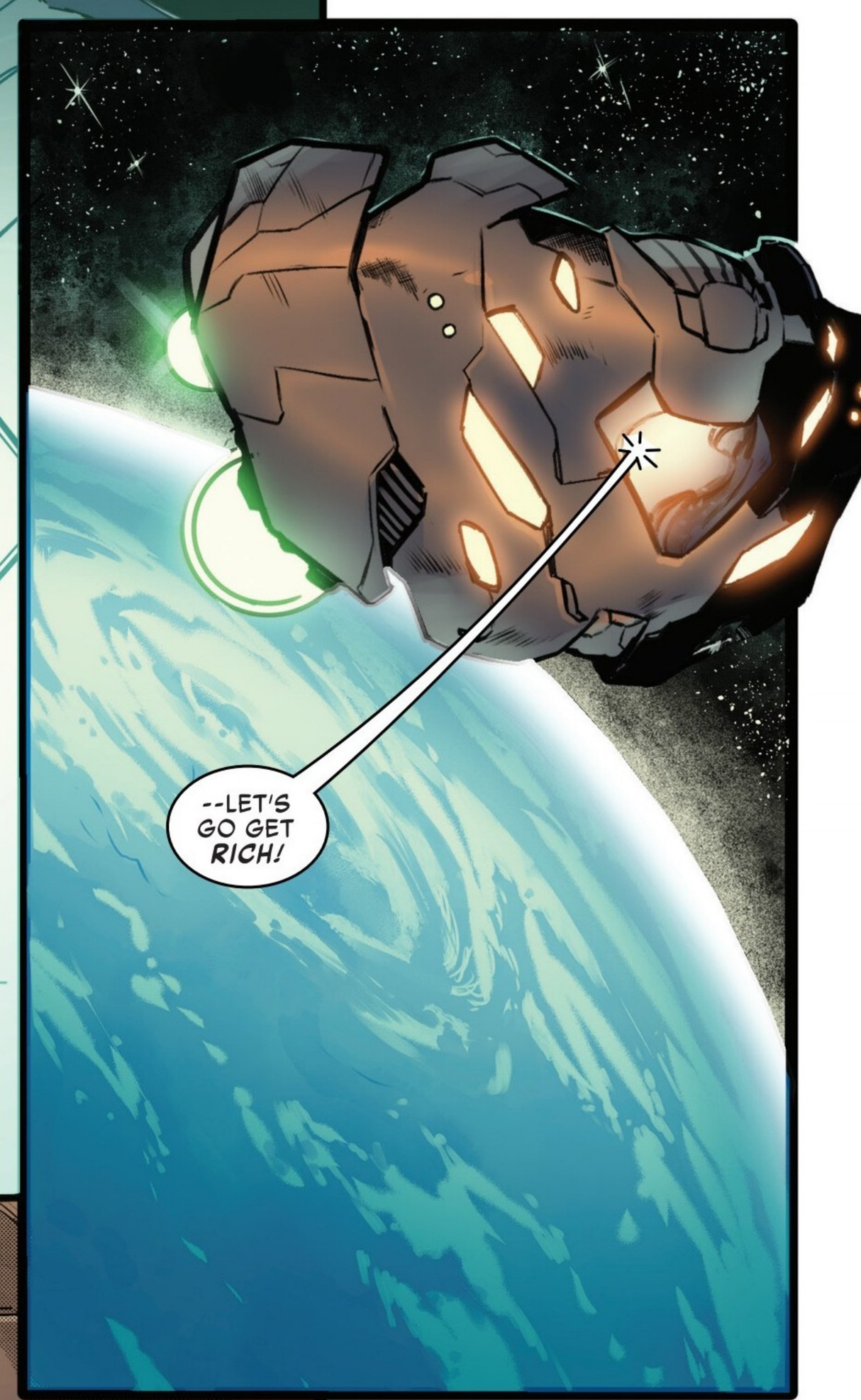
AFTER THE NONSTOP ORDEALS OF THE LAST FEW MONTHS, THAT POOR SKRULL CAN HAVE MY LIVES AS THE WHITE QUEEN, EMMA FROST AND HAZEL KENDAL.

IF WE'RE SUCCESSFUL--*WHEN* WE'RE SUCCESSFUL--YOU CAN BE ANYONE YOU WANT WHEN THIS IS OVER, EMMA.

SHE COULD BE ANYONE ELSE, BUT WHY WOULD SHE WHEN SHE IS ALREADY A VISAGE OF BEAUTY PERFECTED?
EMMA, ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ONE OF MY OLD AVENGERS TEAMMATES--

--STARFOX!
THIS WILL SETTLE *OUR* DEBT, BUT YOU HAVE TO PAY FOR THE SKRULLS' TIME, AND THEY'RE EXPENSIVE.

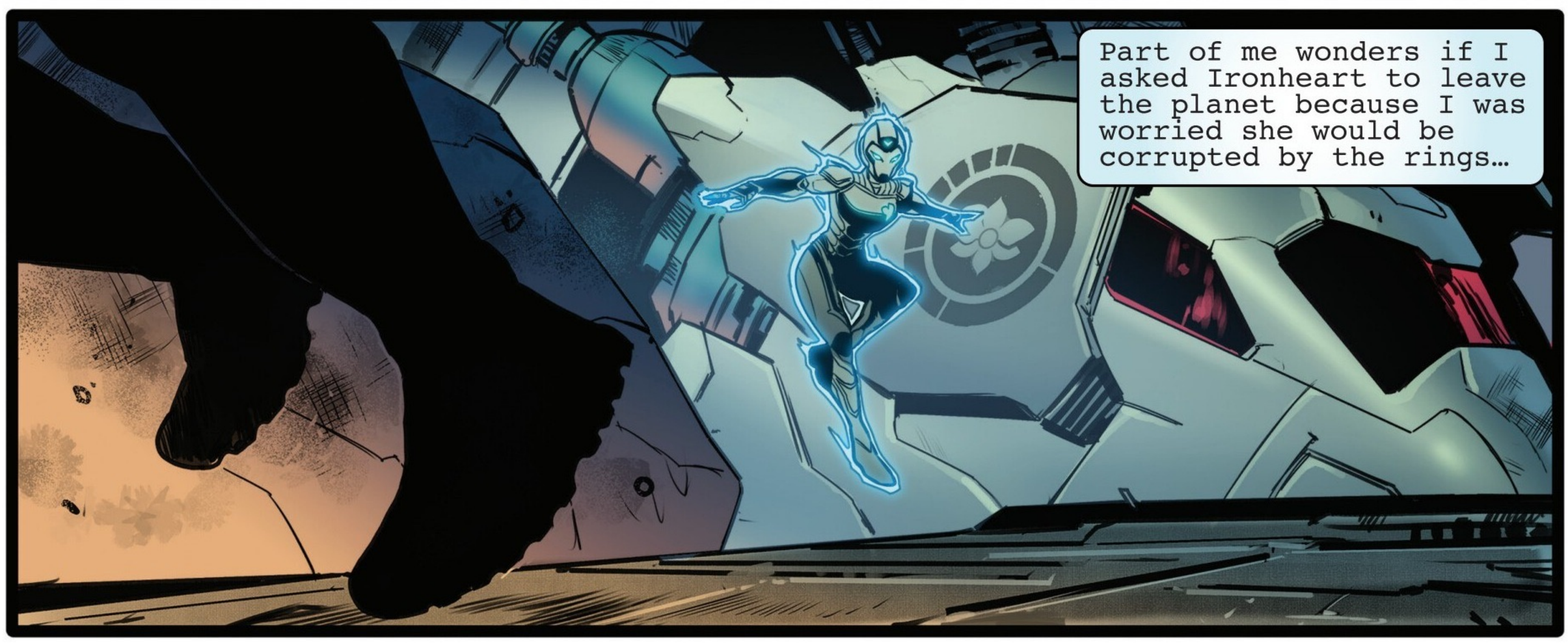
AND EASE OFF THE GAS, EROS. SHE'S A MARRIED WOMAN. NOW--


--LET'S GO GET *RICH!*

Riri's armor wasn't cloaked when she boarded the Orchis orbital base, but she was wielding the ten rings of the Mandarin--against my advice.

Still, it was good luck she was so well armed. It allowed her to cause a distraction so she could commence her mission.

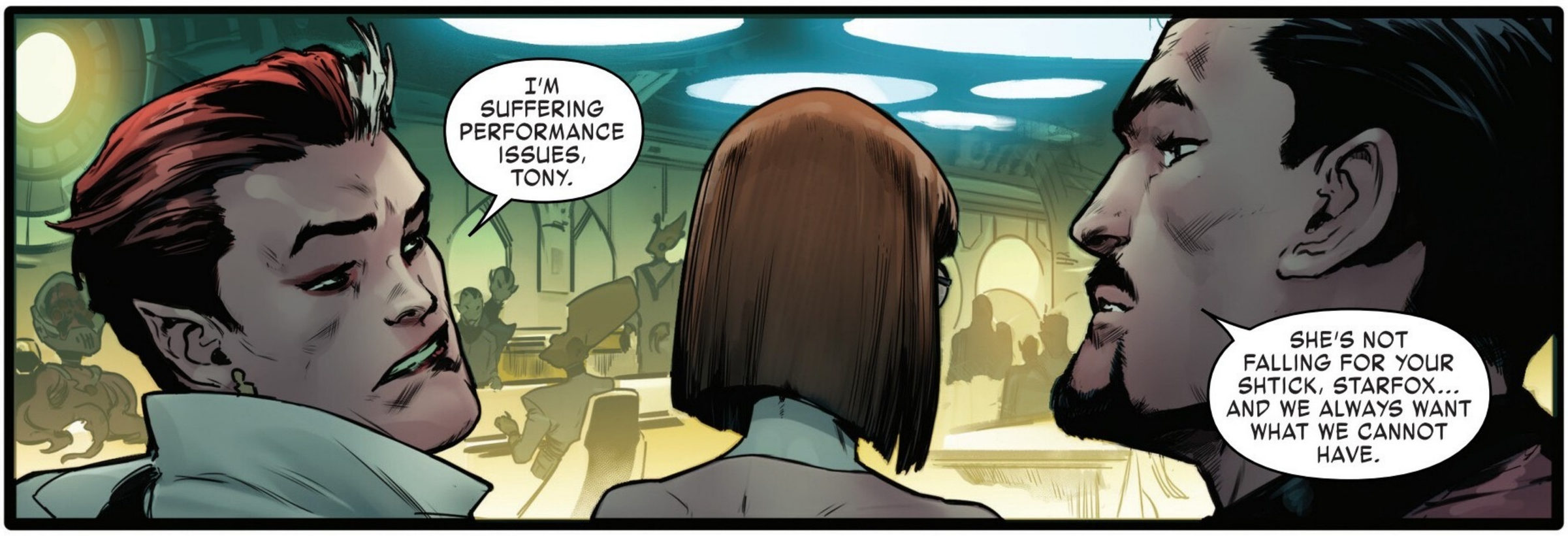
Riri took a lot of convincing not to unleash the full power of the Mandarin's rings against Orchis.
I wasn't ready to retake Earth, and neither were the mutants.


Part of me wonders if I asked Ironheart to leave the planet because I was worried she would be corrupted by the rings…

…I couldn't afford to fight another war.
IRONHEART TO IRON MAN ON SECURE CHANNEL. I'VE GOT A SHUTTLE AND I'M BOUNCING...

...WISH ME LUCK.

WELCOME TO GAMEWORLD!
INDEED. WE ALL KNOW THE PLAN?
YES, BUT HOW MARRIED ARE YOU?
TO THE PLAN, OF COURSE.
ANTHONY AND I WILL GET CLOSE AND YOU PROVIDE THE DISTRACTION...
...QUICK IN AND OUT. YOU'RE USED TO THAT, RIGHT?
YOU SLAY ME, FROST.


I'M SUFFERING PERFORMANCE ISSUES, TONY.
SHE'S NOT FALLING FOR YOUR SHTICK, STARFOX... AND WE ALWAYS WANT WHAT WE CANNOT HAVE.

I AM DEVASTATED.
SIGH VERY WELL, I'M OFF TO GET INTO CHARACTER.
SORRY, EMMA. I SHOULD'VE WARNED YOU ABOUT... STARFOX'S ABILITY TO CHARM--
--OR LACK THEREOF.

AND THERE'S NO NEED TO APOLOGIZE--I'M A SAPIOSEXUAL, ANTHONY.
HIS FREE LOVE CLAPTRAP WILL FIND NO PURCHASE WITH ME.
I'VE NEVER SEEN HIM EAT SO MUCH CRAP BEFORE, AND IT'S REALLY ENJOYABLE.
ABOUT THE MYSTERIUM DEPOSITS--ARE YOU SURE THEY'RE HERE?
YES, THEY WERE DELIVERED TO THE CASINO BY THE X-MEN AS A BANK OF SORTS FOR MOVING THE MYSTERIUM WHERE IT NEEDED TO GO.
NOW I SUPPOSE WE WAIT IN THIS ELEVATOR FOR THE SIGNAL FROM HORNFOX?

DING!
STARFOX.
OH CRAP.
WELL, THIS LOOKS QUITE DREADFUL.

SEEMS THERE'S ALREADY A HEIST IN MID-PROGRESS.

PUT THE GUNS DOWN! NOBODY'S LEAVING WITH THE MYSTERIUM!

IT AIN'T WORTH YOUR LIFE... WHAT IS GAMEWORLD PAYING YOU TO PROTECT IT?

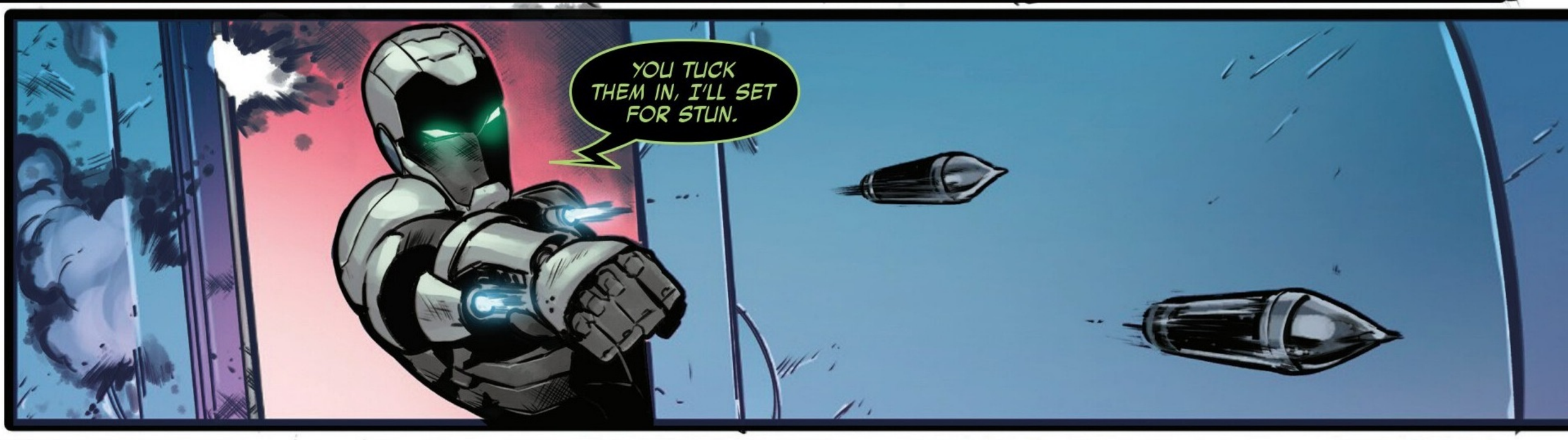
YOU CAN WALK BACK TO YOUR SHIP, OR WE CAN PUT YOU HOOF-FIRST OUT THE AIR LOCK. YOUR CHOICE, PIRATE FILTH.

THAT'S IT-- KILL 'EM ALL!

GET BEHIND ME.

PLEASE. MOST OF THEM HAVE PSI-BLOCKERS-- BUT SOME OF THE PIRATES *DON'T*.

BWEEM!
BWEEM!


YOU TUCK THEM IN, I'LL SET FOR STUN.

BZZT!
AAUHH-- NNG!

I'M STARTING TO WORRY ABOUT CATCHING A STRAY, SO I THINK I WILL GET HARD.

THEN... JUST LOOK FABULOUS--

--AND I'LL DO THE STUNNING!
THE GLOVES ARE OFF, DARLING.
ZARK!
UGHN...
LET'S MOVE QUICKLY. THEY'LL BE ORNERY WHEN THEY AWAKE.

OHHHHHH... I WAS LOOKING FOR SICK BAY AND GOT LOST.
I WASN'T DUE FOR ANOTHER CYCLE, BUT I FEAR THE BABY IS COMING AND--
EROS--
--WE ALREADY SORTED ALL THE UNPLEASANTNESS.
GRAND. AND WHAT CAN I DO?
HELP US LOAD THE MYSTERIUM.

I HOPE IT'S ENOUGH.
I'LL START THE ROBOTS UP.
The mysterium would turn out to be enough, and the secret of how to shape it would reside firmly in the hands of the angels.
Only myself, Ironheart and the X-Men's Forge would walk away from our war with that knowledge.

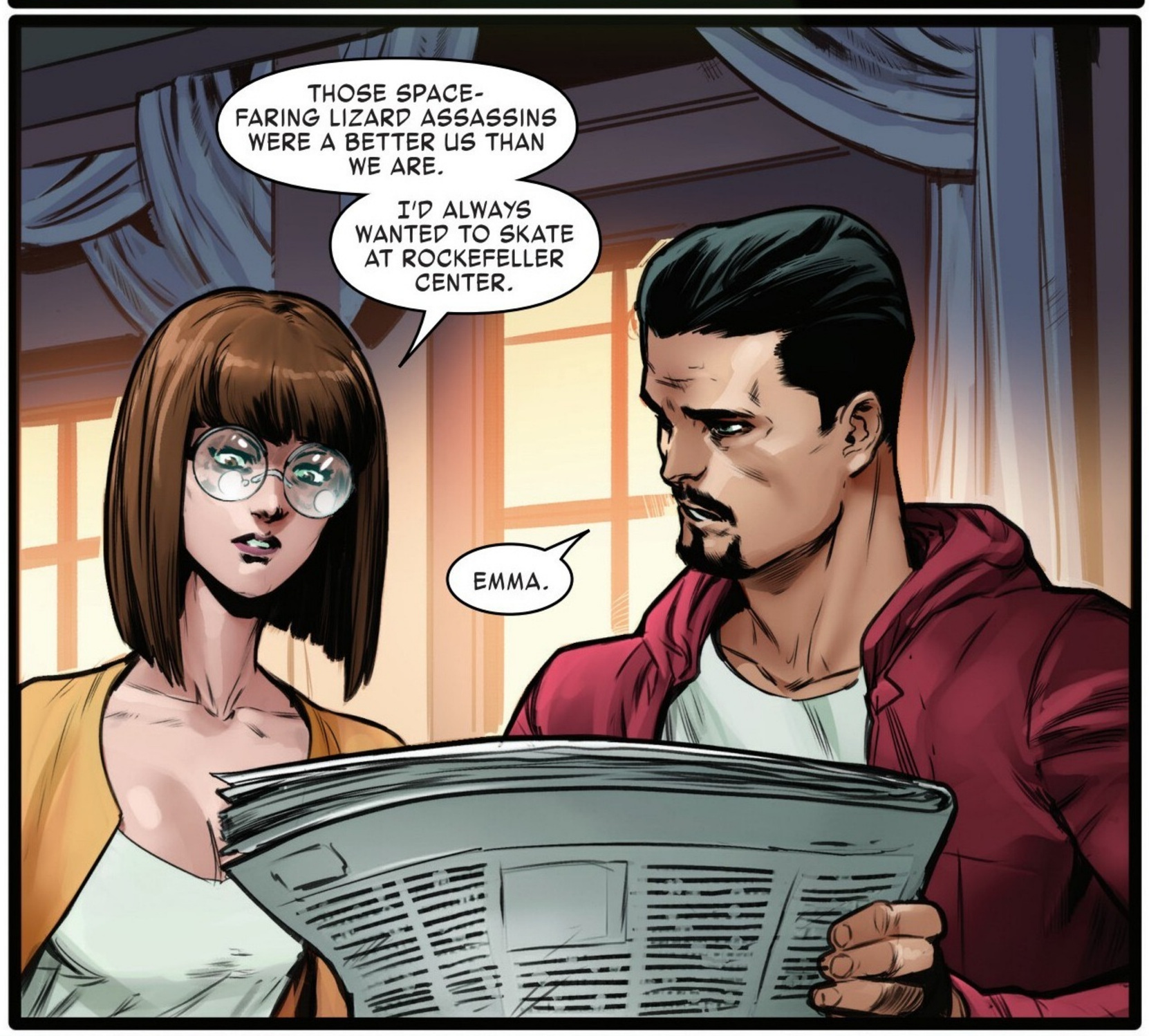
We sent most of the mutant metal with Starfox for the construction of the ships and kept enough for me to forge the Mark 72 out of it.

STOP WORRYING, TONY. I'LL HAVE YOUR METAL TO THE DWARVES.

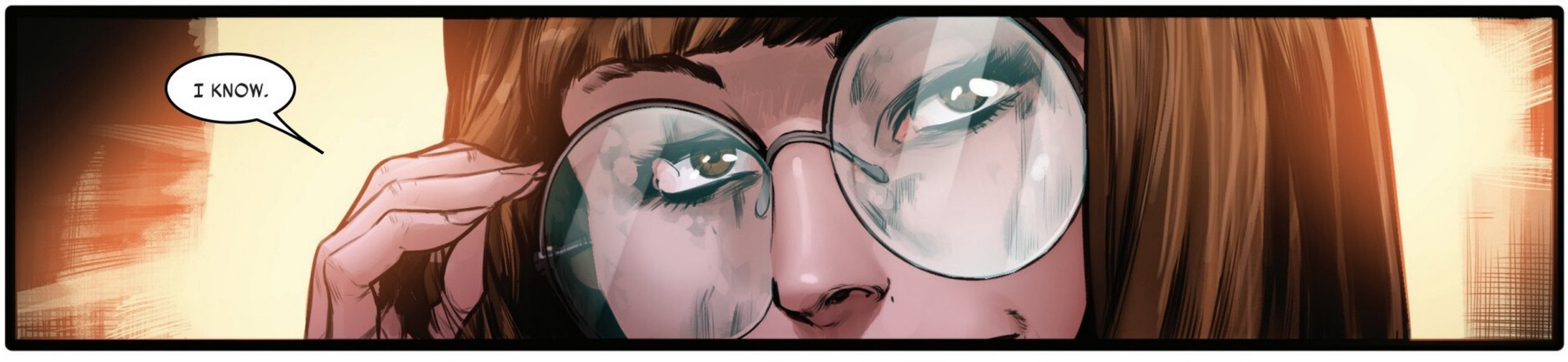
WELCOME BACK, MS. KENDAL. YOUR *ASSOCIATES* WERE QUITE INTERESTING.
THANK T'PRAG THEY'RE BACK. I THOUGHT I'D PERISH OF BOREDOM.
YOU WERE RIGHT-- SHE IS A *PERFECT* ME.
WE PORTRAYED RICH, BEAUTIFUL HUMAN CELEBRITIES. IF YOU ENJOYED OUR PERFORMANCE, PLEASE BOOK US AGAIN.
THOUGH WOULD IT BE TOO MUCH TO GET TO ASSASSINATE SOMEONE?
HERE IS PROOF OF OUR DECEPTIONS.
OH MY.

BUGLE
SINCE 1897
YORK'S FINEST DAILY NEWSPAPER
of kisses
over the ci

BE SEEING YOU, IRON MAN.


THOSE SPACE-FARING LIZARD ASSASSINS WERE A BETTER US THAN WE ARE.
I'D ALWAYS WANTED TO SKATE AT ROCKEFELLER CENTER.
EMMA.

WE'RE GOING TO WIN.


I KNOW.

WITH OUR DUMPSTER-FIRE LIVES BOUNCING AROUND THIS WORLD AND BEYOND, I'D COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN IT WAS THE HOLIDAYS.

SAME, IN ALL HONESTY.

YOU KNOW, BEING MARRIED ISN'T SO BAD. THIS BEATS BEING LOCKED AWAY IN AN ARMOR ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS.

WHAT ABOUT YOU? YOU HAVE ANY FAMILY? SHOULD I HAVE ASKED YOUR FATHER BEFORE PROPOSING TO YOU?

ANTHONY, MY FATHER WAS A MONSTER WHO RUINED EVERYONE AROUND HIM...ESPECIALLY MY MOTHER.

DOESN'T RING A BELL.

I just let myself enjoy that night. The days ahead would be difficult and joyless.

I still don't know what to call what happened next. Maybe it was lady luck, or maybe it was mutant magic or both.
Riri was in deep space on her way to rendezvous with the mysterium when her road got a little bit easier.
DEET DEET

HOW IS THERE ANOTHER SHIP ALL THE WAY OUT HERE?

WHAT THE HELL...?

WHO IS THAT? A COSMIC ROADIE OR SOMETHING?

HIYA! HEY. YOU'RE FROM EARTH, AREN'T YOU?

SUPER COOL. MY NAME IS **FORGE**--I'M ON THE X-MEN.

OF COURSE I'VE HEARD OF THE X-MEN--BUT HOW DID YOU GET OUT INTO SPACE? AND WHAT IS THIS JUNKY SHIP?

YEAH, PRETTY RAD, RIGHT? I BUILT A SEXTANT. TAKES ME WHEREVER I NEED TO BE.

HOW'S THAT WORK?

OH, I HAVE NO IDEA.

WHAT?! Y-YOU'RE THE GUY WHO MADE THE KRAKOAN GATES AND THAT TREEHOUSE, AND YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING?

YEAH, I KNOW. REALLY ANNOYING, ESPECIALLY FOR FELLOW ENGINEERS.
I LIKE YOUR SUIT. IT'S HOMEMADE. I CAN TELL.

FIRST OF ALL, YES, I DID MAKE THIS SUIT. SECOND, IT'S NOT "HOMEMADE" LIKE THIS CAVE-MAN SPACESHIP.
WHOEVER TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE ANNOYING WAS RIGHT.

MY OLD GIRLFRIEND WAS ALWAYS RIGHT. THAT WAS HER TRUE MUTANT POWER.
IS... IS STORM ALIVE?

OH MY GOD. YOU DATED STORM?!
I LOVE HER, WHAT'S SHE LIKE?

YOU THERE!
SKRUNK!
I SMELL THE TRAPPED SOULS OF MY MAKLUAN BRETHREN-- WRAPPED AROUND YOUR FINGERS IN WHAT YOU CALL "THE MANDARIN RINGS."
THERE ARE NO MANDARIN RINGS HERE, BUDDY. SO MOVE ALONG! RIGHT?!
UH.
OH CRAP.

FOURTEEN

About a decade ago, I was named both the sexiest man alive and one of the richest people in the world.

Those days are gone, but that's not what I lose sleep over when I close my eyes.

I rarely dream of my life as Tony Stark. In my dreams, **I am Iron Man.**

I get my ass kicked all day long, you'd think in my dreams that I would will it to be different, but I still take a beating.

Welcome to my recurring nightmare.

It's by no means funny, but it will make me look like a fool by the time you get to the end of this story.

I'm not a guy who puts much stock into the *meaning* of dreams.

But I know what this one's about…

…it's about failing to save everyone I could have.
Magneto never says a word.
But he does insult me--by bending my bleeding-edge weapon into Earth's oldest one--
--then he kills me with it.

And then I wake up.

AAH!

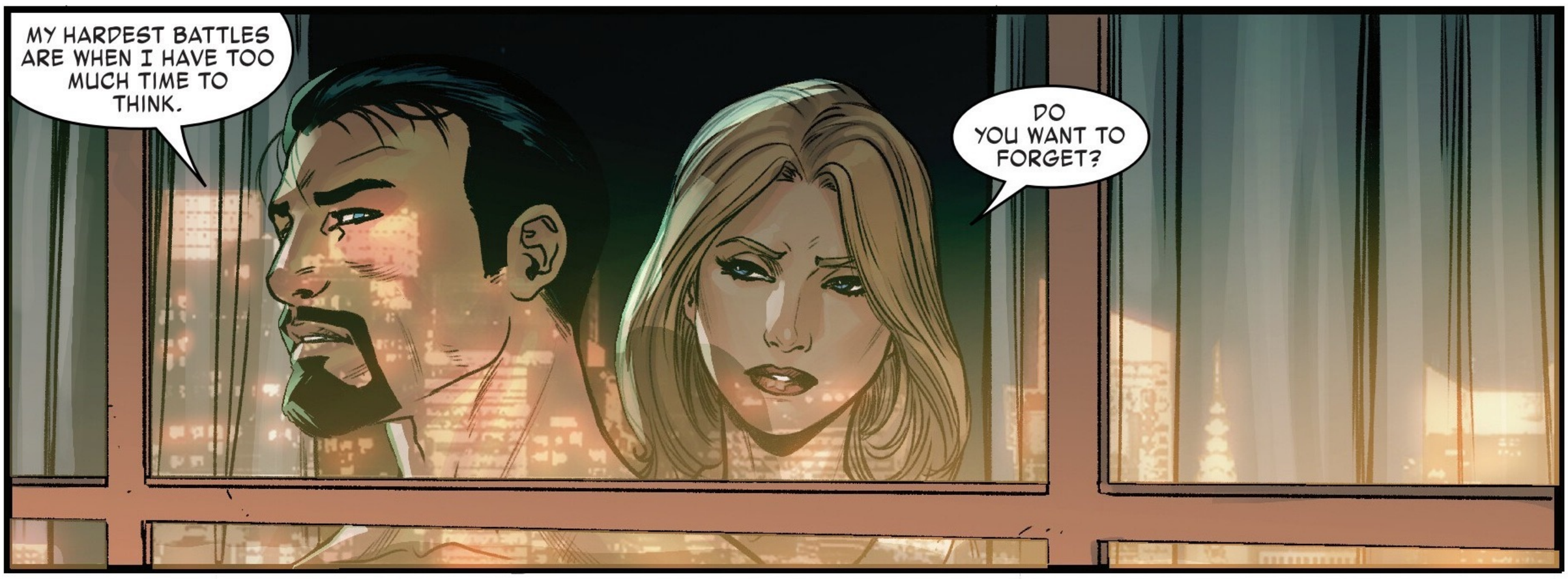
I spent months developing countermeasures to Magneto--

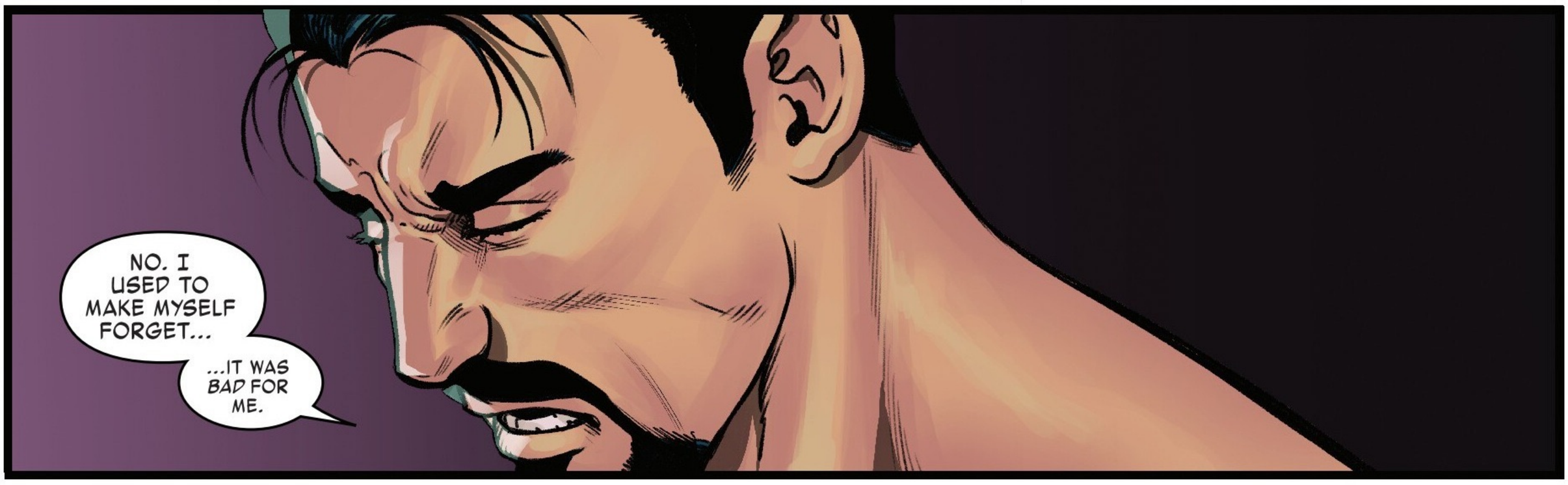
--designing technology to protect myself--

--now being used against innocents.

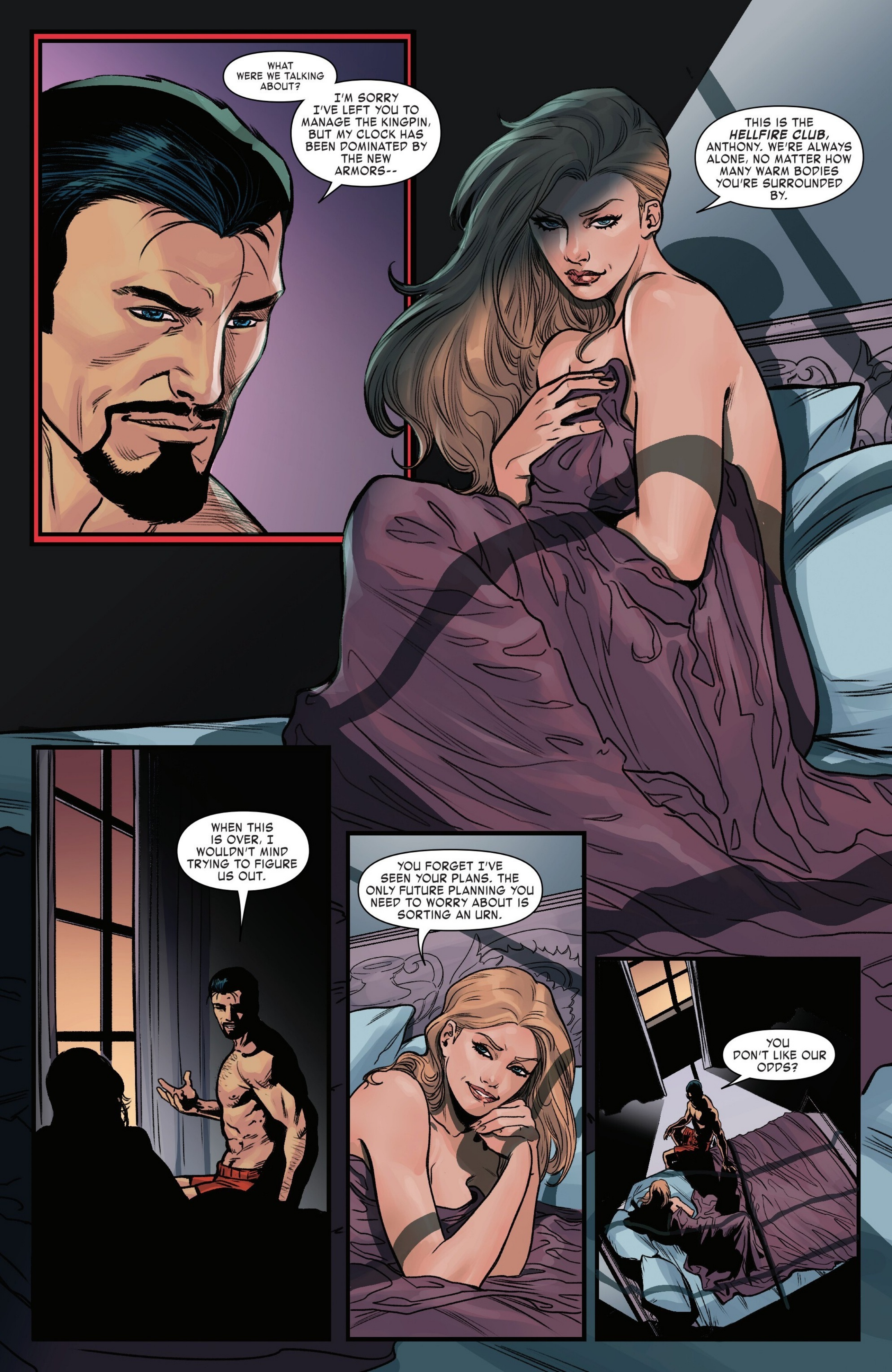
I DON'T NEED MY TELEPATHY TO KNOW YOU'RE IN A BAD WAY.

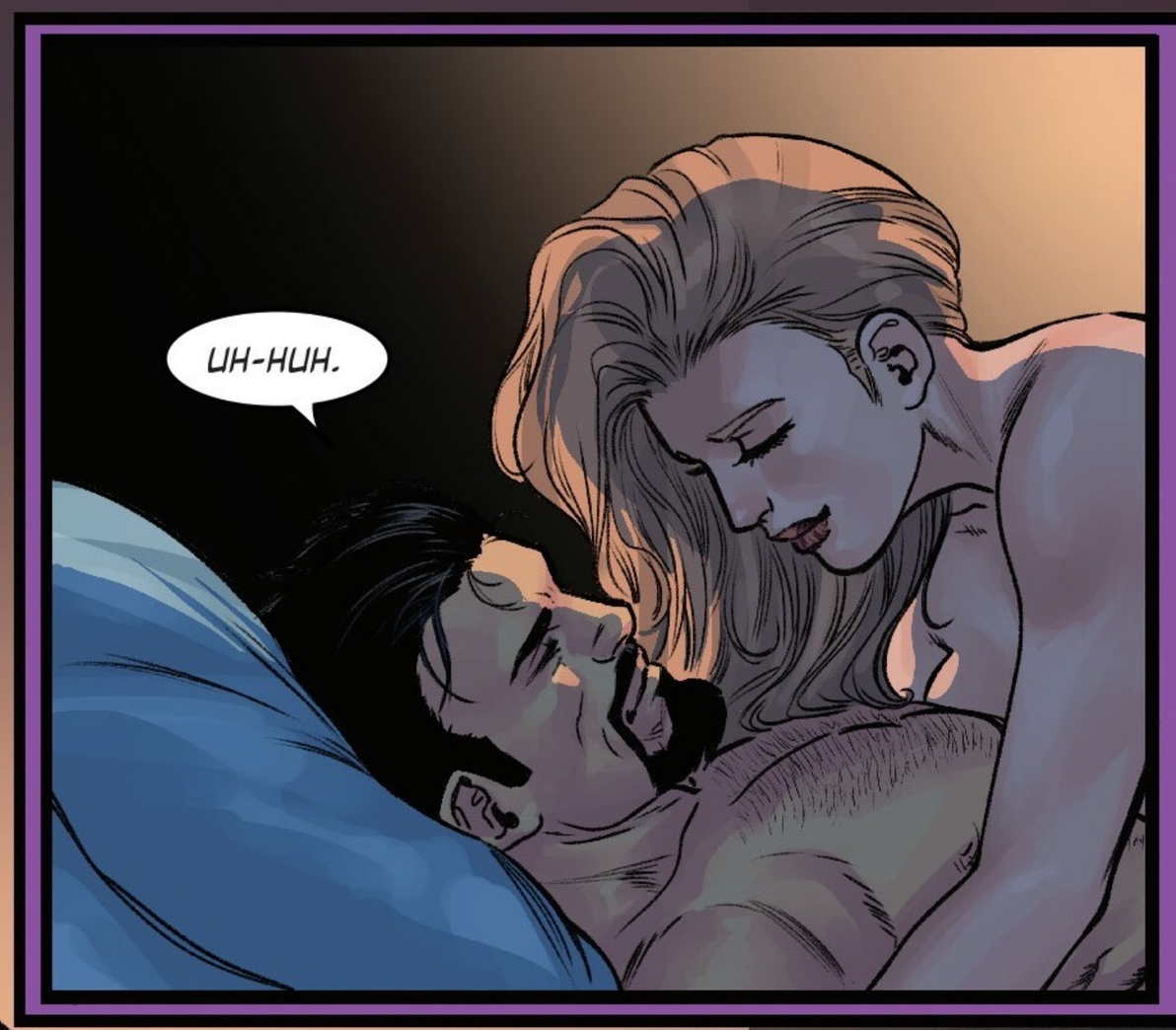
SORRY I WOKE YOU, EMMA.


MY HARDEST BATTLES ARE WHEN I HAVE TOO MUCH TIME TO THINK.
DO YOU WANT TO FORGET?


NO. I USED TO MAKE MYSELF FORGET...
...IT WAS BAD FOR ME.

I KNOW MORE THAN ONE WAY TO MAKE A MAN FORGET HIS TROUBLES.


WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT?
I'M SORRY I'VE LEFT YOU TO MANAGE THE KINGPIN, BUT MY CLOCK HAS BEEN DOMINATED BY THE NEW ARMORS--
THIS IS THE *HELLFIRE CLUB*, ANTHONY. WE'RE ALWAYS ALONE, NO MATTER HOW MANY WARM BODIES YOU'RE SURROUNDED BY.
WHEN THIS IS OVER, I WOULDN'T MIND TRYING TO FIGURE US OUT.
YOU FORGET I'VE SEEN YOUR PLANS. THE ONLY FUTURE PLANNING YOU NEED TO WORRY ABOUT IS SORTING AN URN.
YOU DON'T LIKE OUR ODDS?



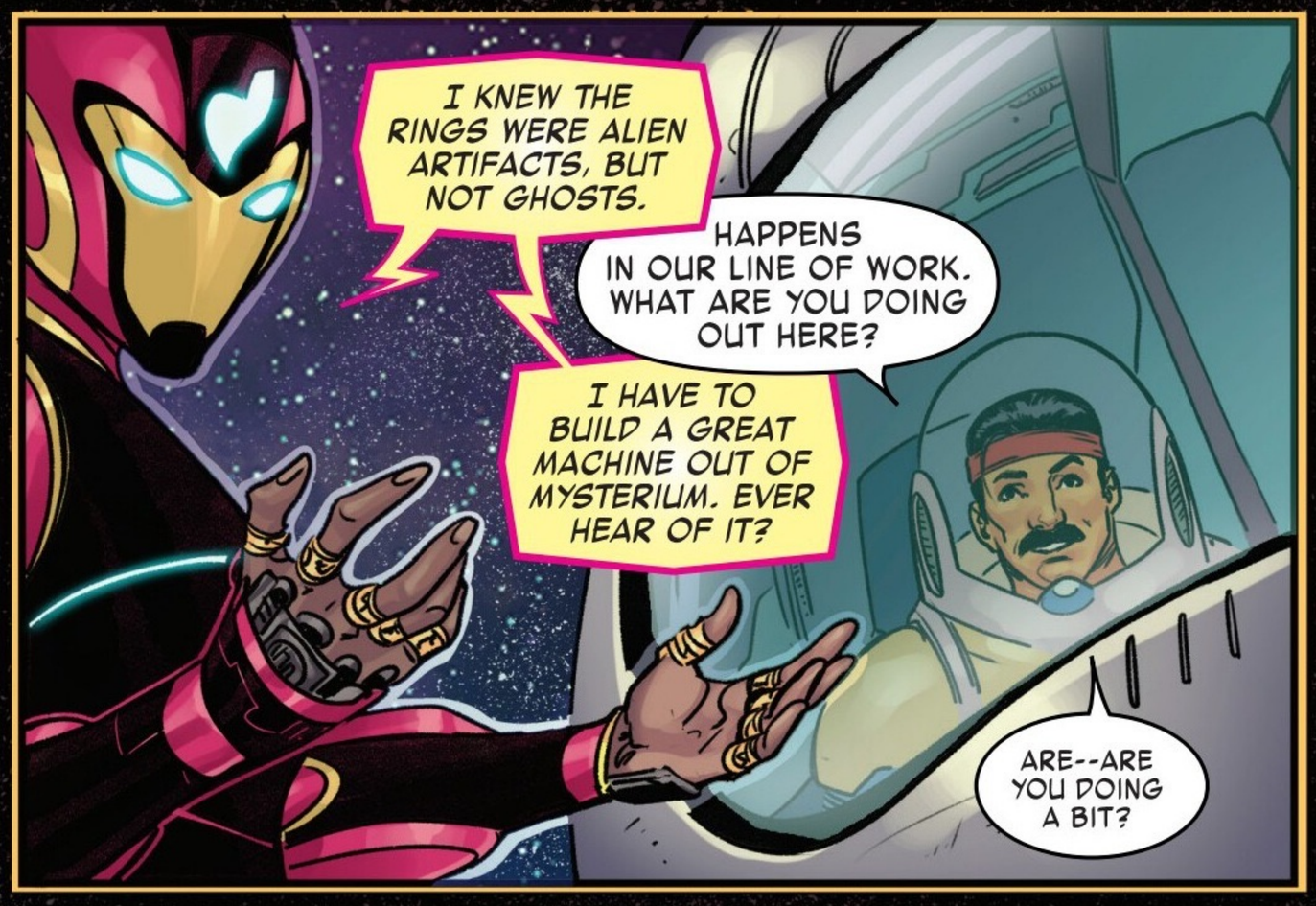
YOU, HOWEVER...

DEEP SPACE.
THOSE RINGS YOU WIELD AS WEAPONS... YOU UNDERSTAND THEM NOT.
THEY ARE NOT RINGS OF POWER. THEY ARE RINGS OF TRAGEDY.
I KNOW WELL OF WHAT I SPEAK, YOUR RINGS EXPLOIT THE SPIRITS OF MY BRETHREN!
HEED MY WORDS, HUMANS... OR SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES!
FORGE AND I DON'T LIKE YOUR TONE--
NO, NO, WE'RE LISTENING!
RIGHT, IRONHEART?
YOU MISUNDERSTAND, YOUNG ONE. YOU HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR FROM ME. THE DANGER LIES WITHIN YOU.
EVEN THE PUREST OF HEARTS WILL COMPROMISE IN THE DARKEST OF DAYS.

YOU HAVE TEN CURSES UPON YOU. THEY CANNOT BE CLEANSED--

--AND NEITHER WILL YOU WHEN YOU COMPROMISE YOUR HEART. THE ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOURSELF IS TO DIVEST YOURSELF OF THEM.

BE AT PEACE!



NIDAVELLIR, HOME OF THE SMITHS OF ASGARD.

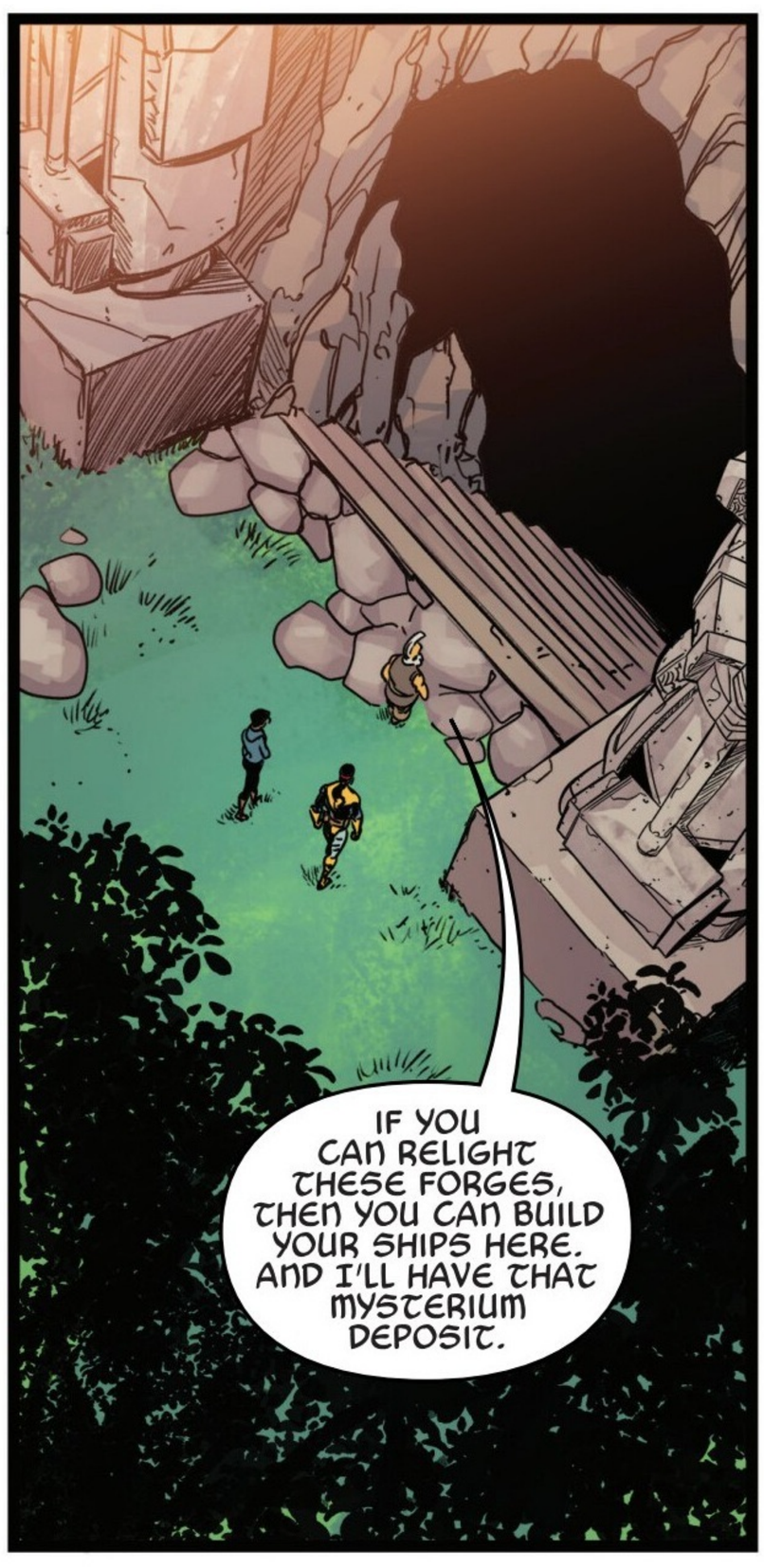
THANKS FOR THE HOSPITALITY, ZLUSK.

YES, WELL, EITRI WAS HERE, BUT HE AIN'T NO MORE. AND MUCH AS I'D LOVE TO HELP YOU OUT AND HELP MYSELF TO YOUR LEFTOVER MYSTERIUM...

...AND IT DOESN'T HURT YOU THAT YOU CARRY LETTERS FROM THOR AND THE AVENGERS...

...OUR FORGES TOOK SO MUCH DAMAGE THAT I'M NOT SURE THEY CAN EVEN BE REPAIRED.*

*SEE RECENT ISSUES OF CARNAGE! --DS



THE HEART OF THIS PLACE IS COLD.

NOTHING HAS BEEN SMITHED HERE FOR MANY TURNS OF THIS ROCK.

MANY DAYS LATER.

WELL, WELL! THE DWARVES CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR ACCOMPLISHMENTS!

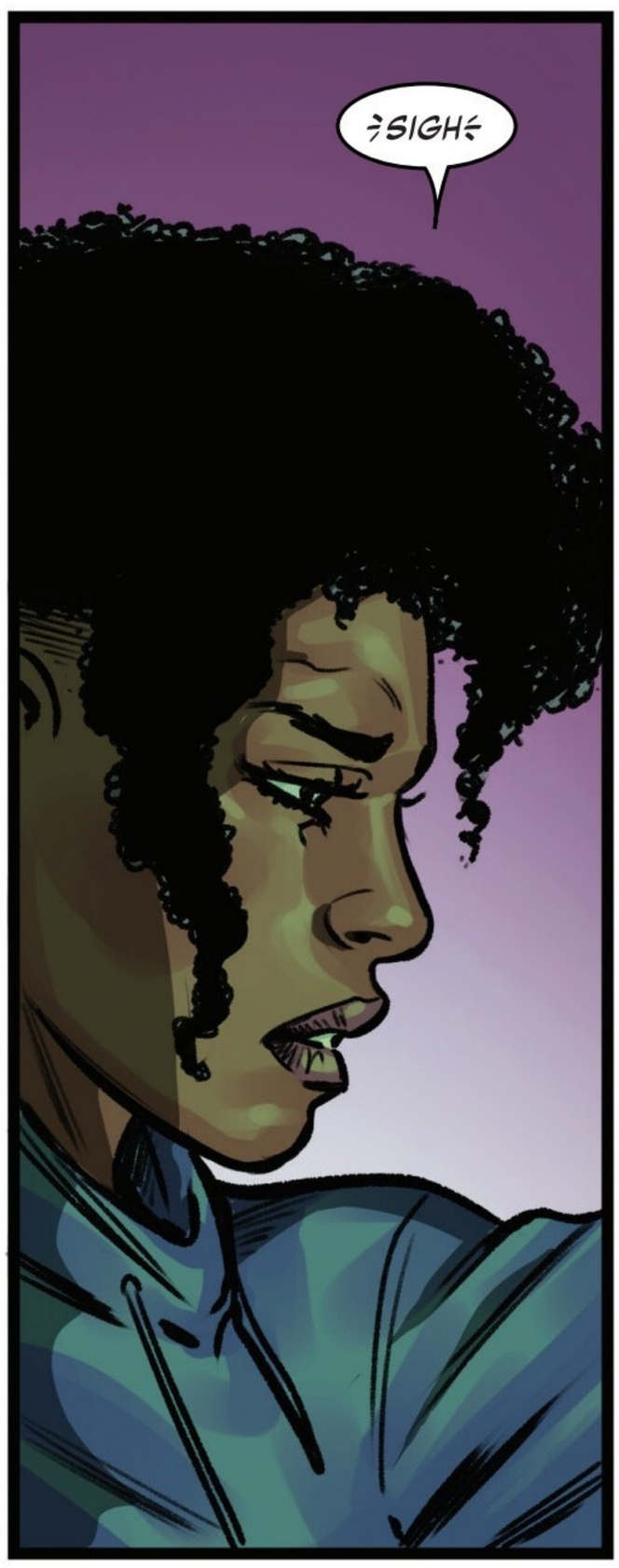
HEY!
--BUT WE TALKED IT OVER, AND WE'D RATHER KEEP IT ALL!
AND WHICHEVER ONE OF YOU SPILLS YOUR SECRETS CAN LIVE--BUT WE DON'T NEED YOU BOTH!

KRANGGG!
MAN, #$%& YOU.

DON'T COME ANY CLOSER!
YOU CAN'T TALK YERSELF OUT OF A HAMMERIN'!

NO, YOU FOOL!
YOU ACTIVATED MY AUTOMATIC DEFENSE LEG!
I TAUGHT MY ARTIFICIAL LEG ALL THE BEST COMBAT ON EARTH--IT LITERALLY HAS A MIND OF ITS OWN.
KRAK!
AARGH!

YOU SHOULD'VE ABIDED BY OUR BARGAIN.
NOW YOU CAN THINK ABOUT THAT--
--IN THE VOID!
IRONHEART...
UH, THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY... LOOK AT THEM.
YOU CAN FEED THEM TO THE VOID. MAYBE THEY EVEN DESERVE IT, BUT YOU DON'T DESERVE LIVING WITH IT.
LISTEN, RIRI. YOU'RE NOT TOO YOUNG TO MAKE BIG-TIME REGRETS.
IF YOU WON'T LISTEN TO THAT ALIEN FALKOR GUY-- THEN LISTEN TO GUYS LIKE STARK AND MYSELF.

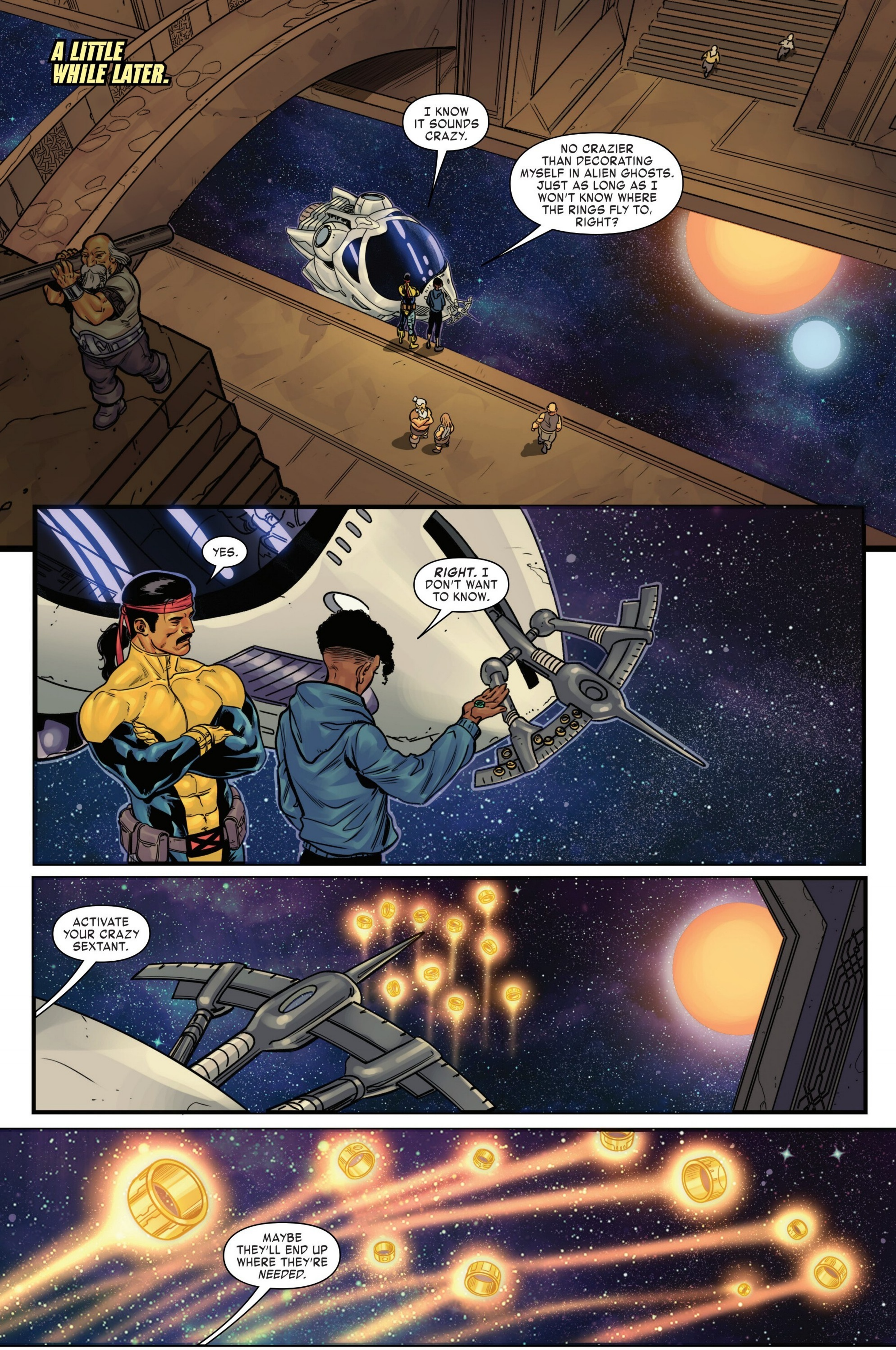

SIGH

MERCY!

I'M GONNA GO AHEAD AND GUESS YOU SAID YOU WOULD STUDY THE RINGS TO UNDERSTAND THEM.
BINGO.
AND I MEANT EVERY WORD. WHAT AM I GONNA DO? I CAN FEEL MYSELF GETTING COMFORTABLE WITH THEM. I'M NOT SCARED ANYMORE...

...AND THAT SCARES ME.
AND I DON'T KNOW WHO "FALKOR" IS.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER RIGHT NOW. HE'S ON EARTH WAITING FOR YOU WHEN YOU HAVE A NIGHT OFF.
BACK ON TOPIC--I HAVE AN IDEA ABOUT THE RINGS, IF YOU'RE GAME.


A LITTLE WHILE LATER.
I KNOW IT SOUNDS CRAZY.
NO CRAZIER THAN DECORATING MYSELF IN ALIEN GHOSTS. JUST AS LONG AS I WON'T KNOW WHERE THE RINGS FLY TO, RIGHT?
YES.
RIGHT. I DON'T WANT TO KNOW.
ACTIVATE YOUR CRAZY SEXTANT.
MAYBE THEY'LL END UP WHERE THEY'RE NEEDED.

WHAT IF THEY END UP BACK ON EVIL HANDS?
WOULDN'T BE YOUR FAULT. BESIDES, THE MACHINE WAS DESIGNED TO SPREAD THEM AROUND THE GALAXY.
YA KNOW... I DIDN'T LEARN A DAMN THING.
REALLY? NOT EVEN ABOUT YOURSELF?
LET'S FINISH THESE "SHIPS" AND THEN GET BACK INTO THE FIGHT.

It was ironic that the great mutant builder showed up in this story. We had both committed the same sin of selling great weapons to lesser souls.

Not long after Ironheart and Forge succeeded at the Dwarves' forge, my ships were landing on **Arakko.**

They made sure to stop in full view of Orchis' satellites.

Then it was on to Earth.

The one marble worth everything. We *wanted* Orchis to see us coming…

…and **Firestar** made sure of that.

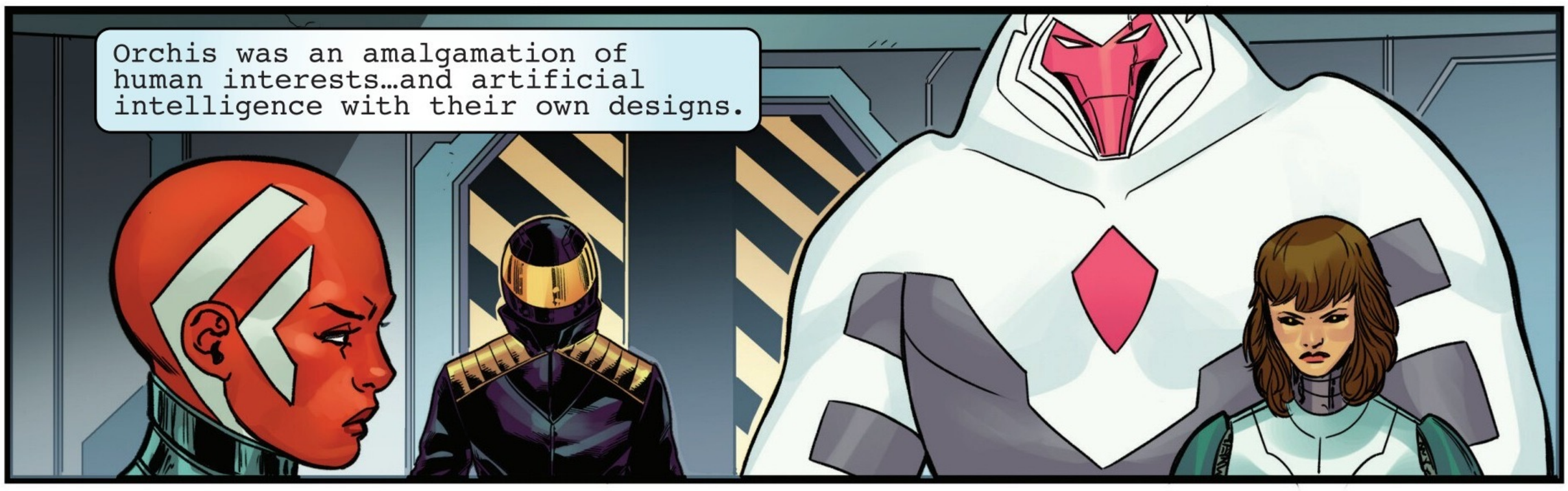
The X-Men had managed to trick Orchis into accepting her as one of their own.

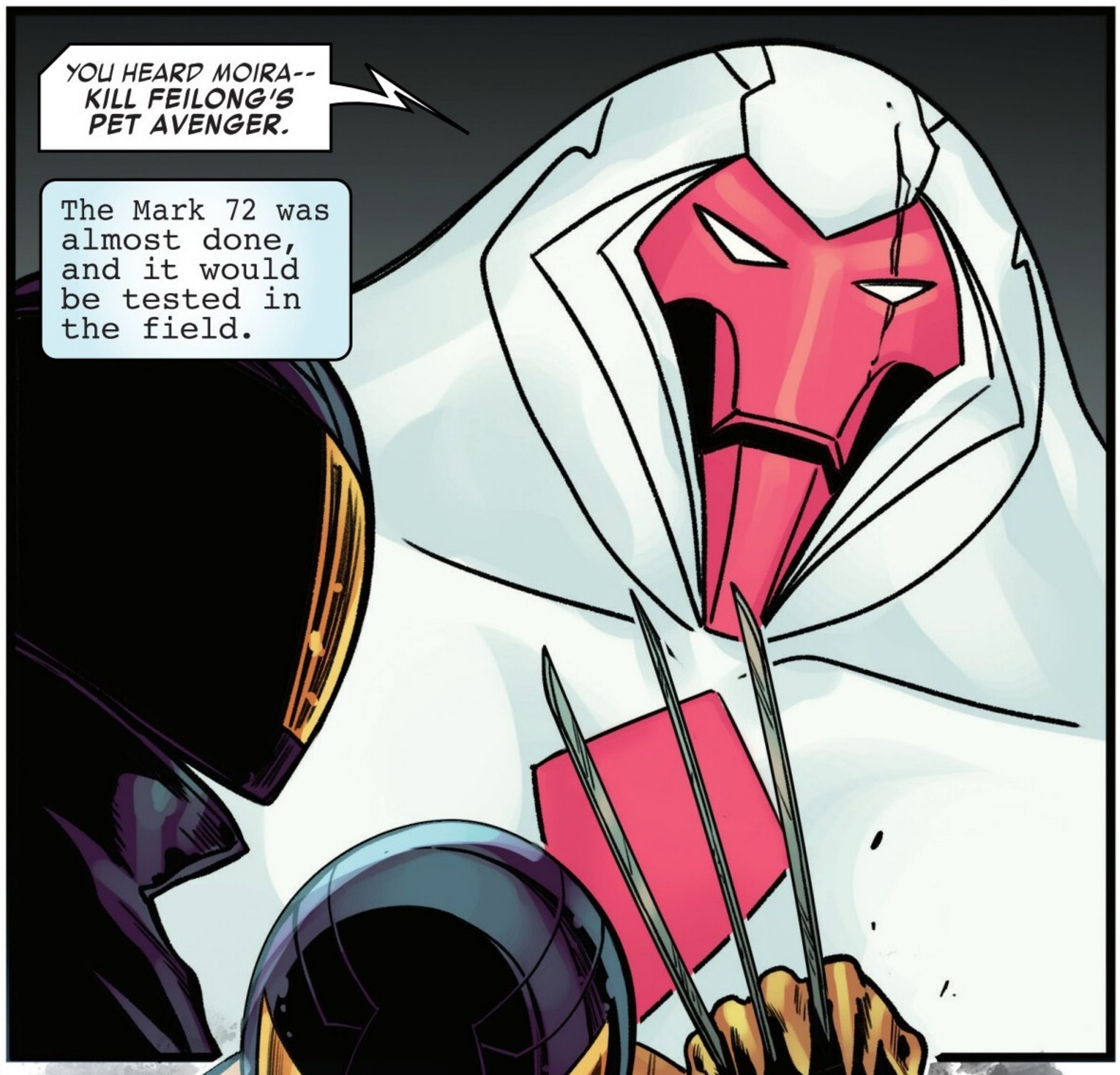
I HAVE A SECRET LINE OF DIALOGUE WITH THE MUTANT RESISTANCE ON EARTH. I TOOK CREDIT FOR SOMETHING MYSTIQUE DID--FREEING THE JUGGERNAUT, SO I HAVE THEIR TRUST.

STARK HAS BEEN PLAYING POSSUM AND HAS DESIGNED SHIPS CAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING OUR CAPITAL GUNS ON VENUS, THE EARTH AND THE MOON.

AND WHEN HE IS THROUGH OUR DEFENSES, HIS BEACHHEAD WILL BE THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK.

BY THEIR RECKONING, THE LOCATION HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO MINIMIZE COLLATERAL DAMAGE.



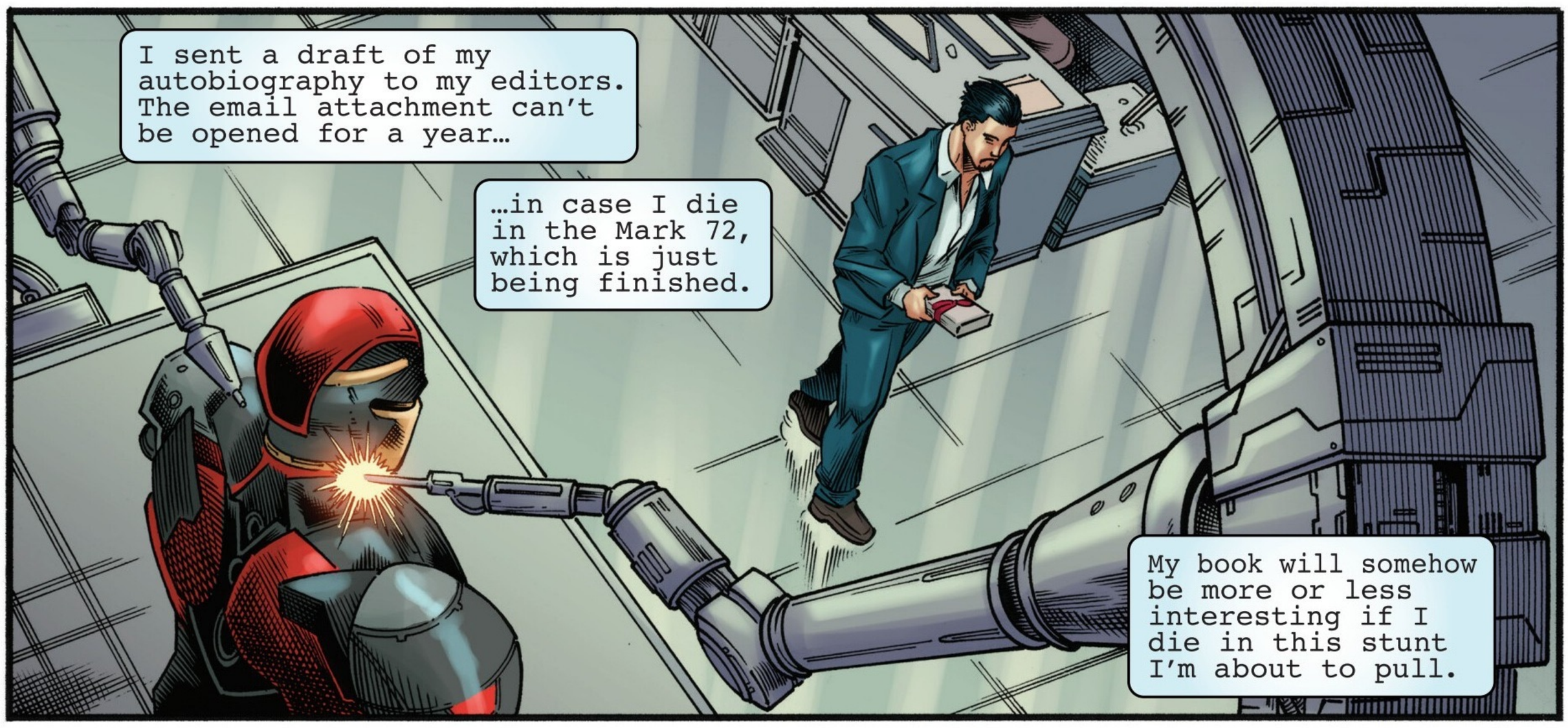


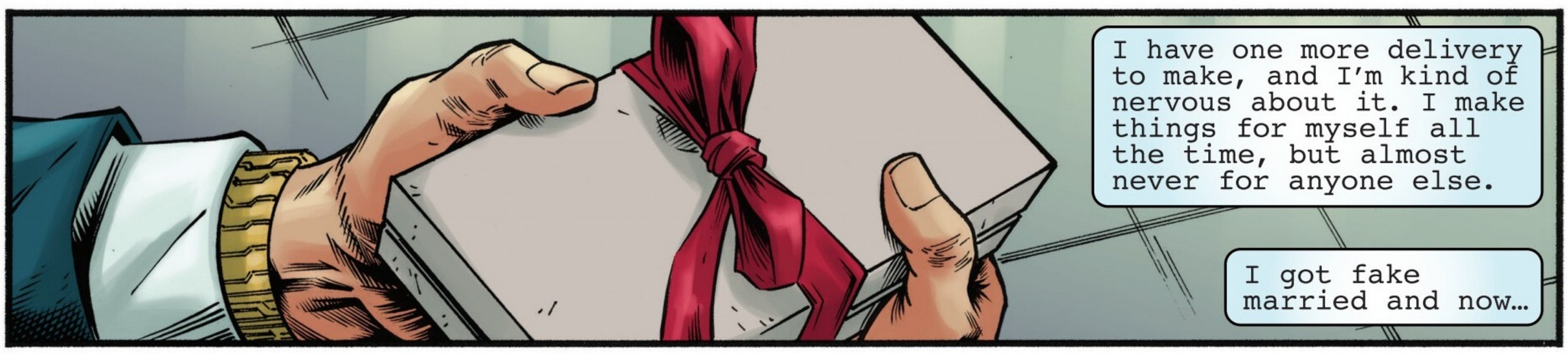
Also, you'd think when you had solved for death that you'd be more considerate about retrieving Weapon X corpses, but the X-Men were real litterbugs.

Okay, who's ready to meet the Mark 72 armor?

SNIKT!

FIFTEEN

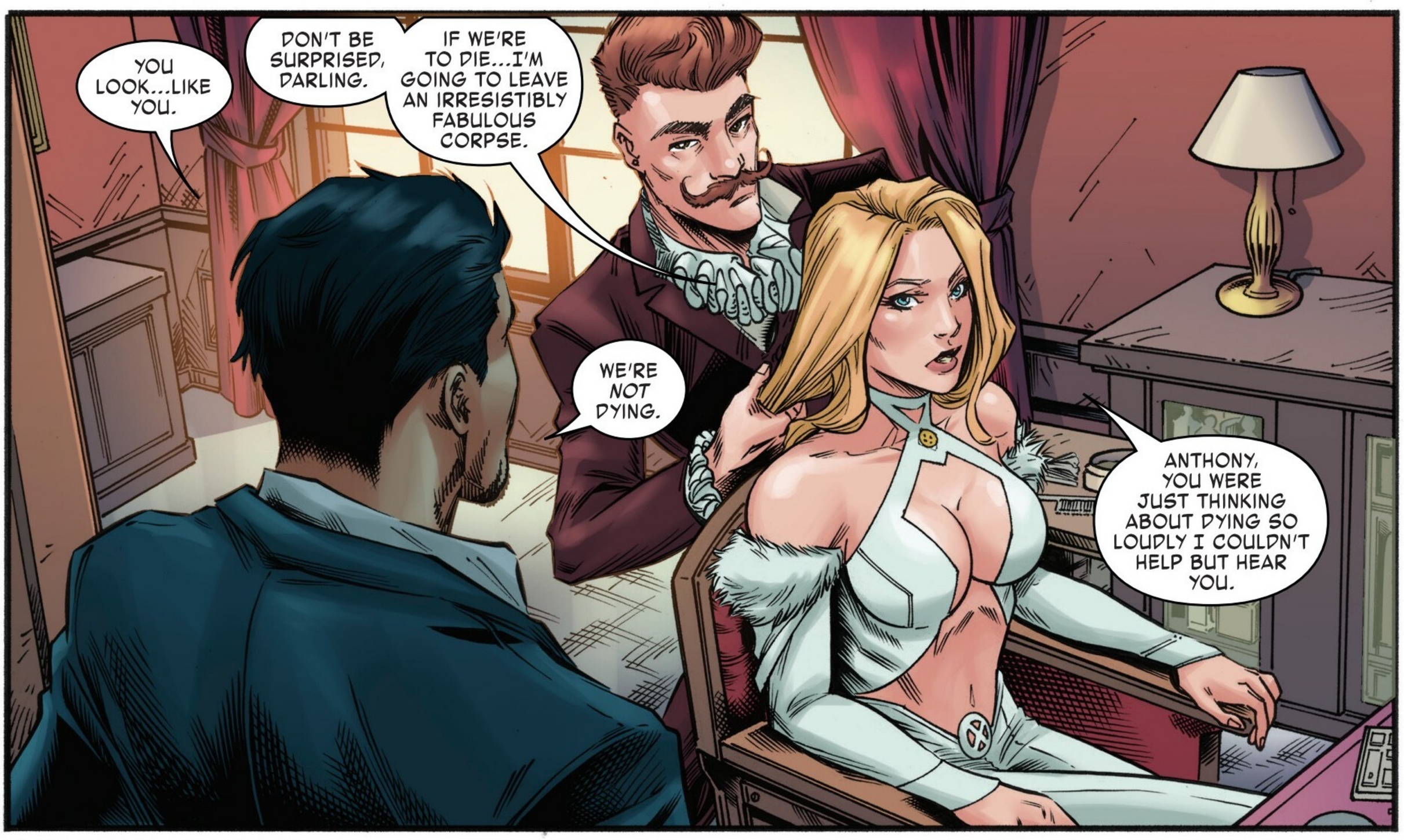

I sent a draft of my autobiography to my editors. The email attachment can't be opened for a year…
…in case I die in the Mark 72, which is just being finished.
My book will somehow be more or less interesting if I die in this stunt I'm about to pull.


I have one more delivery to make, and I'm kind of nervous about it. I make things for myself all the time, but almost never for anyone else.
I got fake married and now…

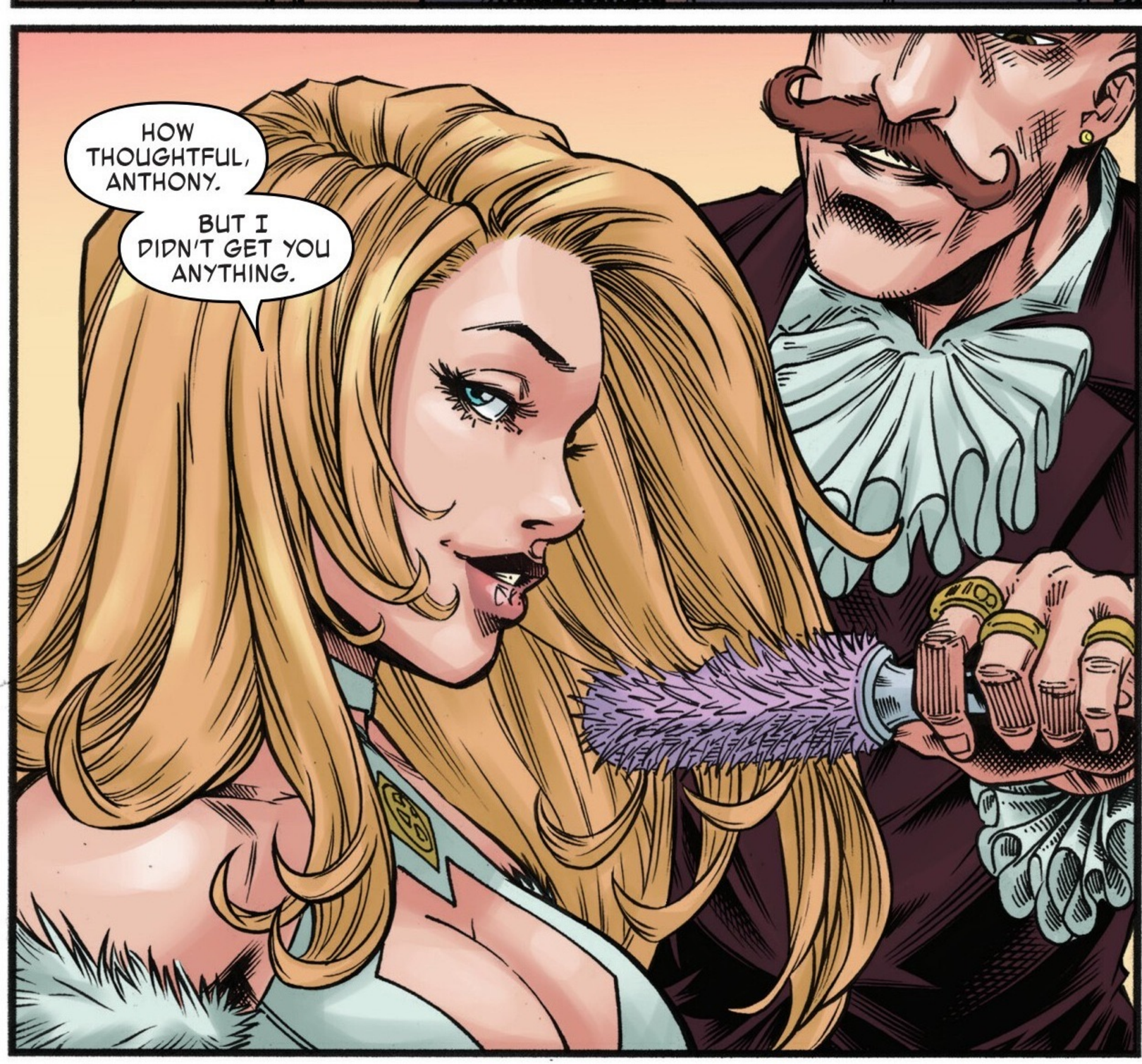
…maybe it's just the impending doom talking, but it feels less fake every day. I wanted to make something for my wife.

HAZEL
HELLO, HAZEL?

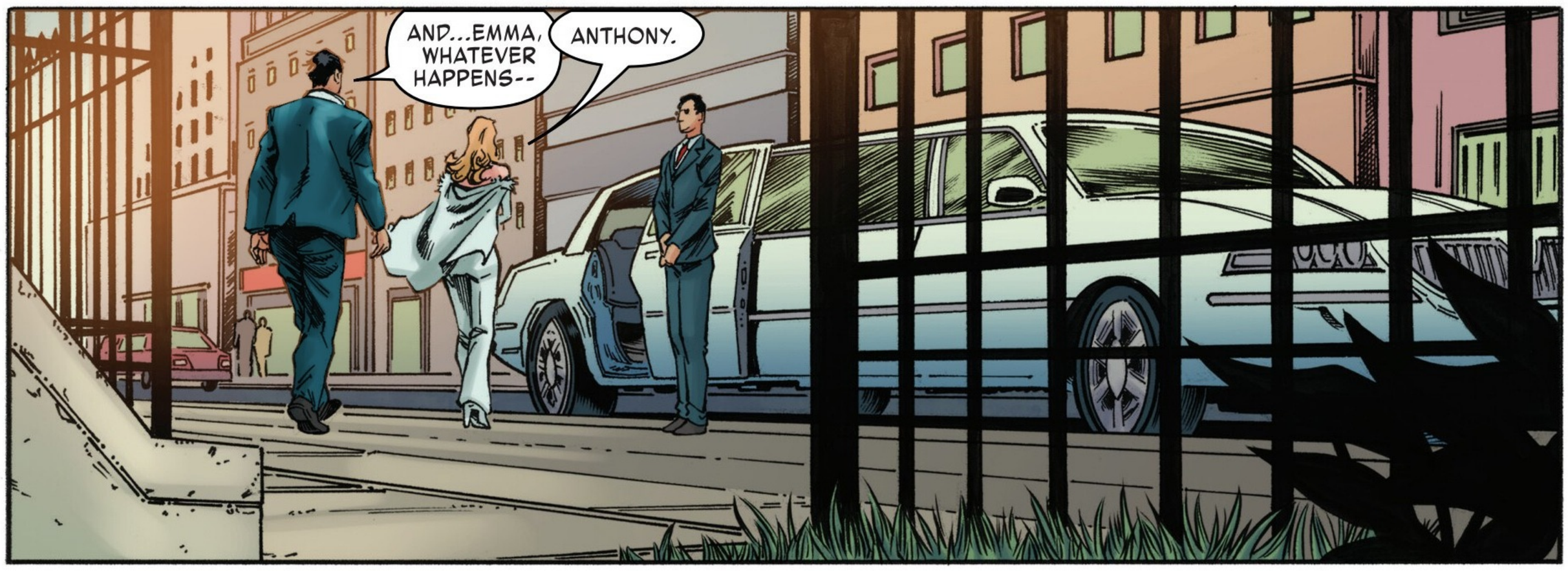
ER… EMMA.

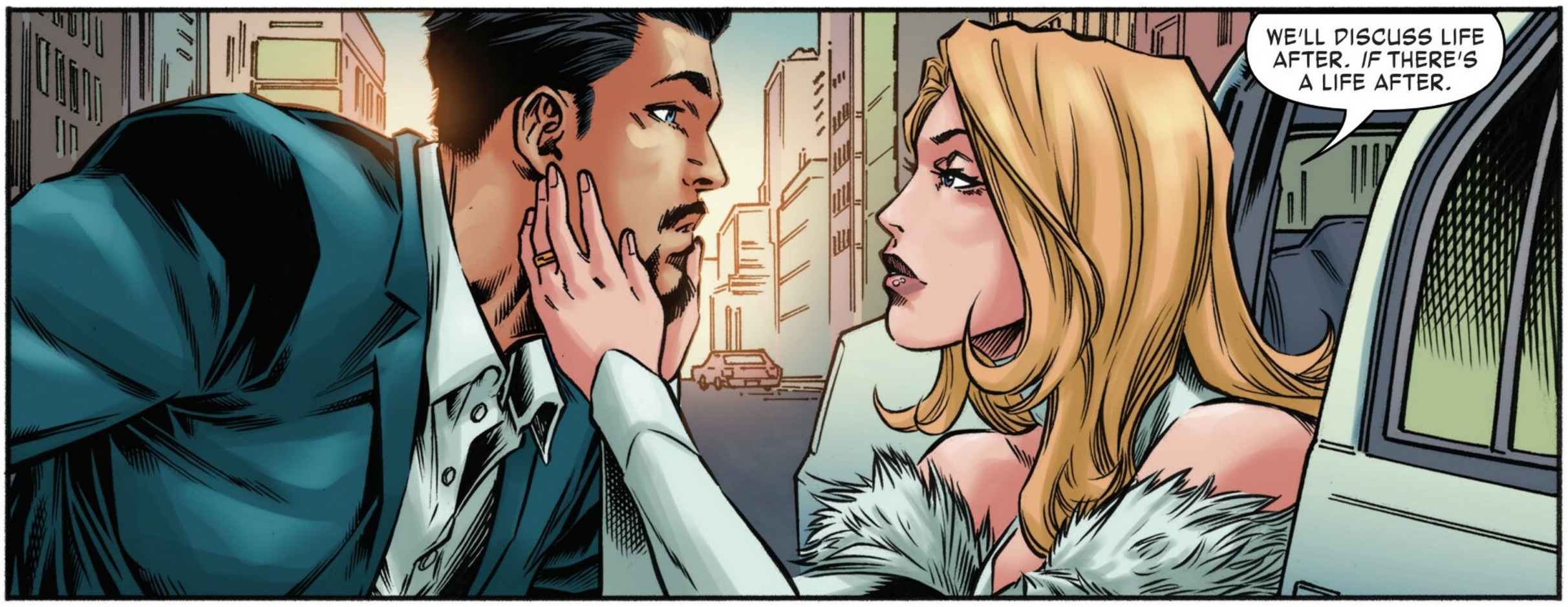

YOU LOOK...LIKE YOU.
DON'T BE SURPRISED, DARLING.
IF WE'RE TO DIE...I'M GOING TO LEAVE AN IRRESISTIBLY FABULOUS CORPSE.
WE'RE NOT DYING.
ANTHONY, YOU WERE JUST THINKING ABOUT DYING SO LOUDLY I COULDN'T HELP BUT HEAR YOU.

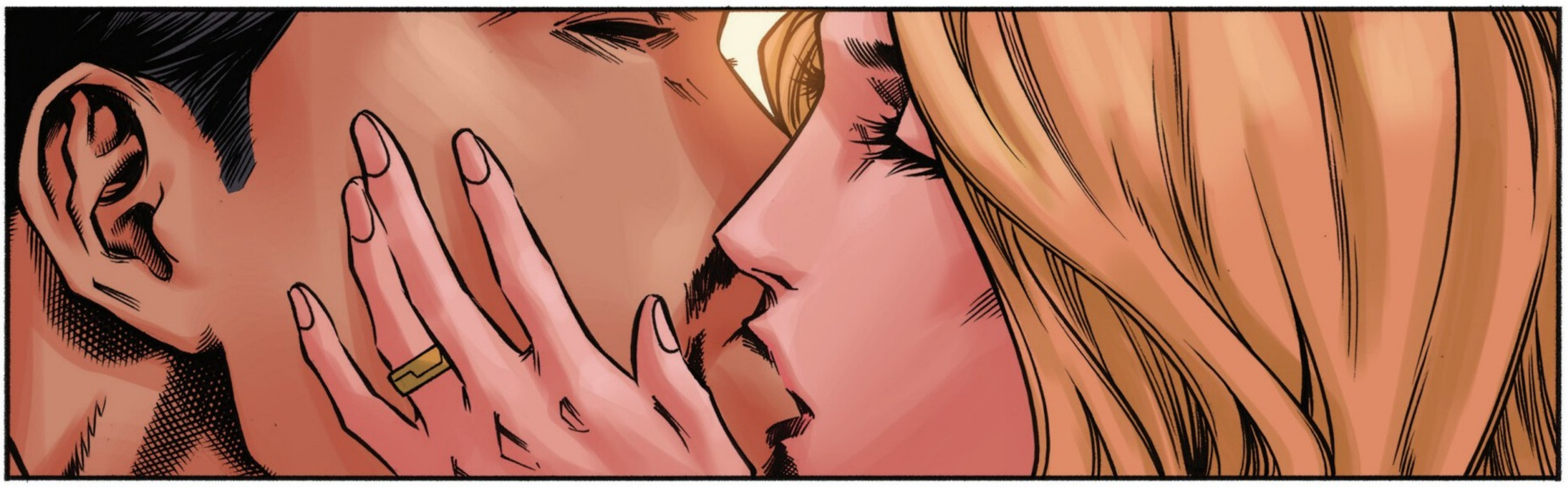
I MADE YOU THIS.
I HOPE YOU LIKE IT.

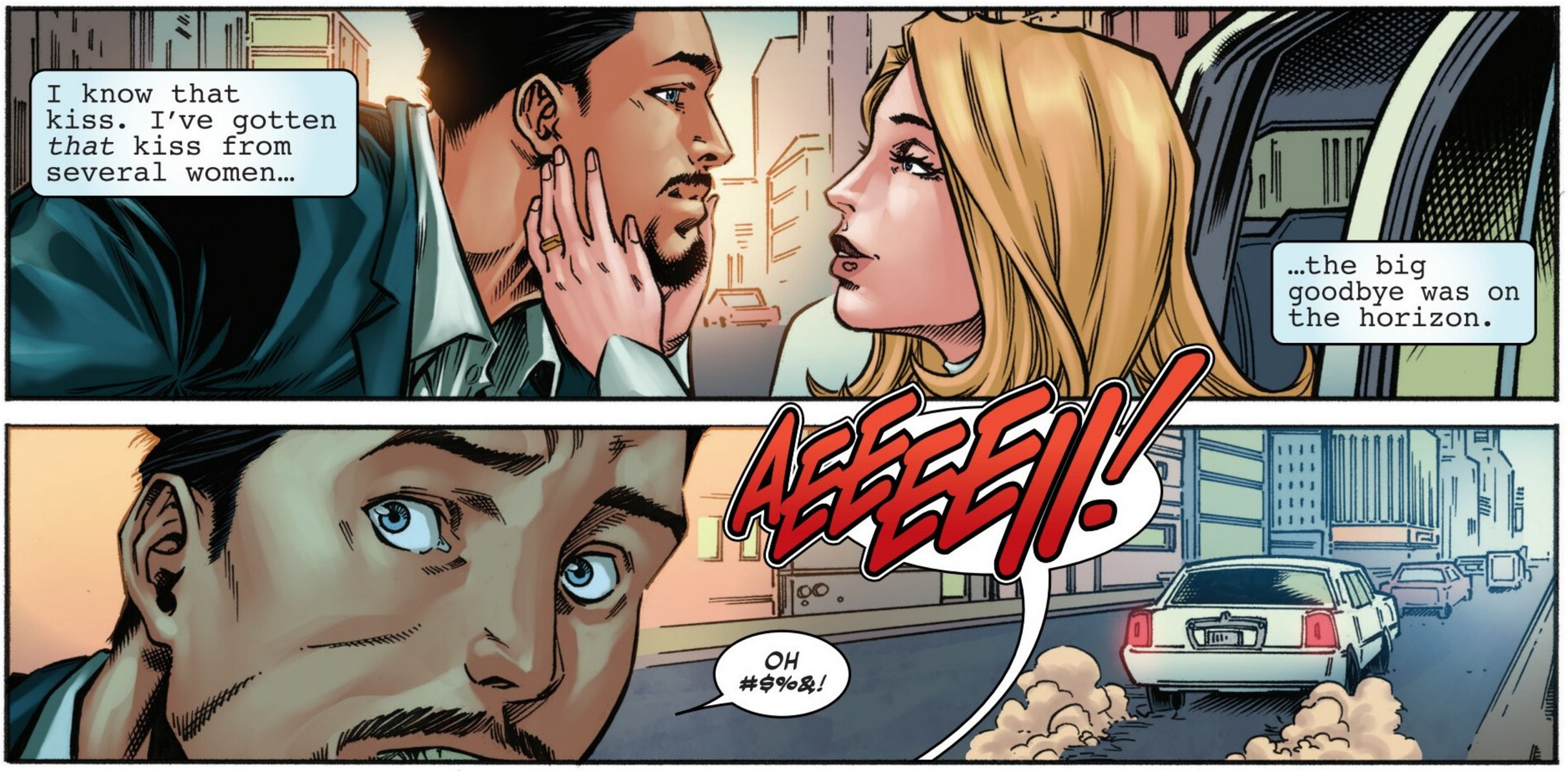

HOW THOUGHTFUL, ANTHONY.
BUT I DIDN'T GET YOU ANYTHING.

YES, YOU DID.
I DON'T KNOW WHERE I'D BE WITHOUT YOU.
MAYBE DEAD. MAYBE NOT SOBER, WISHING I WERE DEAD.
HOWEVER IT GOES OUT THERE... ANYTHING GOOD THAT HAPPENS IS BECAUSE I HAD YOU TO LEAN ON.


AND...EMMA, WHATEVER HAPPENS--
ANTHONY.


WE'LL DISCUSS LIFE AFTER. *IF* THERE'S A LIFE AFTER.

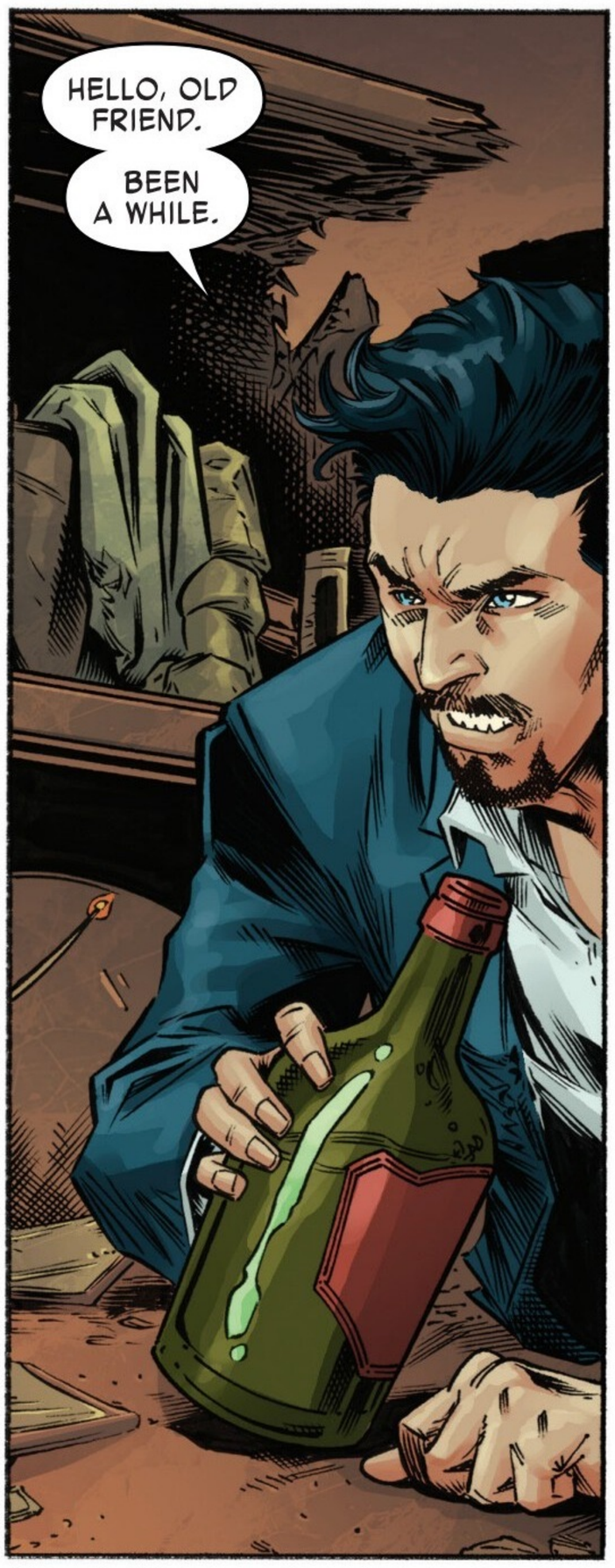



I know that kiss. I've gotten *that* kiss from several women…
…the big goodbye was on the horizon.
AEEEE!!
OH #$%&!

KRAK!
The assassin had taken out the White King's guards seemingly without any difficulty.
TARGET ACQUIRED.
I did what I usually do: I hit 'em with a bit of bravado.
YOU THINK I'M AFRAID OF YOU BECAUSE YOU JUST KILLED SOME RENT-A-COPS IN HALLOWEEN MASKS?
SNIKT!
OH #$%&!
"Afraid" is a strong word, but I'll admit to "intimidated."

Okay, so I didn't know this at the time…
…but evidently, the whole Krakoan age of resurrection meant the mutants were just leaving their corpses all over the place.

#$%&.
Including *Wolverine's*. You'd think that someone would have retrieved the adamantium skeletons. Deadpool would probably do it just for fun.
Anyway, Krakoa, like any government, was *imperfect*. Let's just leave it at that.


HELLO, OLD FRIEND.
BEEN A WHILE.

THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE.

Being the Black King of the Hellfire Club for the months that I was basically homeless did have its privileges.
Like never being out of arms reach of a candelabra.

FWOOSH!
The Mark 72 hadn't been integrated with a neural interface. Orchis had total information awareness over us, so I couldn't call the armor to me.
I had to get to the suit.
FEILONG, IF YOU'RE LISTENING... WHY DON'T WE SETTLE THIS MAN-TO-MAN? NO ARMOR. JUST ME AND YOU.
STARK!
CATCH!
Mysterium. A metal that shouldn't exist. One that I should not have been able to work or shape.
Heaved to me by Wilson Fisk, the once and future Kingpin of Crime.

A miracle metal. I could use it to pierce the power unit--
SPRAK!

THWACK!
--but the fire belonging to the gods is hard to hold on to.

AAARGH!

LUCKILY FOR YOU, I FORGOT SOMETHING...

GO, ANTHONY!

HE CAN'T HURT ME WHILE I'M A *DIAMOND.*

I'LL HOLD IT OFF AS LONG AS I CAN--YOU SHOULD SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE DEADLY.

YES, DEAR.

I could feel my blood pressure dropping. Blood slick against my clothes.

It's fitting…

…so fitting. Perhaps Iron Man begins and ends with heart trouble.

I knew Emma could hold her own against a Sentinel they constructed out of a ghost life of Wolverine.

But not forever.

There was nothing soft for her to hit.

She would fight and die to cover me.

But I know Feilong. He would have onboarded a plan to kill a mutant.

Like I did. He had all my inventions. All my plans. My notebooks.

He bought all my secrets, and the ones he couldn't buy, he killed to acquire.

It's exactly how I planned to kill Emma Frost if I had to. I developed it after she put the whammy on me back at the Bar With No Name.*

*SEE ISSUE #6! --DAZZLIN' DARREN

The Sentinel found her inhibitor ring and her mutant power would be useless against it.

And once Emma was flesh and blood, she would be killable.

OH GOD!

DON'T YOU DARE TOUCH HER.

I forgot that the only thing on Earth that could stop adamantium was vibranium.

SKRERAKKACKK!

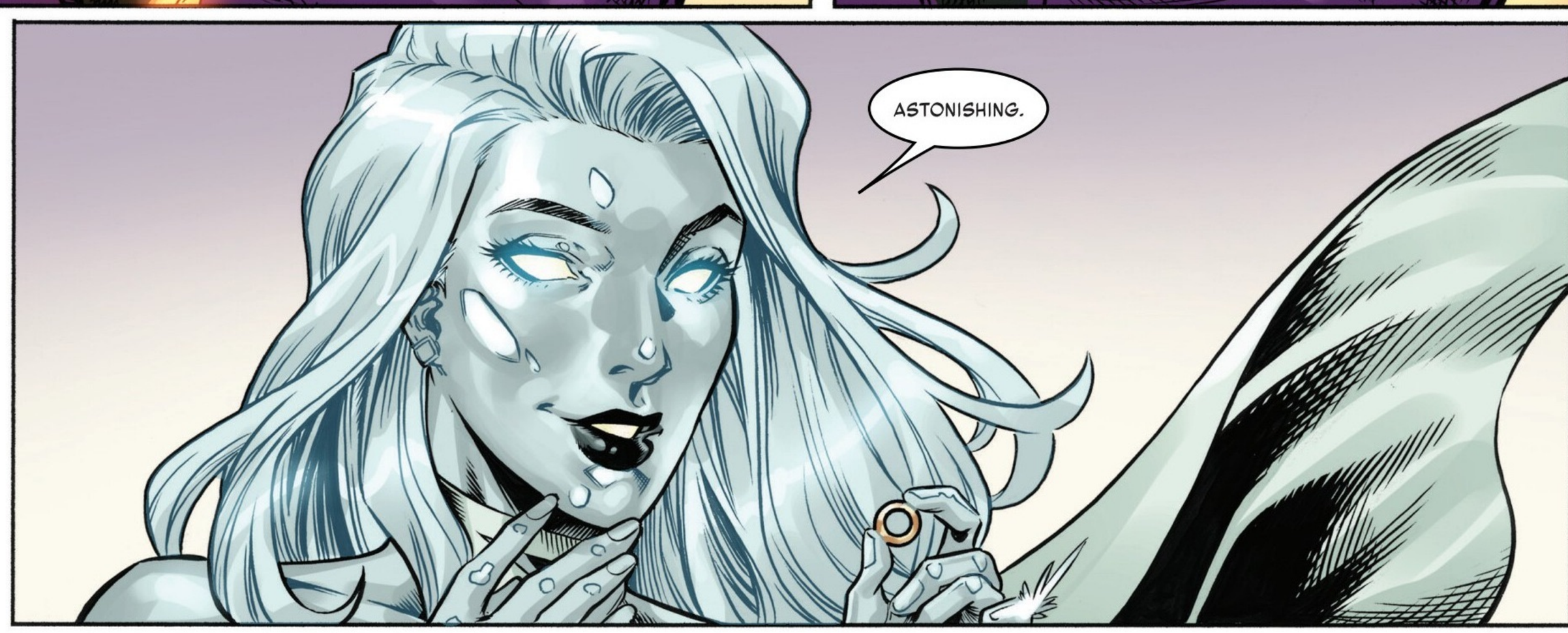
¿GASP!¿

But mysterium is *not* from Earth.

SKRUNCH!
WELL, THAT'S EMBARRASSING. THOUGH...

...NOT AS EMBARRASSING AS THIS.

SKRUNCHPLACK!


ASTONISHING.

THANKS FOR COMING BACK FOR ME.
I CAME BACK FOR THE GIFT THAT YOU MADE ME.
IN MY MEMOIR, I'LL BE WRITING THAT YOU CAME BACK FOR ME.
AND CAREFUL WHERE YOU POINT THOSE.
FIRE
I SAW YOU ON A MAGAZINE COVER WITH SOMETHING SIMILAR, AND SO I MADE YOU A WEAPON.
HOW ROMANTIC. I'M SURE YOU MAKE WEAPONS FOR ALL YOUR WOMEN.
Guilty as charged.
FIRE
HELL
Ehhhh

GOTTA GO--TODAY'S A WORK DAY.
HOPEFULLY, I'LL BE ALIVE FOR DINNER.
GOOD HUNTING, ANTHONY.
EMMA REJOINS THE X-MEN'S FIGHT AGAINST ORCHIS IN FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #1! ON SALE NOW! --DS
GOOD HUNTING, EMMA.
I had a big day. Some Avengers business,* and then it was on to Australia--and not for vacation.
*SEE AVENGERS #12! --DS
I made it a point to be caught on Feilong's satellites.
If he didn't pursue… If he didn't get mad and take it personal…then all of this was for nothing.

Feilong and his fascists hung a sword over Earth by promising to swing it at threats from space.
I knew he was watching. I wanted him to follow.

MAYBE WE JUST FOCUS ON THE BIGGER PICTURE RATHER THAN THIS ONE AVENGER, FEILONG?
PISS OFF, STASIS. I'M THINKING.
HE'S HEADING RIGHT WHERE THE SHIPS FROM MARS ARE LANDING-- WHY?
ALL SENTINELS CONVERGE ON IRON MAN!

OH NO!
NO!

I wish I could have seen his face when Feilong figured out the game.

We fed him the landing of the "mutant invasion"-- it was the Australian Outback--
--a place the X-Men once operated from. One without a lot of civilians who would be at risk.
It was perfect.

THOSE AREN'T SHIPS!

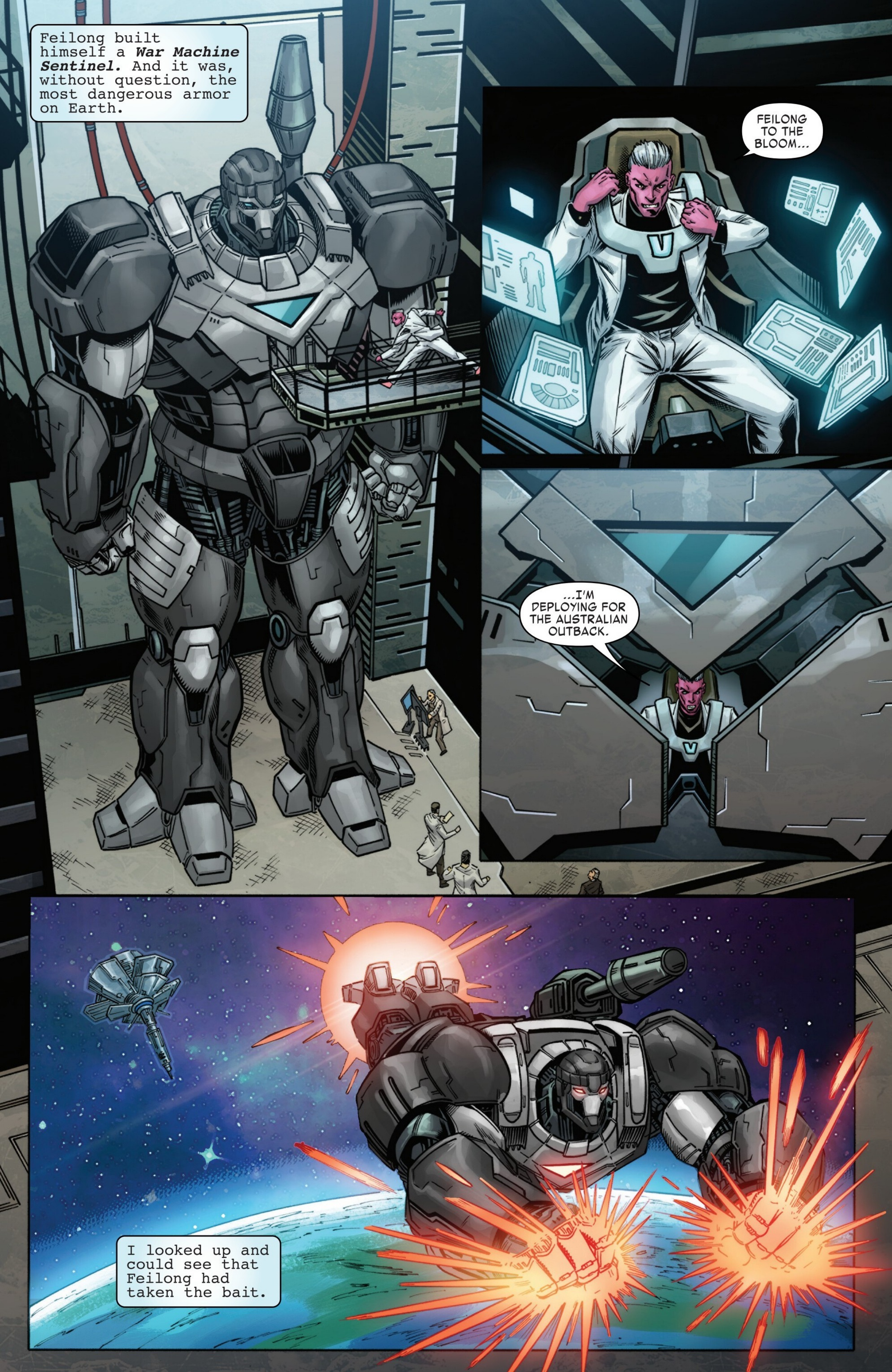
AAARRGH!

ZAPPT!

W-WAIT-- THERE ARE NO LIFE SIGNS ON THOSE SHIPS FROM ARAKKO.
WHERE ARE THE MUTANTS?!

IF THEY'RE NOT SHIPS-- WHAT ARE THEY?!

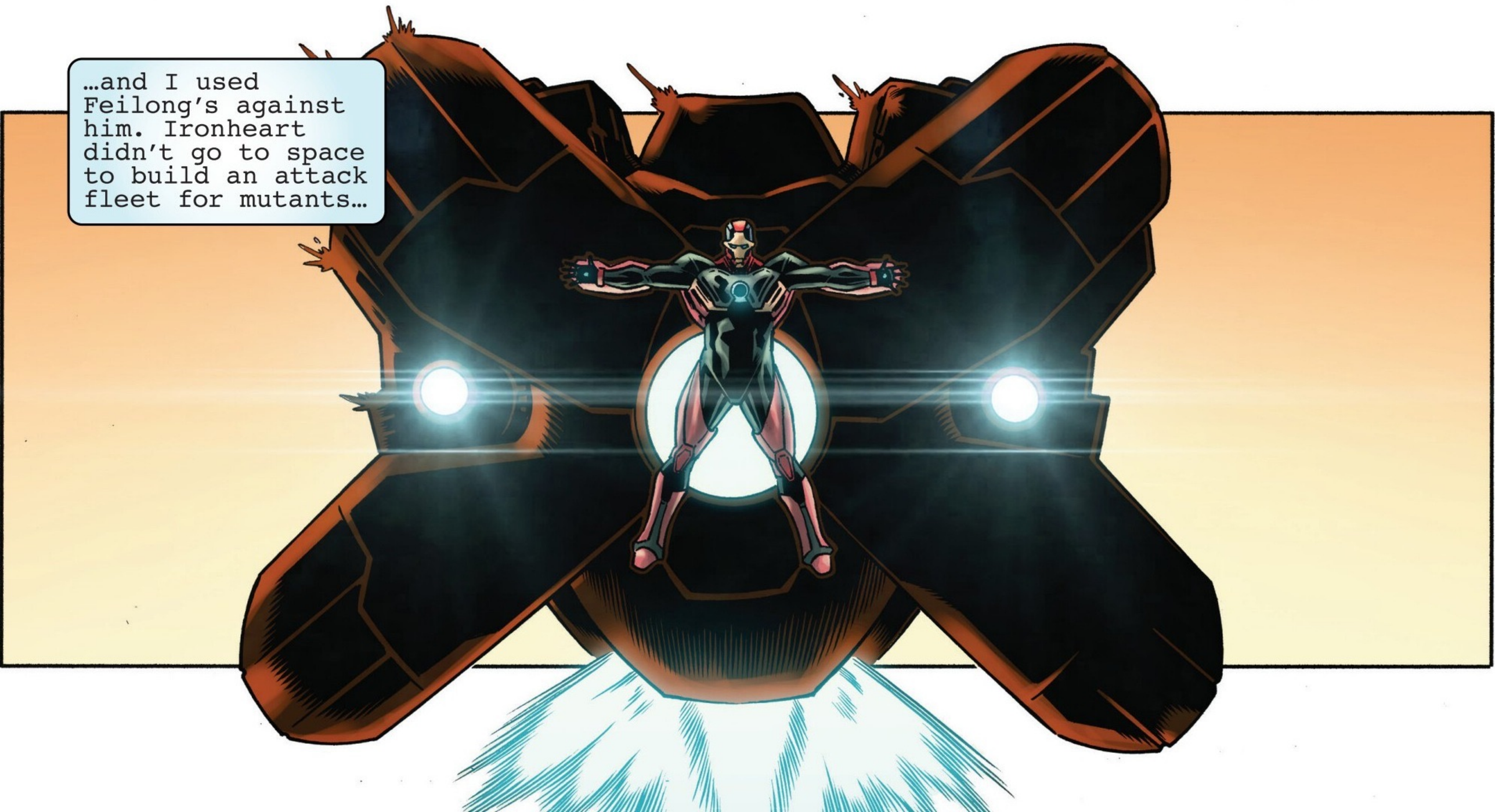
COMPUTER, PREPARE MY PERSONAL ARMOR!

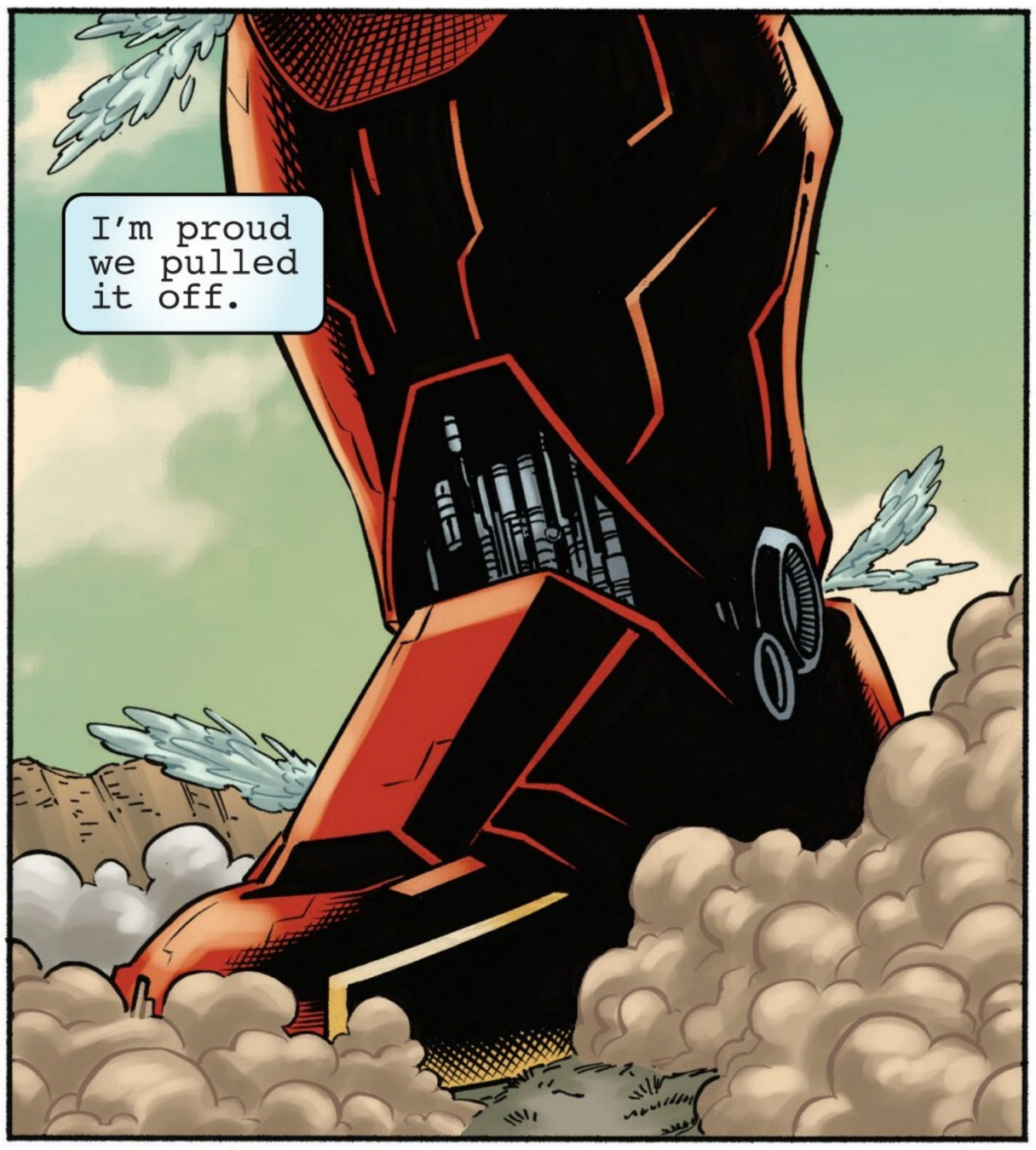

Feilong built himself a ***War Machine Sentinel.*** And it was, without question, the most dangerous armor on Earth.
FEILONG TO THE BLOOM...
...I'M DEPLOYING FOR THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK.
I looked up and could see that Feilong had taken the bait.

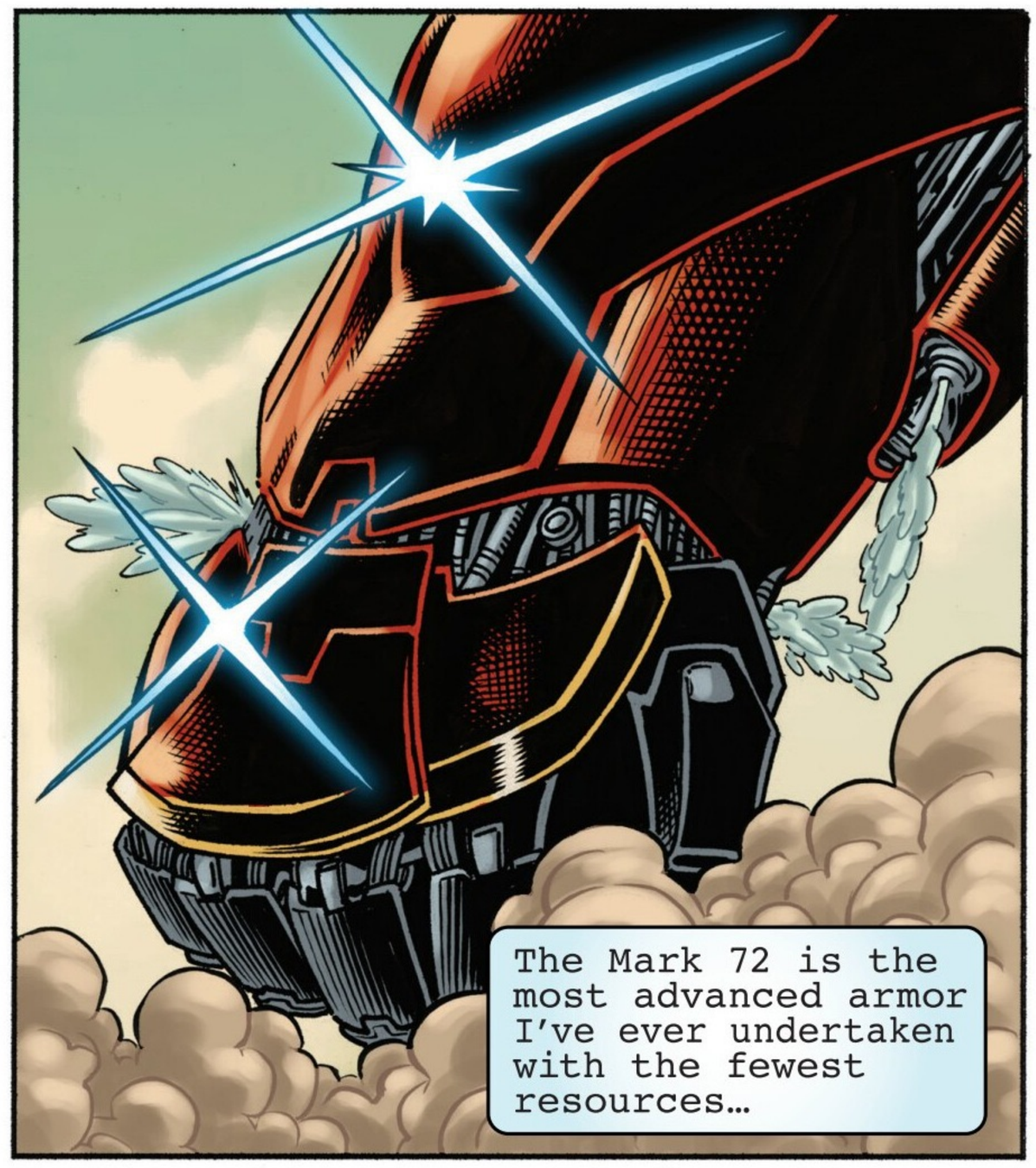
The "ships" that Ironheart built out in space with the Dwarves that forged Thor's hammer landed right where they were supposed to be.

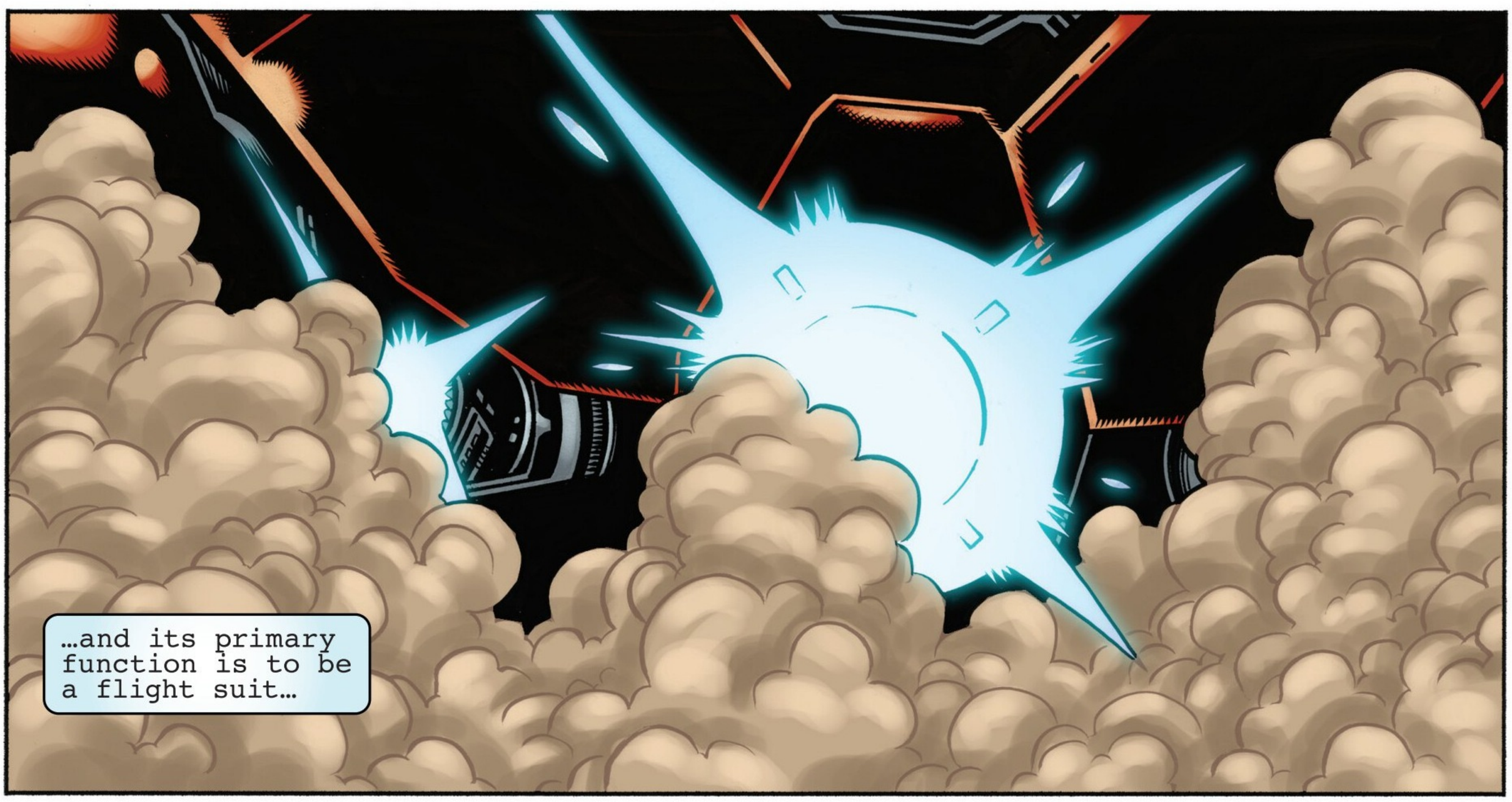
And Feilong sent all the Stark Sentinels to me--exactly as he was supposed to.

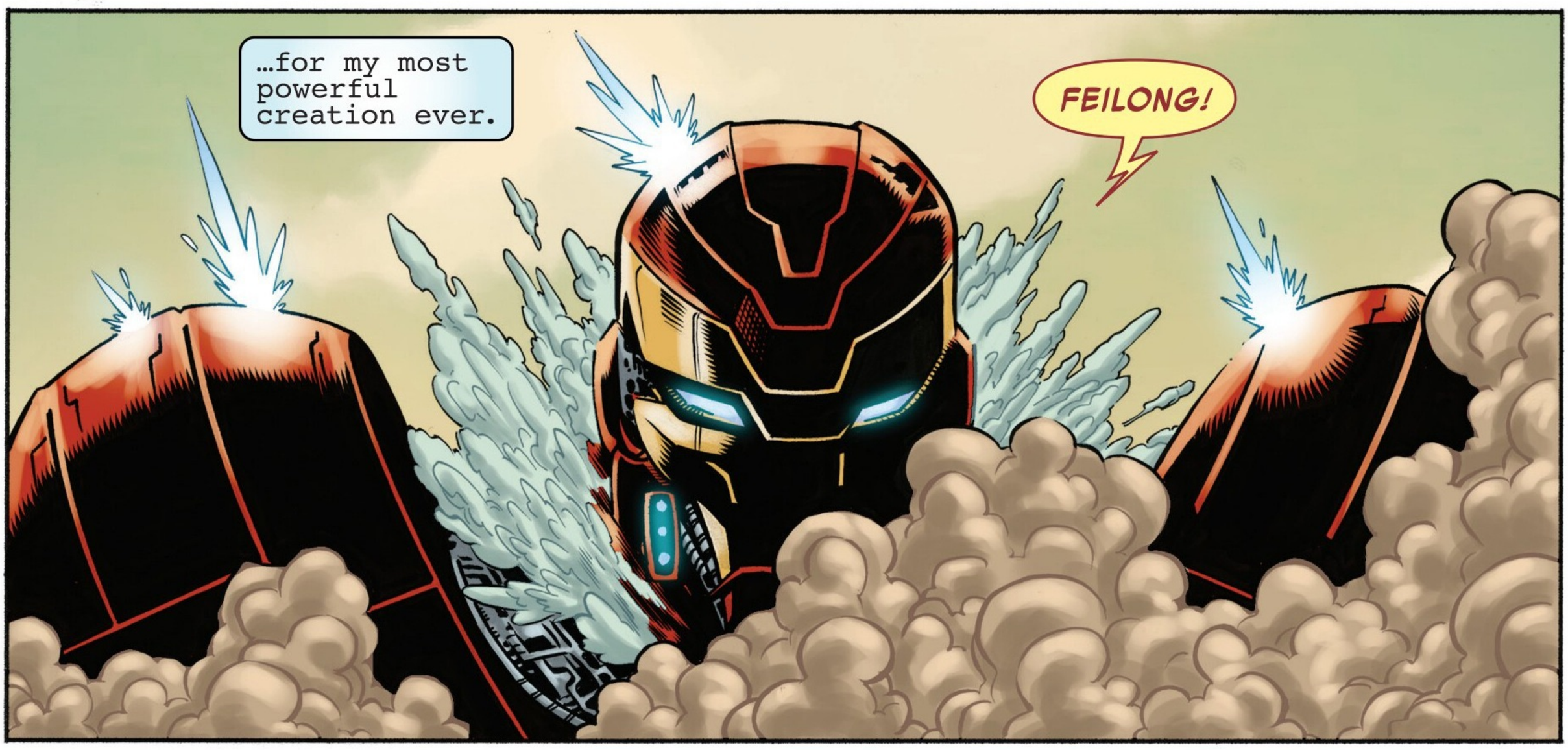
I know pride's a sin…


…and I used Feilong's against him. Ironheart didn't go to space to build an attack fleet for mutants…


I'm proud we pulled it off.


The Mark 72 is the most advanced armor I've ever undertaken with the fewest resources…

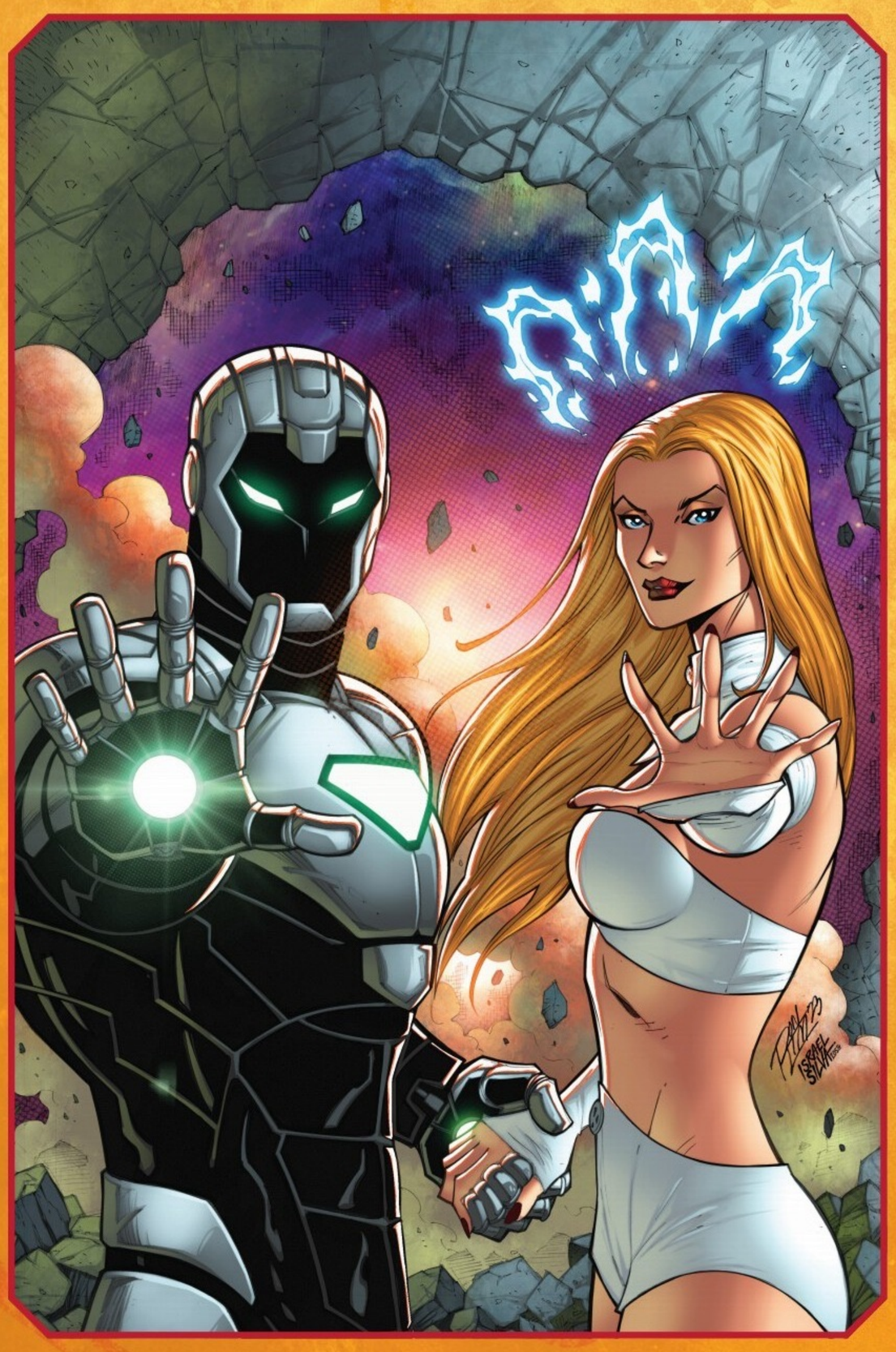

…and its primary function is to be a flight suit…


…for my most powerful creation ever.
FEILONG!

The *Sentinel Buster.*
COME FACE YOUR END!

C.F. VILLA & DAVID CURIEL
#13 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT

EMILIO LAISO & BRYAN VALENZA
#13 VARIANT



RON LIM & ISRAEL SILVA
#13 VARIANT

MIKE MAYHEW
#14 VARIANT

SIXTEEN

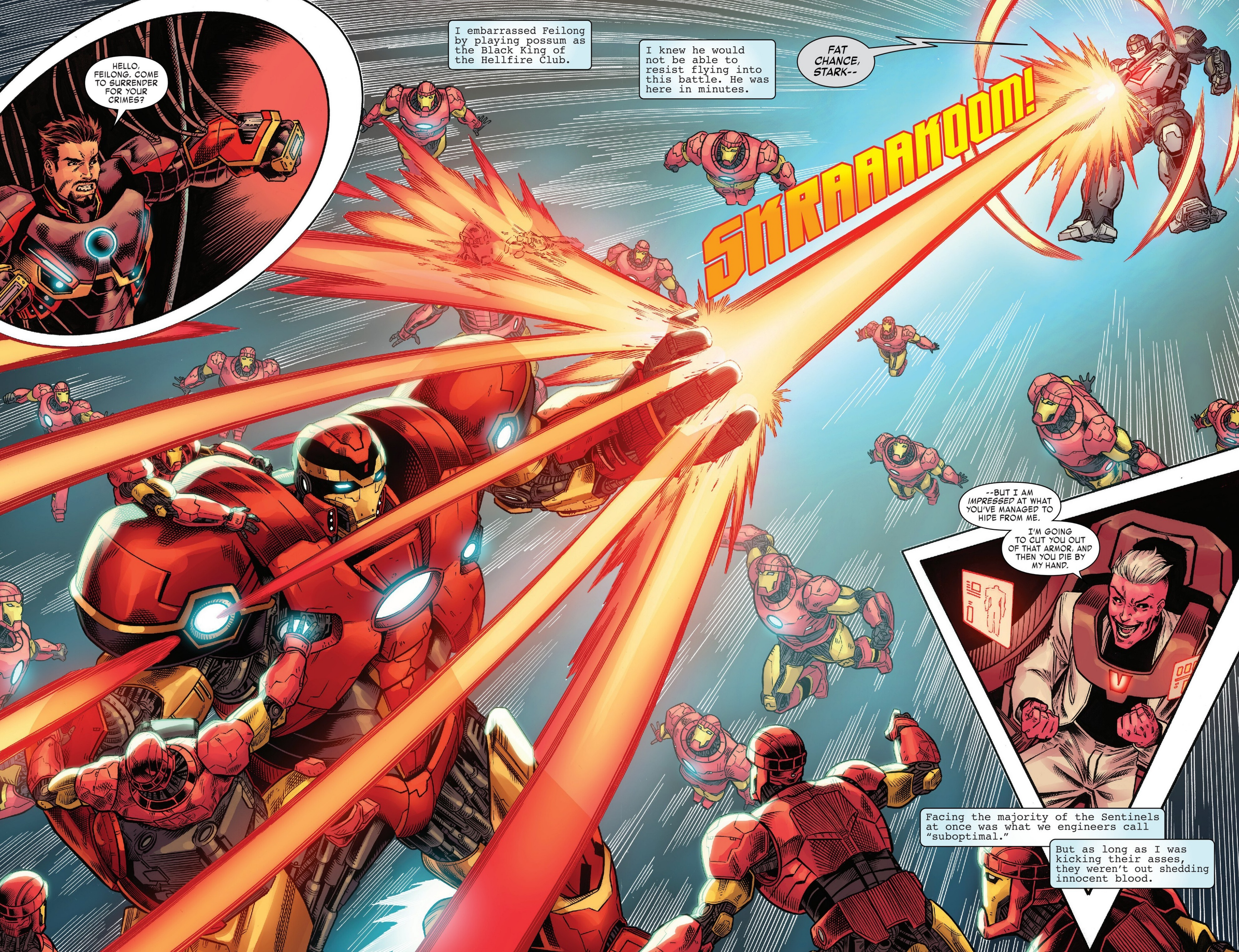
Much is said about me, both true and false… but on one matter, my fans and haters all agree: Tony Stark is a man of ***privilege***.
I was born to money and made more of it, as our capitalist founders intended.
But I'm also privileged in the brains department, and I've got good friends. One of whom helped me make this day possible.
Riri Williams took my designs for this behemoth and ran with them. The armor is a mysterium alloy, and unfortunately, I had to test it on the field of battle.
Firestar set a trap for Orchis by feeding them the lie that a mutant invasion of Earth would occur in the Australian outback.
OKAY, IF ANY ORCHIS PILOTS ARE ACTUALLY ON BOARD THESE CUTE LITTLE SENTINELS--

Instead, Feilong's Stark Sentinels would face my biggest armor yet: the Mark 73 Sentinel Buster.
--NOW WOULD BE A GREAT TIME TO EJECT!
SMRABOOM!
Today was a reckoning, and it had been a *long* time coming.

HEY, WHAT'S THIS BUTTON DO?
OH, IT'S THE "SENTINEL DELETE" TOGGLE.
REFERENCE
Feilong gained contol of Stark Unlimited by killing board members and buying stock. Eventually incorporating all my designs into Orchis.
I had to engineer my way out of facing thirty-foot-tall versions of my most powerful armors.

As I faced the bulk of the Sentinels in Australia, the X-Men were launching their counterattack.
We'd all be dead by dawn...or Orchis would be destroyed and we'd live to fight another day.
There was no holding back now. No negotiation. There was nowhere to fall back to.

At first, I approached the problem of thirty-foot-tall Iron Man armors with finesse, but I quickly found once again that I was my own worst enemy.
I had baked so many clever bits into my armors over the years that there was no single magic bullet I could use on the "Stark Sentinels."
So I went big.
KRANG!


HELLO, FEILONG. COME TO SURRENDER FOR YOUR CRIMES?
I embarrassed Feilong by playing possum as the Black King of the Hellfire Club.
I knew he would not be able to resist flying into this battle. He was here in minutes.
FAT CHANCE, STARK--
SHRAAAHQOM!
--BUT I AM IMPRESSED AT WHAT YOU'VE MANAGED TO HIDE FROM ME.
I'M GOING TO CUT YOU OUT OF THAT ARMOR, AND THEN YOU DIE BY MY HAND.
Facing the majority of the Sentinels at once was what we engineers call "suboptimal."
But as long as I was kicking their asses, they weren't out shedding innocent blood.

I was also nervously watching my batteries the entire battle.
This was easily the most energy-hungry armor I'd ever developed, and there was no way I could charge up in the outback.
A small price to pay to ensure there would be no civilian casualties.

I actually had no idea there were this many Sentinels. It became pretty clear I was unlikely to destroy them all before the Mark 73 lost power.
I knew this was a one-way trip for this big boy--and maybe for me. That's pretty much the story every time I suit up…

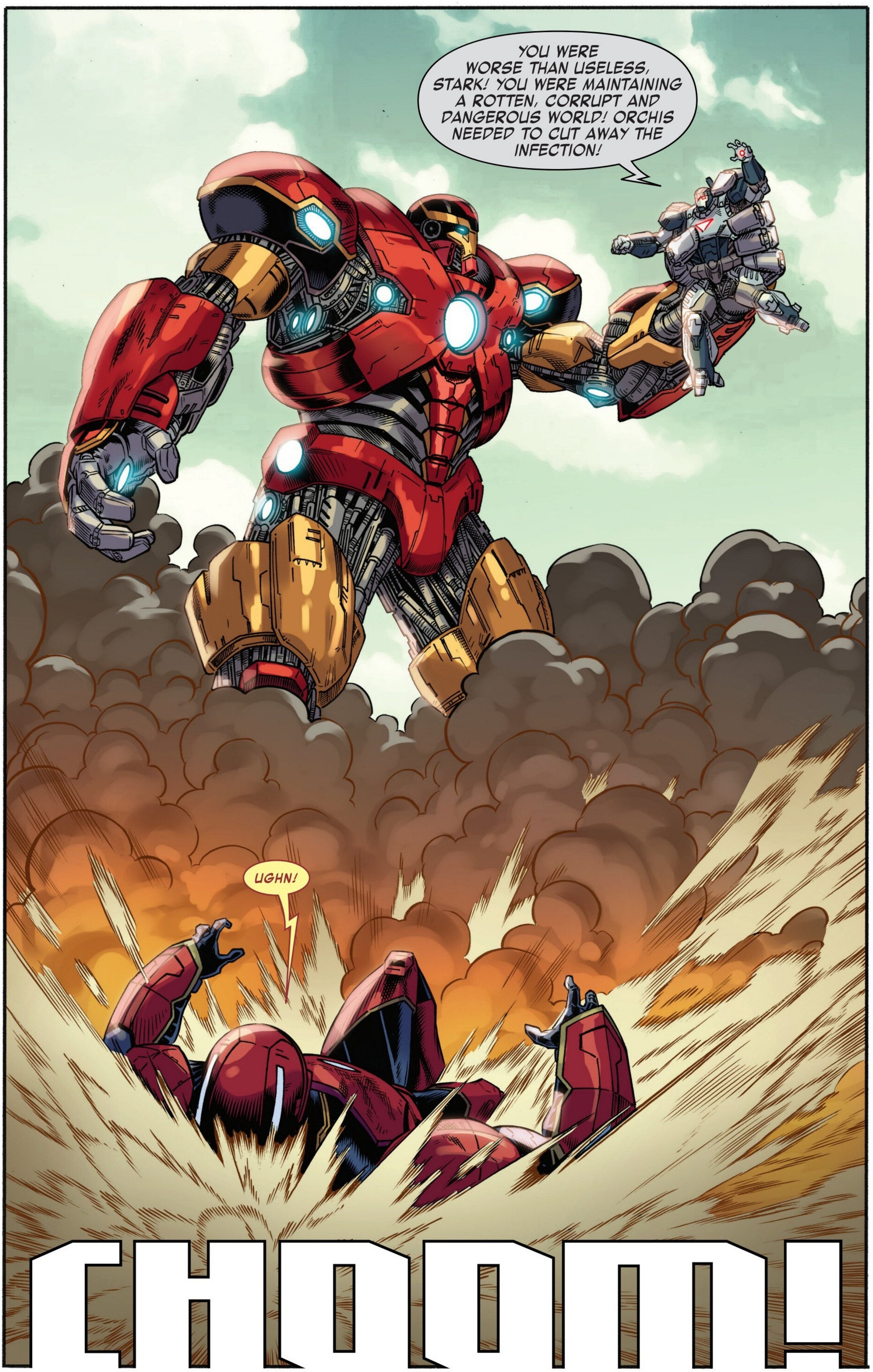
…each adventure is another chance to die.
SMAMA-
BOOM!

Feilong was one of my smartest and most cunning foes, but I knew what buttons to push on him.
OKAY, FEILONG, LET'S SEE WHAT YOUR GROUND GAME IS LIKE. WHAT'S IT GOING TO BE?
KABOOM!
He was smart but full of pride. I would help him fall.

YOU GONNA COME OUT AND FACE ME? OR YOU GONNA WAIT UNTIL I SCRAP EVERY ONE OF YOUR TOYS?
BUZZZZZ!!!
FOOOOOM
I put the Sentinel Buster on autopilot and decided to roll up my sleeves in the Mark 72.

I was right on the money with Feilong. His black-armored War Machine Sentinel came in hot when he saw me leave the Sentinel Buster.
SKREE-
KRUNCH!
TONY...WHAT ARE YOU DOING? YOU COULD'VE JOINED ORCHIS. YOU COULD HAVE WORKED FOR ME AND SAVED FACE BY KEEPING THE TOP JOB AT YOUR COMPANY.
NOW I HAVE TO KILL YOU IN THIS GODFORSAKEN DESERT.

AARGH!
ZZZ

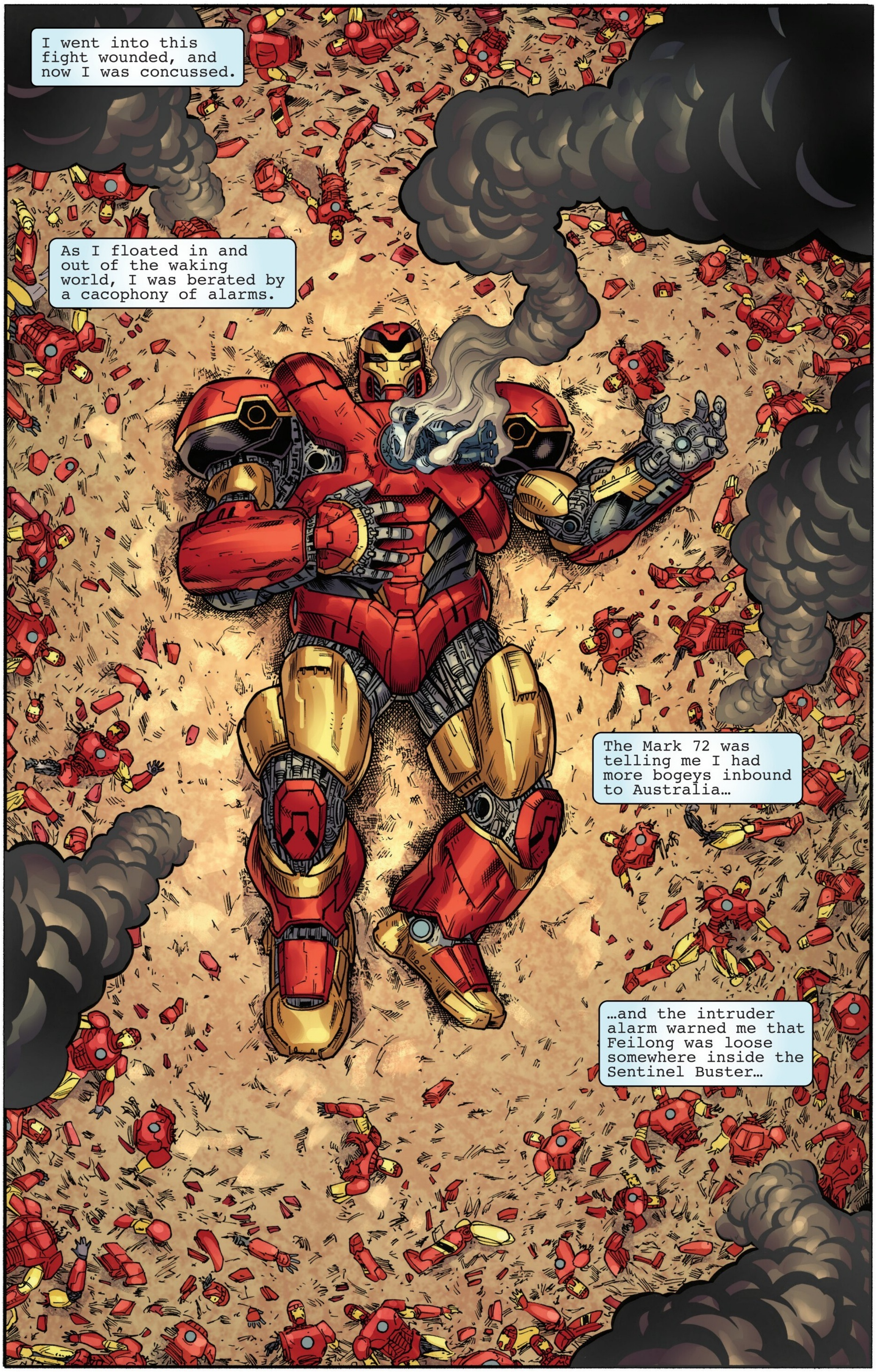

YOU WERE WORSE THAN USELESS, STARK! YOU WERE MAINTAINING A ROTTEN, CORRUPT AND DANGEROUS WORLD! ORCHIS NEEDED TO CUT AWAY THE INFECTION!
UGHN!
CHOOOOM

The Sentinel Buster was starting to slow down. I told myself that when that fist hit Feilong's Sentinel, his blood would not be on my hands.
I gave him every opportunity to avoid this fate.
EVEN THE STRONGEST ARMORS HAVE A WEAK POINT, TONY.
URRRRR

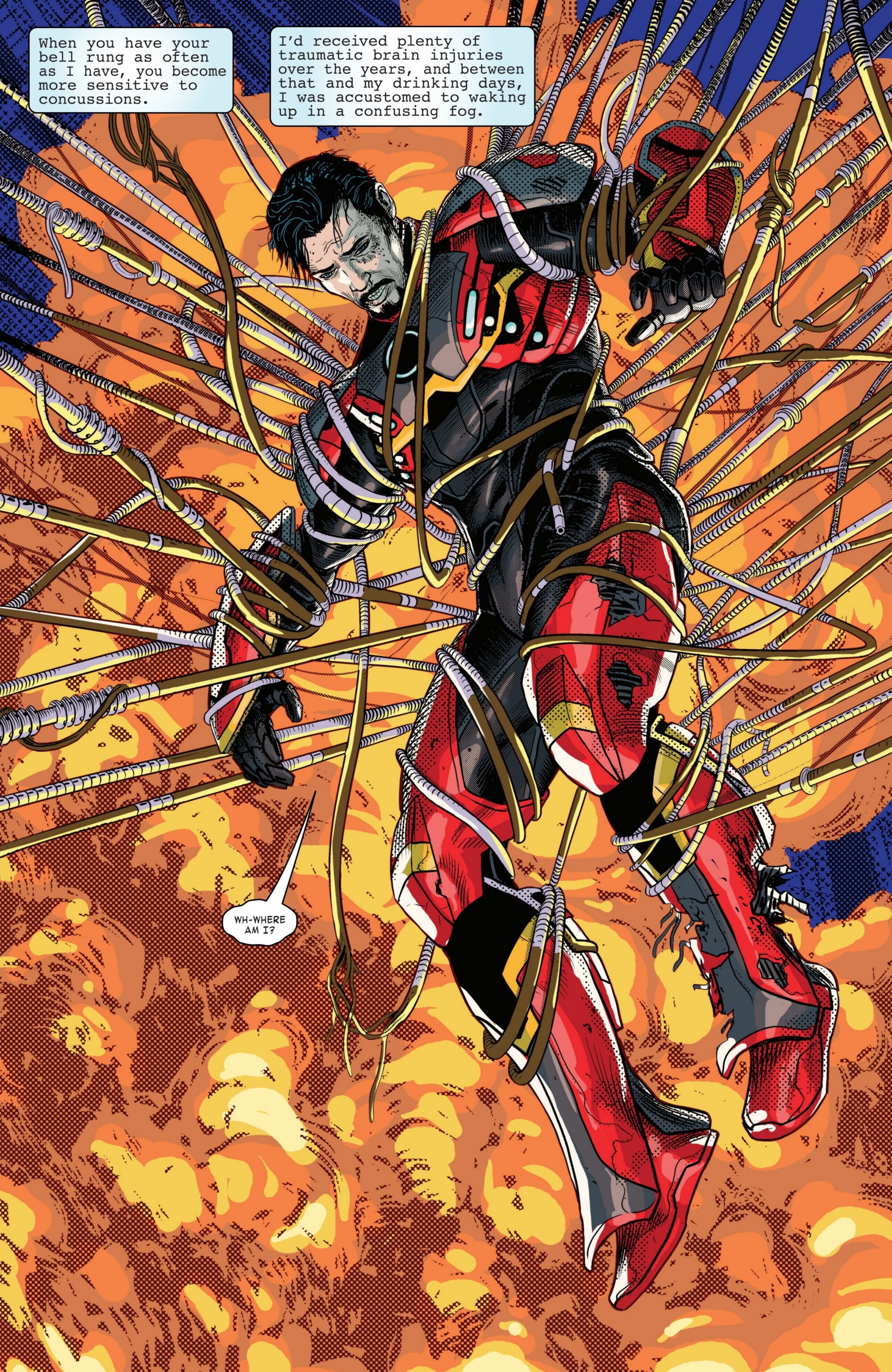
BADABOOM!
I LET YOU LIVE BECAUSE I THOUGHT IT WAS FUNNY, YOU CRASHING ON WILSON FISK'S COUCH--
--BUT I'M NOT LAUGHING ANYMORE!

I was plugged back into the controls of the Sentinel Buster without any good options--and then Feilong's armor tore through my chest... history loves a good repeat.
I'd destroyed almost half of the Sentinel fleet, but it was not nearly enough.
DAMMIT!

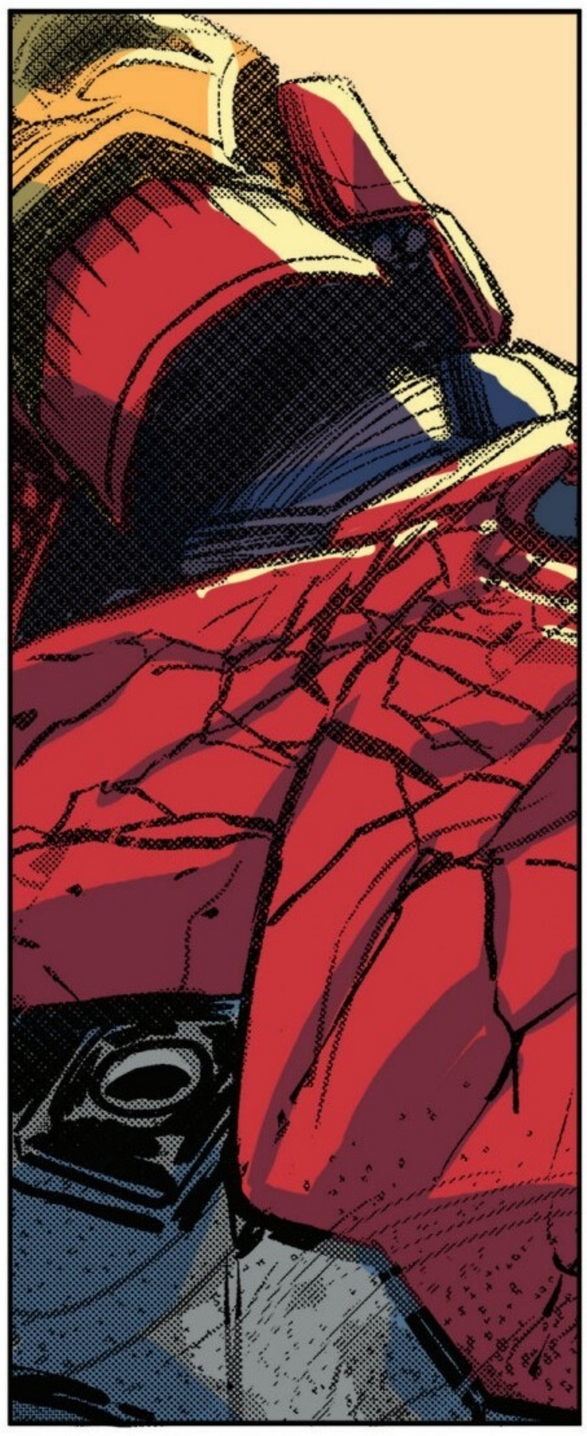
Power was failing. I had a hull breach, and my helmet was off.
The last thing I remember was a piece of my cockpit coming loose and knocking me on the head.
BADOOM!


I went into this fight wounded, and now I was concussed.
As I floated in and out of the waking world, I was berated by a cacophony of alarms.
The Mark 72 was telling me I had more bogeys inbound to Australia…
…and the intruder alarm warned me that Feilong was loose somewhere inside the Sentinel Buster…

SEVENTEEN


When you have your bell rung as often as I have, you become more sensitive to concussions.
I'd received plenty of traumatic brain injuries over the years, and between that and my drinking days, I was accustomed to waking up in a confusing fog.
WH-WHERE AM I?

I was in the Australian outback, surrounded by tens of billions of dollars of wrecked Orchis Sentinels.
The Mark 73 Sentinel Buster armor was, at least for a few hours the day prior, the most powerful weapons platform on planet Earth.
I was pretty sure that if I could find a power source, she would rise from the dead-- even with Feilong's Sentinel in her heart.



HEH. OH YEAH. THAT WAS FUN. SO MUCH FUN.

IRON MAN TO ANY OTHER AVENGERS ON THE EMERGENCY FREQUENCY.
ANYONE GOT EARS ON?
When you make an armor out of mysterium and then you get trapped in it, you're not going to be talking to anybody.

I'd have to make my own way out from the depths.

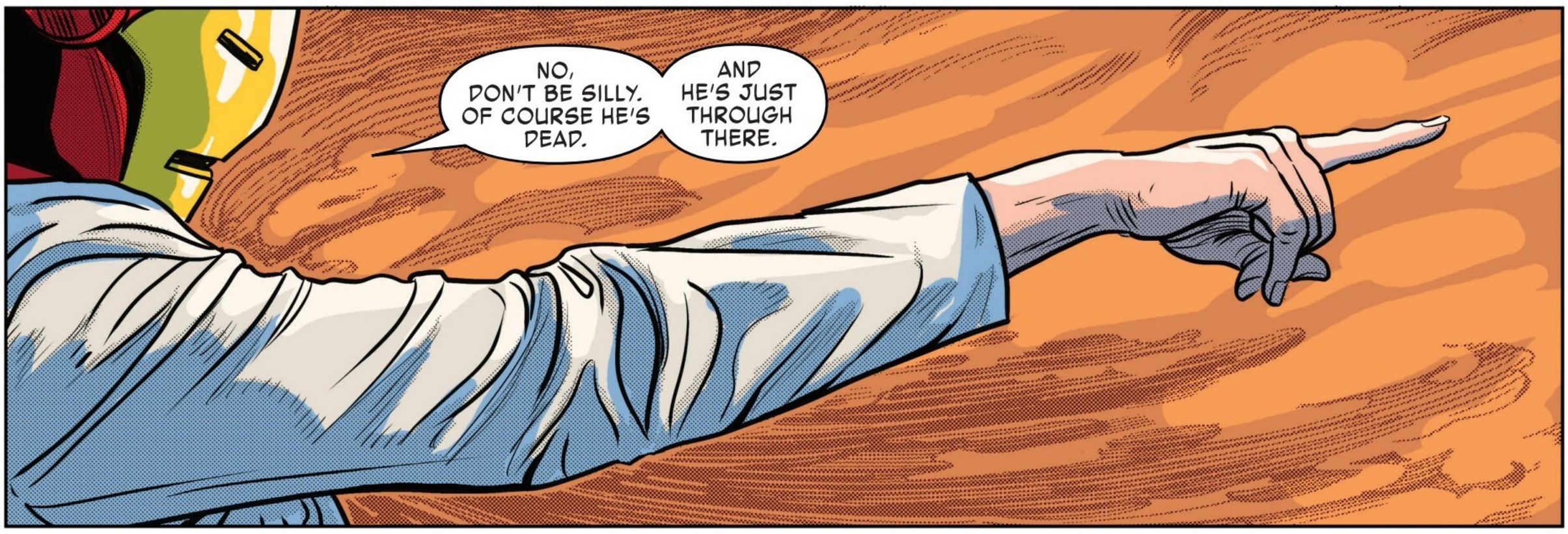
MY GOD!
Not sure if it was my brain injury, the fumes from the ruptured fuel lines or…something else…

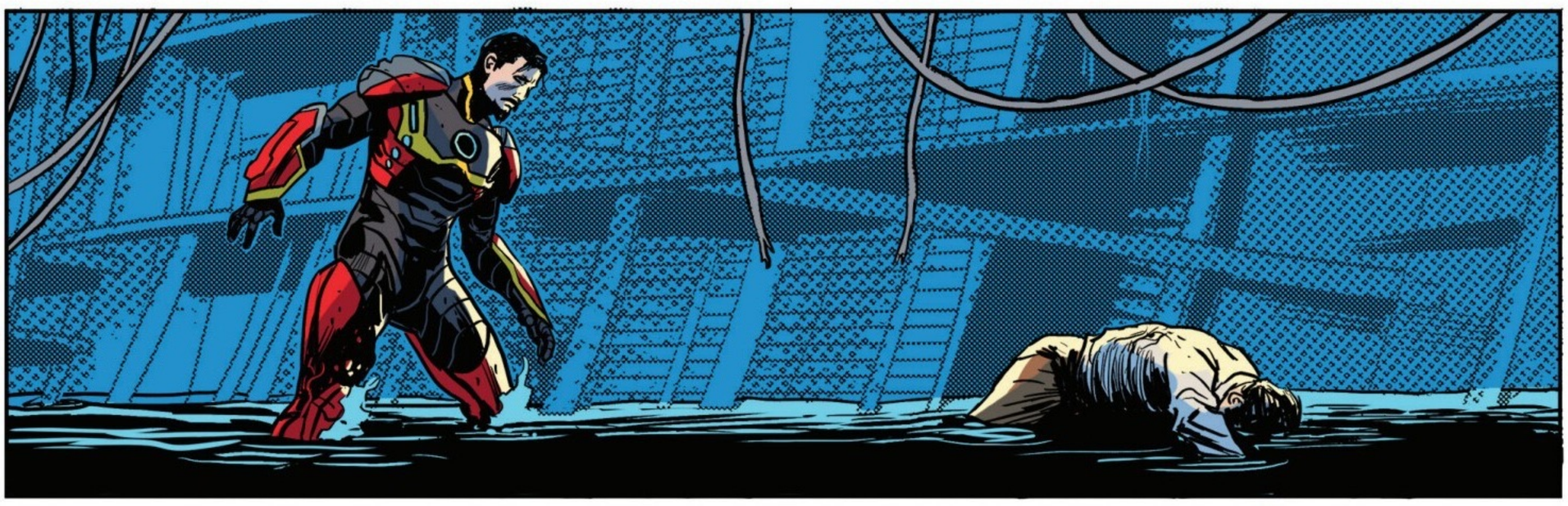
…or I was dead. Like my adoptive mom, who was having tea with my birth mom.

It seems they were trapped inside my creation too.

OH, HELLO, TONY.

I WOULD'VE PREFERRED EVERYONE CALL YOU ANTHONY, BY THE WAY.





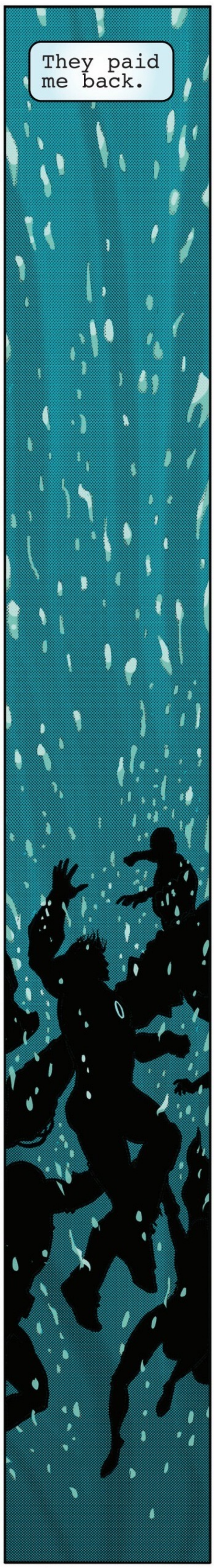
FEILONG KILLED YOU TO GET TO ME AND ALL MY PATENTS. I DIDN'T KNOW--

BUT YOU SHOULD HAVE.

YOU MADE A MISTAKE WALKING AWAY FROM THE COMPANY.

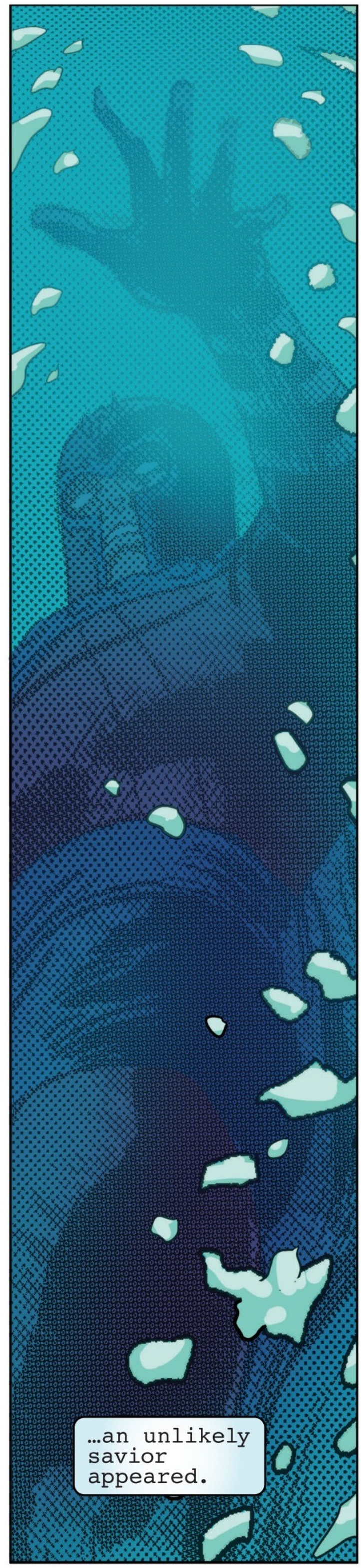
YOU'VE HURT A LOT OF PEOPLE. THIS GIANT ARMOR IS FILLED WITH GHOSTS.

Iron Man has left a trail of destruction in his wake.
Obadiah Stane. Justin Hammer. Crimson Cowl. Anton Vanko and his Crimson Dymano. Spymaster. Blacklash. Detroit Steel. Firebrand.
Many things can be true. They were all bad. Rotten to the core…but I also hurt them.


They paid me back.

It seemed like I was drowning forever.

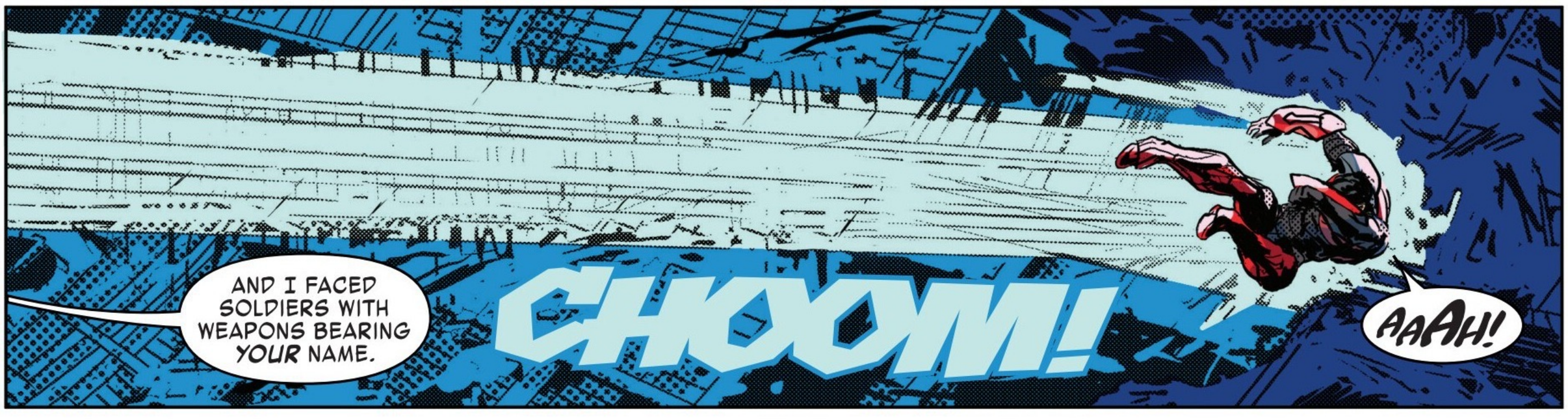
And then…


…an unlikely savior appeared.

TONY STARK.
HOW PITIFUL THAT YOU ARE WHAT PASSES FOR A LARGE-MINDED HUMAN.

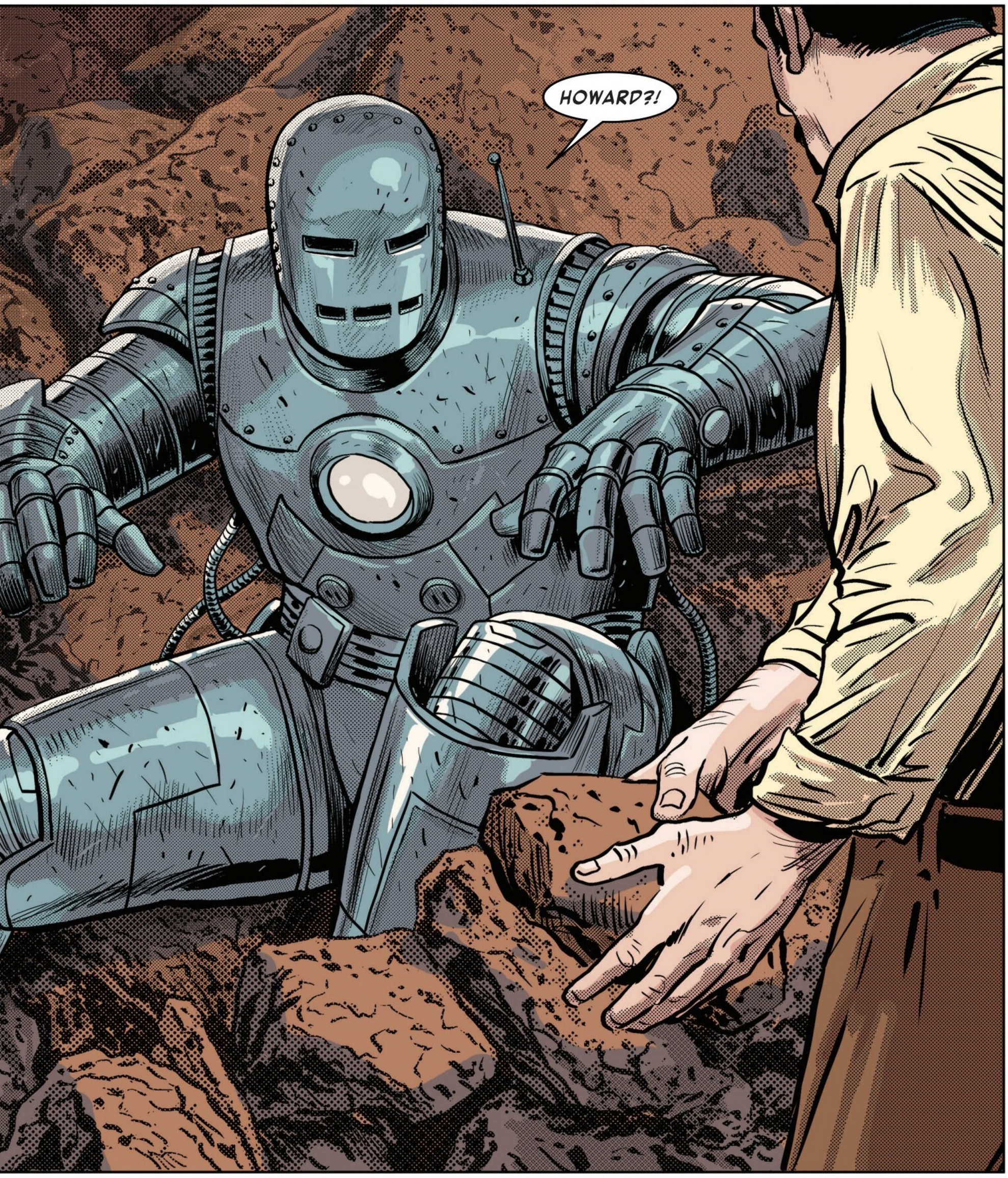
YOU WERE SO AFRAID OF ME AND MY KIND THAT YOU DEDICATED YOUR FINITE TIME ON EARTH TO CREATING EFFICIENT MEANS OF DEALING DEATH.

THE FIRST TIME I HEARD YOUR NAME, YOU WERE ATTACKING A MILITARY BASE.


AND I FACED SOLDIERS WITH WEAPONS BEARING *YOUR* NAME.
CHOOOM!
AAAH!

M-MAGNETO, WAIT!
NO MORE STALLING.
THE WORLD DOESN'T NEED ARMS MERCHANTS.
THIS IS MY JUDGMENT.
I CHANGED!
I HAVE BEEN REDEEMED!
TONY? YOU OKAY?

LET'S HELP YOU OUT OF THERE.


HOWARD?!

HIYA, KIDDO.
BOY, YOU'RE A LOT OF WORK.

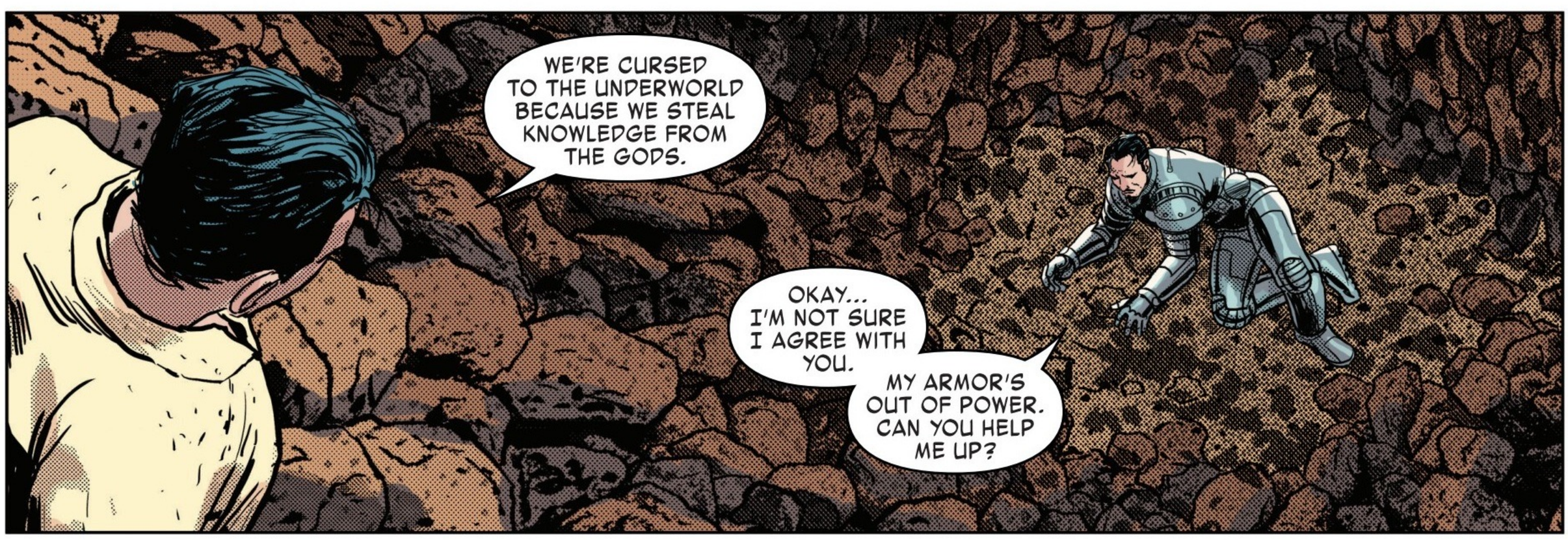
DAD, THIS IS-- DON'T JUDGE THIS SUIT, I BUILT BETTER ONES.

NONSENSE, SON. YOU BUILT ALL THIS IN A CAVE?!
FRANKLY, IT'S MORE IMPRESSIVE THAN WHAT YOU WERE ABLE TO DO LATER IN YOUR LABS.

IRON MAN. WOW.
TONY. DO YOU KNOW WHY MEN LIKE US ARE REMANDED TO HELL?

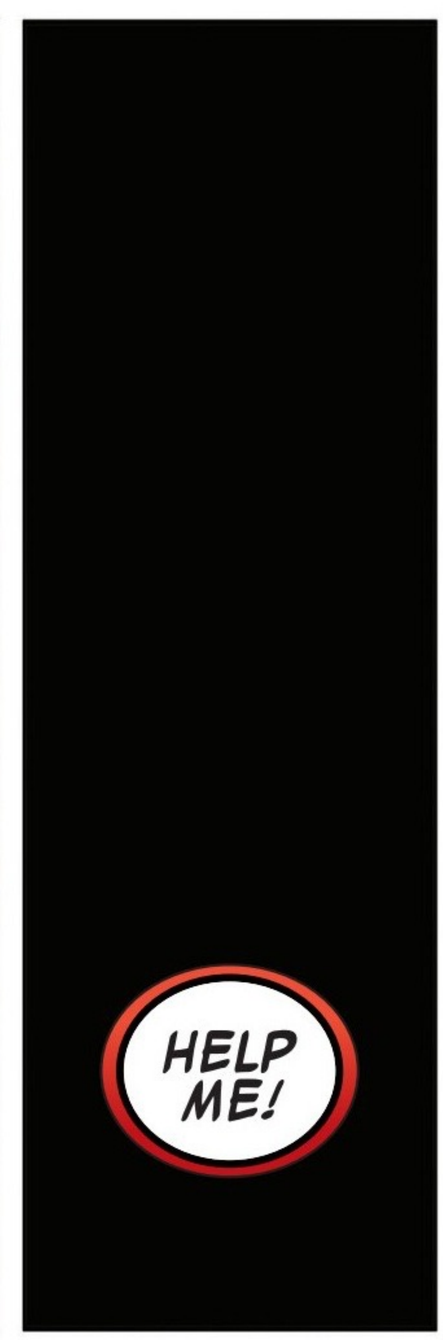
WHAT...?

YES, IT'S TRUE! WE'RE DAMNED, SON.


WE'RE CURSED TO THE UNDERWORLD BECAUSE WE STEAL KNOWLEDGE FROM THE GODS.
OKAY... I'M NOT SURE I AGREE WITH YOU.
MY ARMOR'S OUT OF POWER. CAN YOU HELP ME UP?

I CAN'T... I DIED IN A CAR WRECK.

DAD!


HELP ME!

I had hoped that Feilong had been killed in the impact…

MY RESPECT FOR YOU GROWS, STARK.

THERE IS NOWHERE ON EARTH YOU COULD HIDE THE CONSTRUCTION OF A SENTINEL BUSTER, SO YOU WENT TO THE STARS.

ARGH!

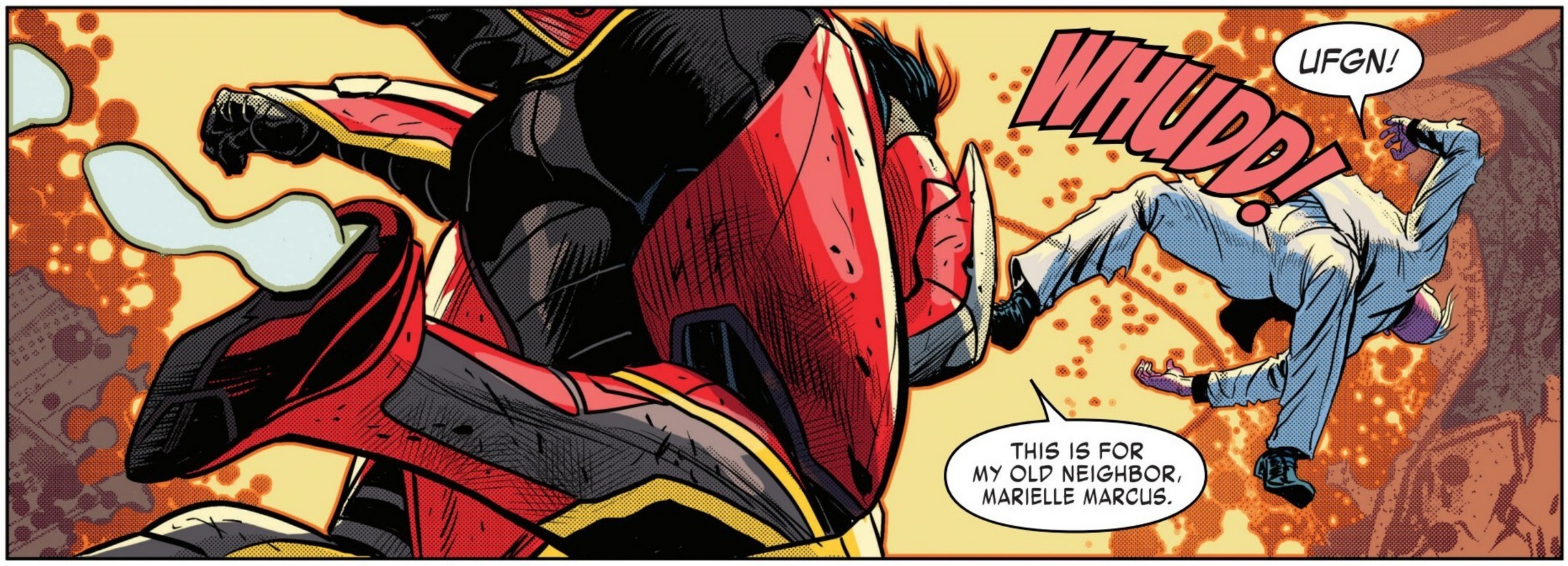
MY CONTEMPT FOR YOU IS BOTTOMLESS. THIS IS FOR MY FRIEND ZHONG WEI.

WHUDD!
UGHHN!

MISTAKES WERE MADE, TONY. BY YOU... BY ME.

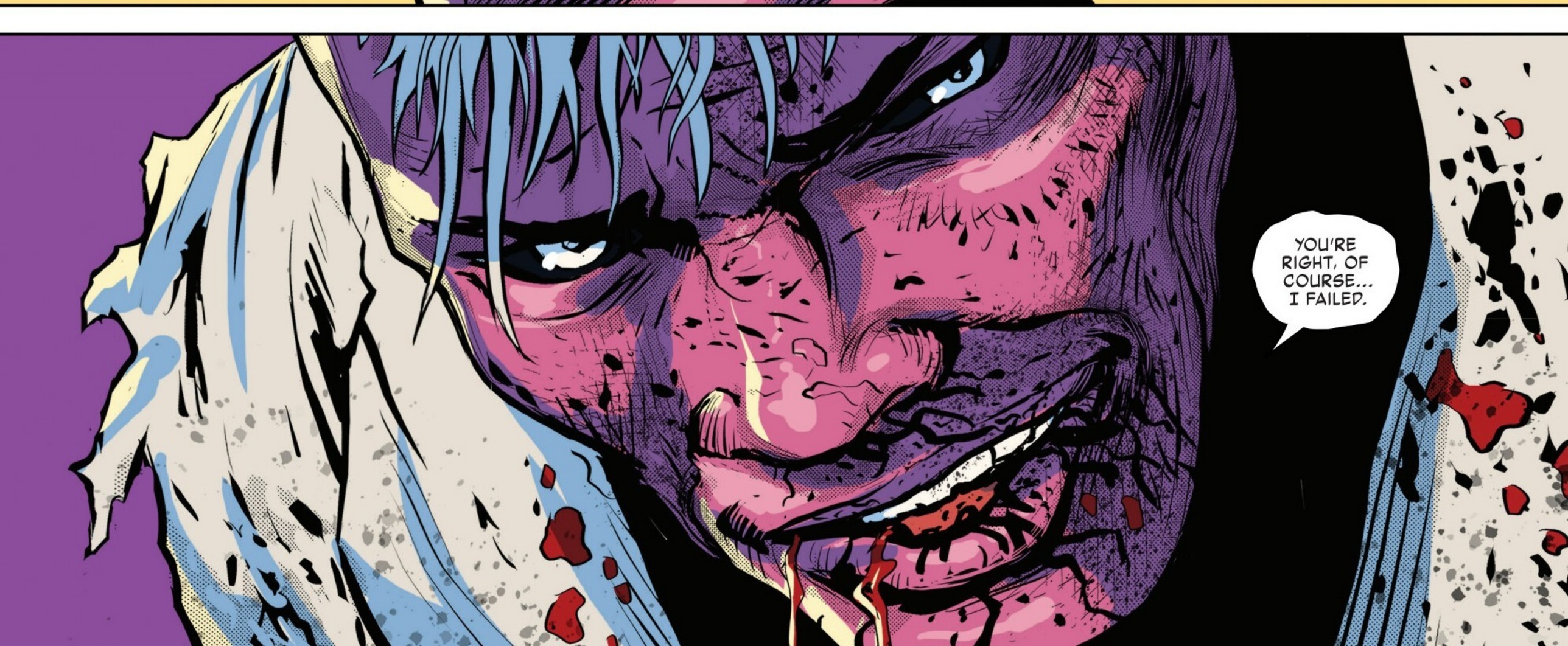
I KNOW YOU'LL BE BETTER OFF DEAD, SO ALLOW ME!

I DESIGNED THIS ARMOR WITH YOU IN MIND. YOUR LITTLE POST-HUMAN ROAR IS NOTHING TO ME NOW.
ZARK!

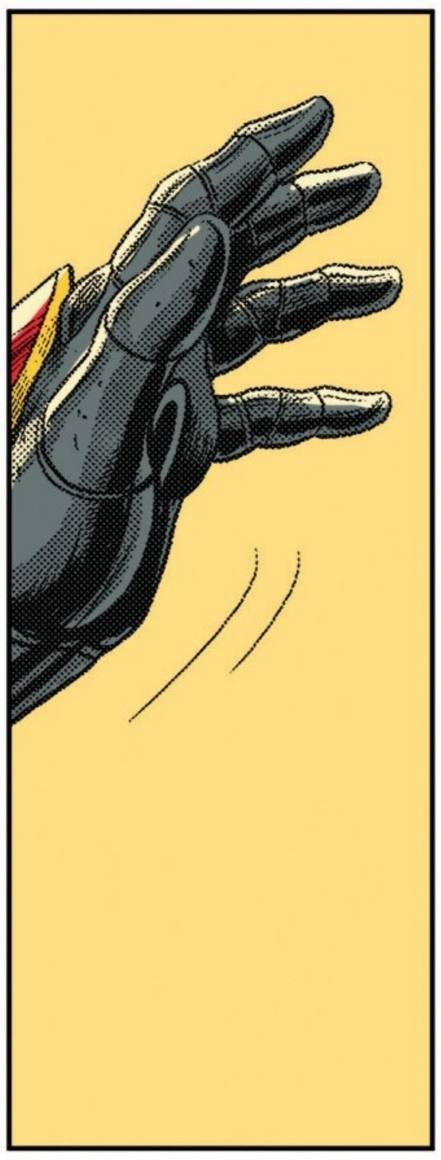

WHUDD!
UFGN!
THIS IS FOR MY OLD NEIGHBOR, MARIELLE MARCUS.

SHE HAD A FAMILY!
THIS IS FOR ALL THE LIVES YOU RUINED!
SPLAK!

WHUDD!
KRAK!


YOU'RE RIGHT, OF COURSE... I FAILED.

DON'T YOU TRY THAT MENTAL JUDO CRAP ON ME, FEILONG.
I GAVE YOU EVERY CHANCE TO AVOID THIS RECKONING.
GASP!
IT'S TRUE... YOU DID.
I WANT YOU TO DO IT...
...AND BEFORE YOU DO, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU NEED TO KNOW.



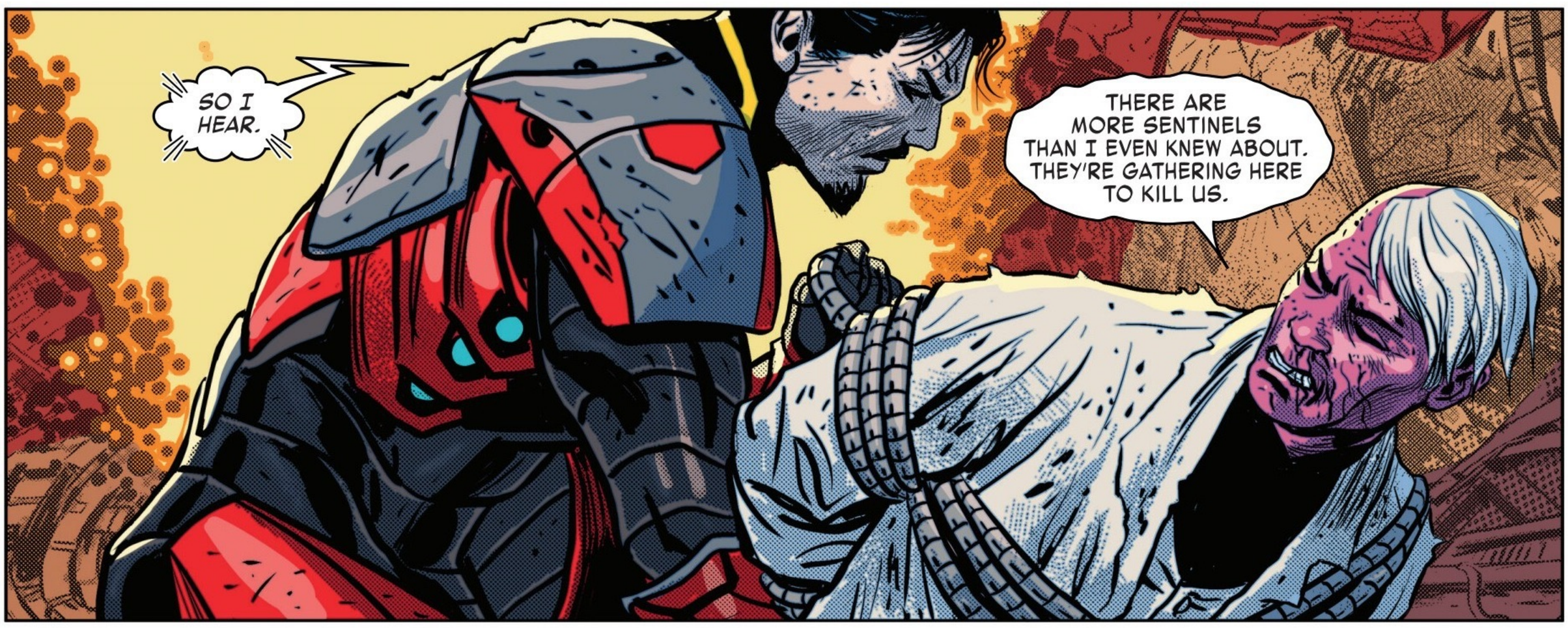
...THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE IS.

NIMROD. OMEGA SENTINEL. THEY WANT TO KILL US *ALL*. MUTANTS AND HUMANS ALIKE.

YES, ANTHONY. I WAS JUST ABOUT TO REACH OUT TO YOU--THERE'S BEEN A DEVELOPMENT IN THE WAR...

I TRUST YOU'VE REALIZED THE HUMANS IN ORCHIS WERE NOTHING MORE THAN MEAT PUPPETS?

FIRE


SO I HEAR.
THERE ARE MORE SENTINELS THAN I EVEN KNEW ABOUT. THEY'RE GATHERING HERE TO KILL US.

YOU TOLD ME YOU SOLVED THE PROBLEM OF POWERING THAT ARMOR, BUT YOU DIDN'T AND YOU HID THAT FROM ME.
I COULD'VE SOLVED IT, EMMA. BUT WE RAN OUT OF TIME. HAD TO GO TO WAR.
I'M IN A PICKLE. I DON'T SUPPOSE YOU'RE SENDING THE X-MEN MY WAY?

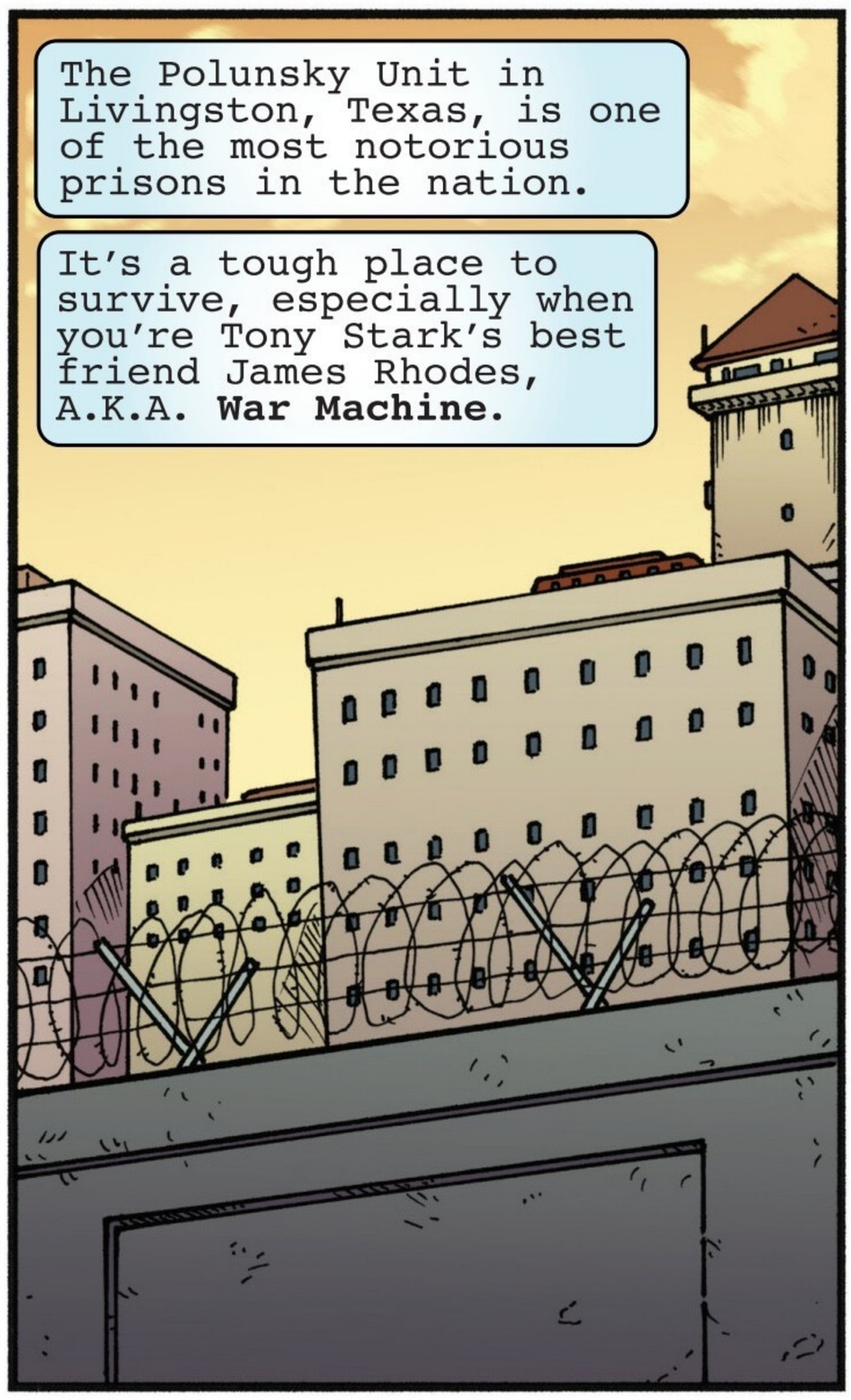
GOODNESS NO, WE'RE FAR TOO BUSY, DARLING...BUT I DID ASK SOMEONE TO CALL ON YOU.

OH MY GOD.

I'LL BE DAMNED.

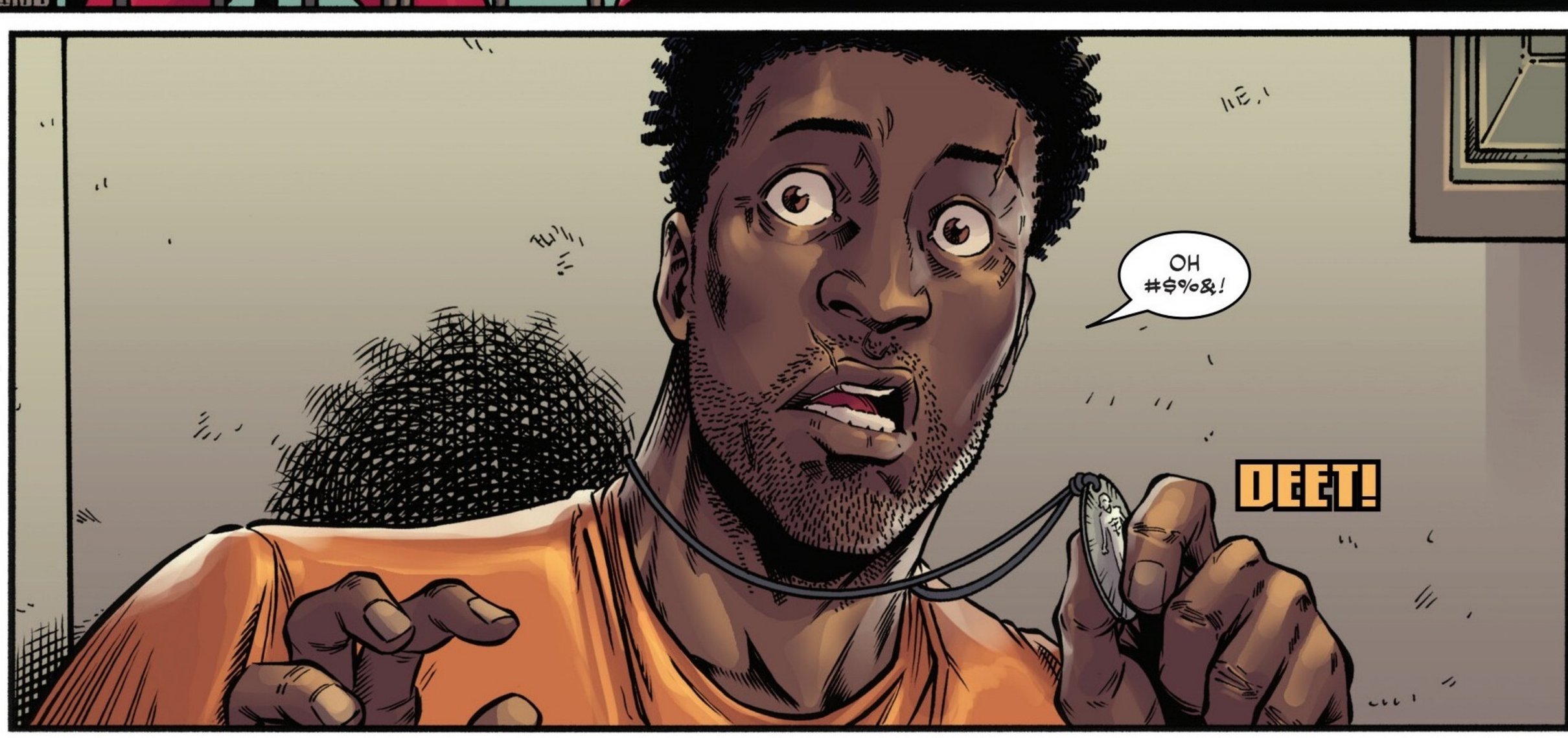
ONE RIOT, ONE OMEGA, DARLING.
HELLO, STARK. YOUR WIFE SENT ME.
I've had my share of untold tales in this autobiography, but maybe none more suspenseful than my next story--
--"How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Master of Magnetism."

EIGHTEEN


The Polunsky Unit in Livingston, Texas, is one of the most notorious prisons in the nation.
It's a tough place to survive, especially when you're Tony Stark's best friend James Rhodes, A.K.A. **War Machine.**

I knew Rhodey was going to be a target once the Sentinel Buster was revealed.

FEILONG SENDS HIS REGARDS.


OH #$%&!
DEET!

So I got ahold of some Pym Particles and sent him an old, comfortable suit from the back of his closet.

KILL HIM!

BRAKKA BRAKKA!

The War Machine armor was generations old, but Stark Enterprises built armors to last.

OH YEAH!

CHOOM!

FWOOSH!

KCHUNK!

SEND FEILONG MY REGARDS BACK.

CHOOM!
TELL HIM IF THERE'S ANYTHING LEFT AFTER TONY'S DONE WITH HIM, I'M GONNA KICK THIS VINTAGE ARMOR'S BOOT SO FAR UP HIS ASS--
AAEEE!!

SPLAK!
--THAT HE'S GONNA TASTE BLIND MELON.
WHAT'S GOING ON?!

WHAT THE HELL?!

HELLO, WARDEN. BE SEEING YOU AND YOUR ORCHIS BUDDIES IN COURT WHEN THIS IS ALL FINISHED--
SKRIP!

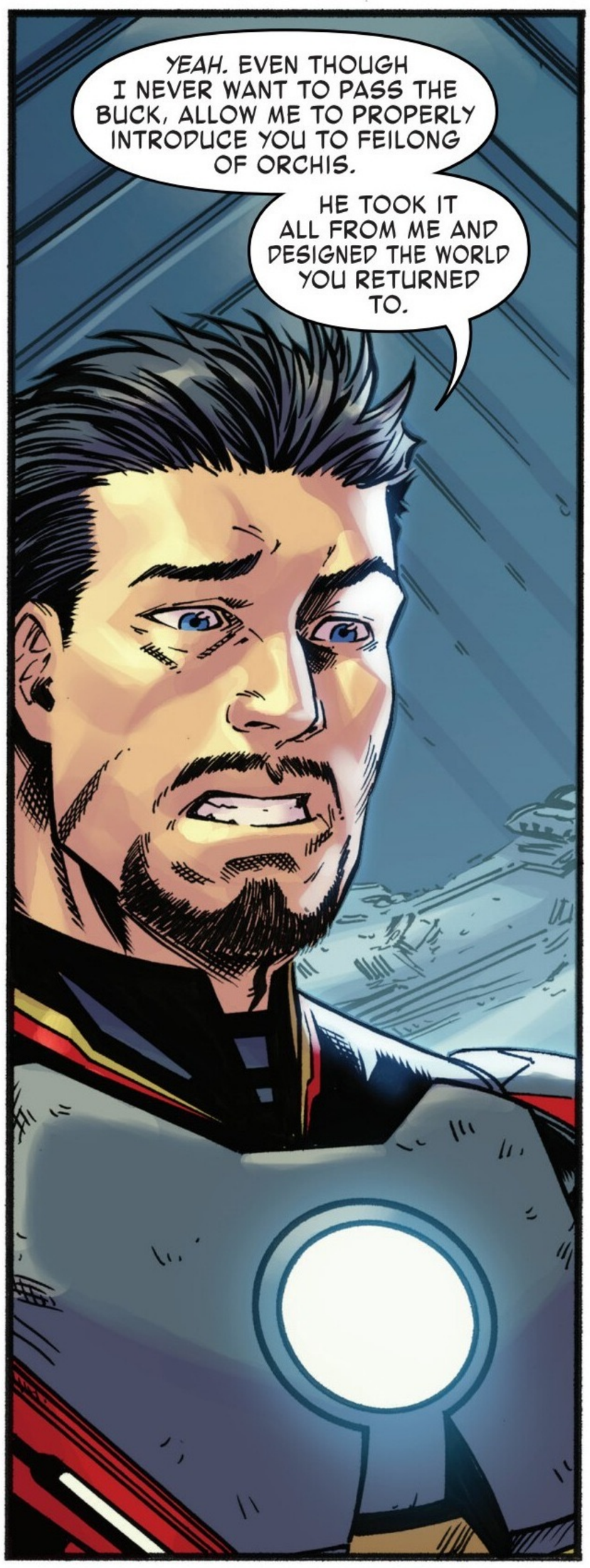
OOPS. SORRY ABOUT YOUR SUIT.
SKRIP!
AH HA HA HA!

HEY, TONY-- COME IN. THANKS FOR THE OLD-SCHOOL WAR MACHINE SUIT. IT JUST CAME IN HANDY.
I BUSTED OUT OF JAIL. SEE YOU AT "THE ALAMO," RIGHT?
Jim had broken out of prison with Sandman and Living Laser. There was some additional paperwork that Jennifer Walters had to do on his behalf.
But I didn't get his message until later.
I was trapped with two of my nemeses in a giant metaphor of my own making in the Australian outback.

OKAY, LET'S KEEP THE CONVERSATION GOING--I WOULDN'T WANT THINGS TO GET AWKWARD.
WHY WOULD SOMETHING BE AWKWARD, STARK?
YOU STOLE MARS FROM ME, MAGNETO.
I DON'T KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
It was almost worth everything to watch Magneto demolish Feilong like that…but still, we had serious problems.

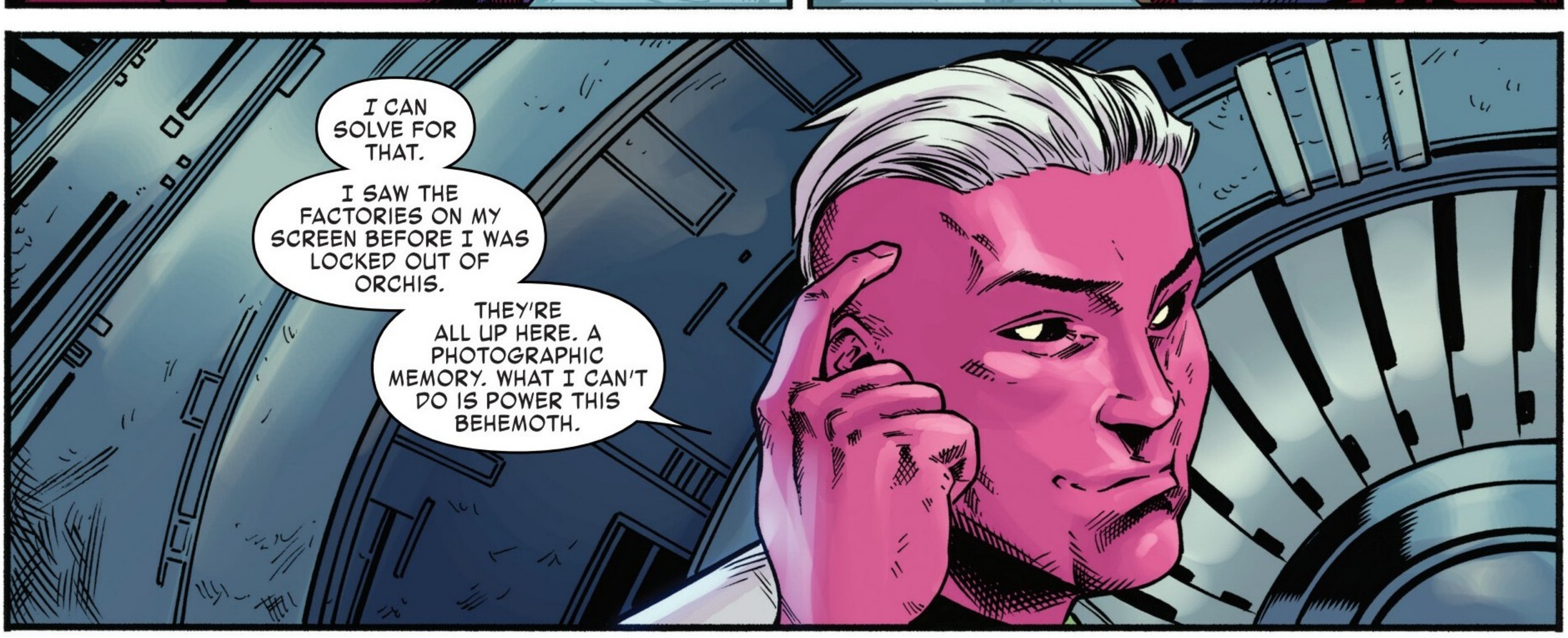
OKAY. WE HAVE SEVERAL CRISES. FIRST, I HAD TO ACTIVATE THE SENTINEL BUSTER BEFORE I COULD DESIGN AN ADEQUATE POWER SUPPLY--IT'S DEAD.

SECOND, WE STILL HAVE SENTINELS RUNNING ABOUT WITH MY IRON MAN TECH IN THEM, AND THIRD, THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCES RUNNING THE ORCHIS PROTOCOLS ARE INTENT ON KILLING MUTANTS AND HUMANS.

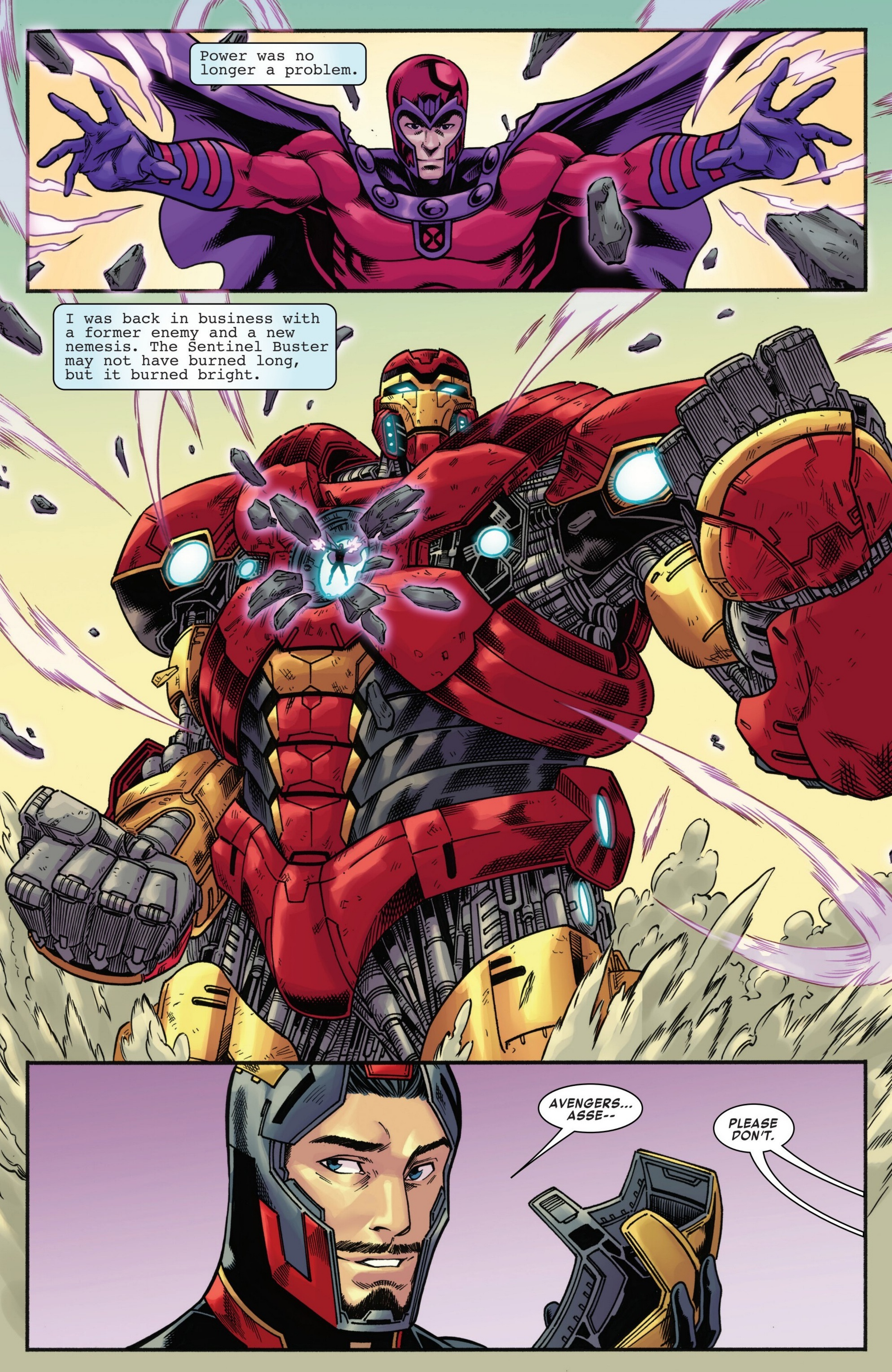


IF THE MACHINES ARE STILL REPLICATING, THEN THAT IS OUR FIRST PRIORITY.
HNNH!

YOU ARE INJURED.
IT'S NOTHING... I CUT MYSELF SHAVING.*
THESE SECRET FACTORIES. THEY NEED TO BE DESTROYED.
*TONY WAS SERIOUSLY WOUNDED BY ORCHIS IN ISSUE #15! --DS


I CAN SOLVE FOR THAT.
I SAW THE FACTORIES ON MY SCREEN BEFORE I WAS LOCKED OUT OF ORCHIS.
THEY'RE ALL UP HERE. A PHOTOGRAPHIC MEMORY. WHAT I CAN'T DO IS POWER THIS BEHEMOTH.

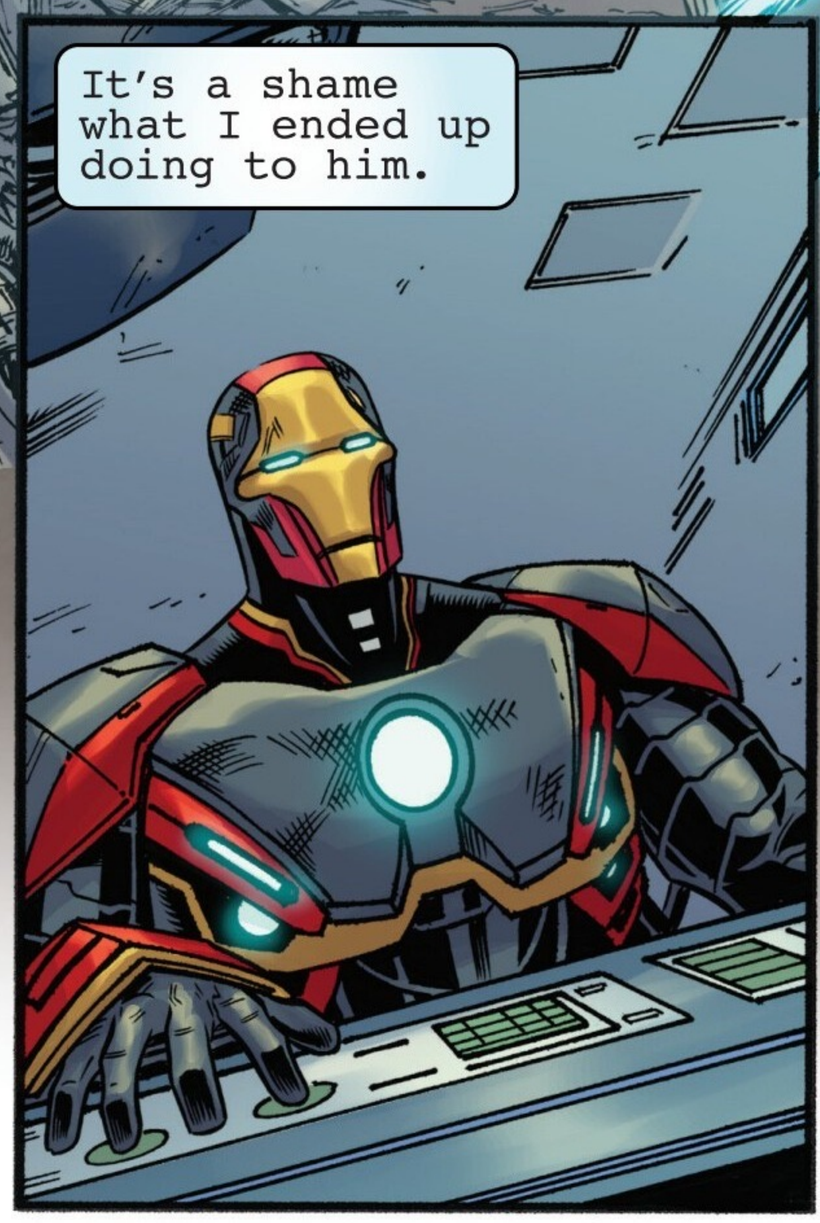
I CAN SOLVE FOR THAT.


Power was no longer a problem.
I was back in business with a former enemy and a new nemesis. The Sentinel Buster may not have burned long, but it burned bright.
AVENGERS... ASSE--
PLEASE DON'T.

The first factory we hit was in New South Wales, Australia.

The first stop on our heavy-metal world tour.

Even Feilong was useful--providing repairs for key systems.


It's a shame what I ended up doing to him.

But at that moment-- I needed him.

Then we flew to the land of the giant robot--Tokyo.
The Stark Sentinels were waiting for us--but were little match for the merging of bleeding-edge technology and a mutant powerhouse.
BWEEM!
The Sentinel factories were fully automated. There was no reason to be gentle.

SKRAKKA!

It was a nightmare watching my tech be perverted by Feilong and Orchis.

That's why those hours were such a joy.
BOOM!

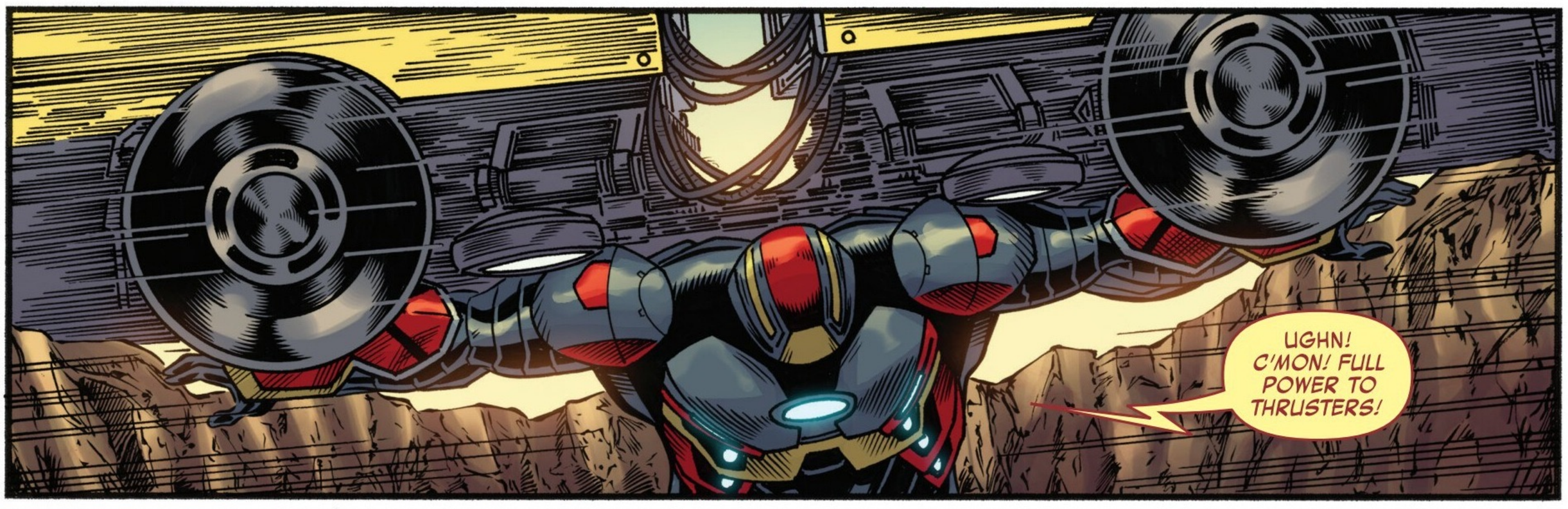
Truly, it was all fun and games--

--until **Nimrod** arrived!

KERCHONG!

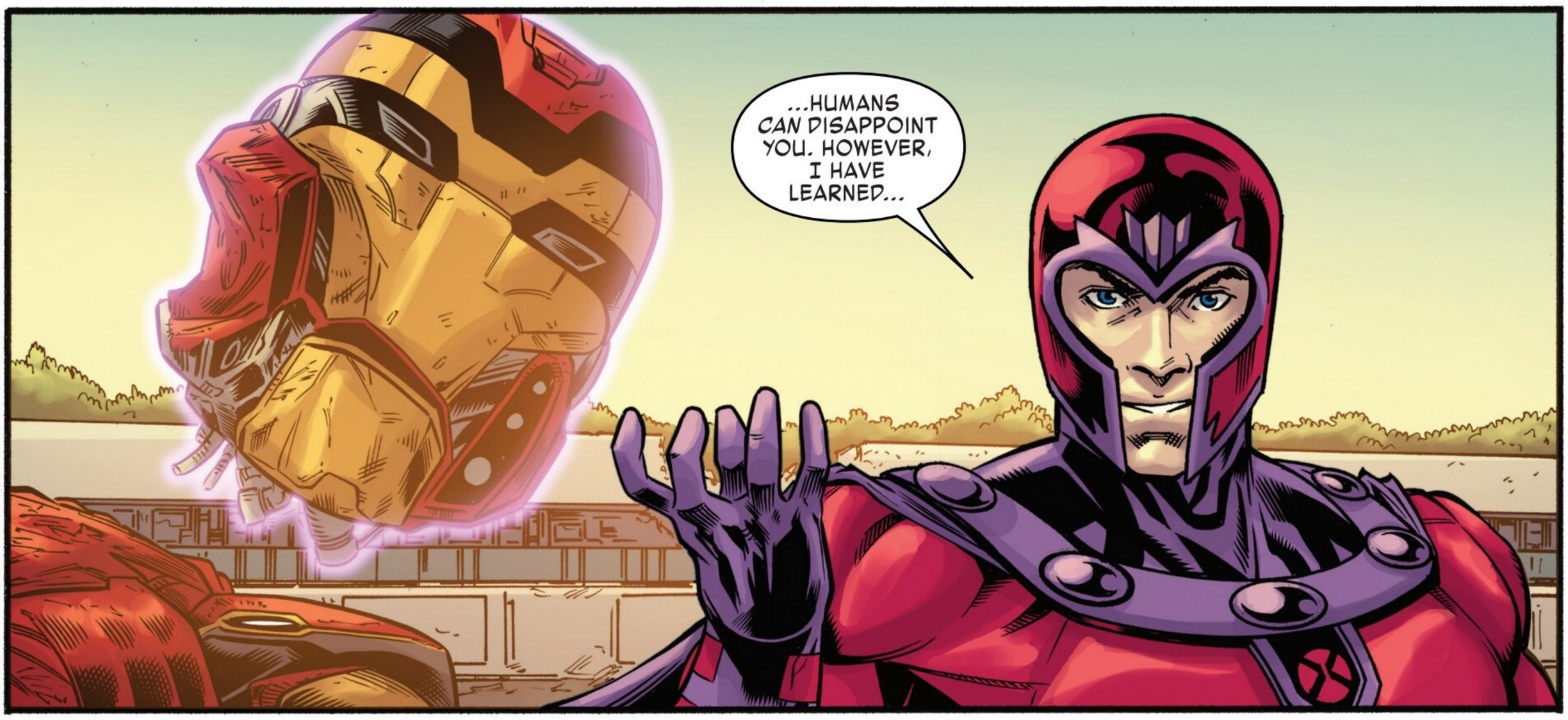
NICE ARMOR, STARK. IT WON'T SAVE YOU.

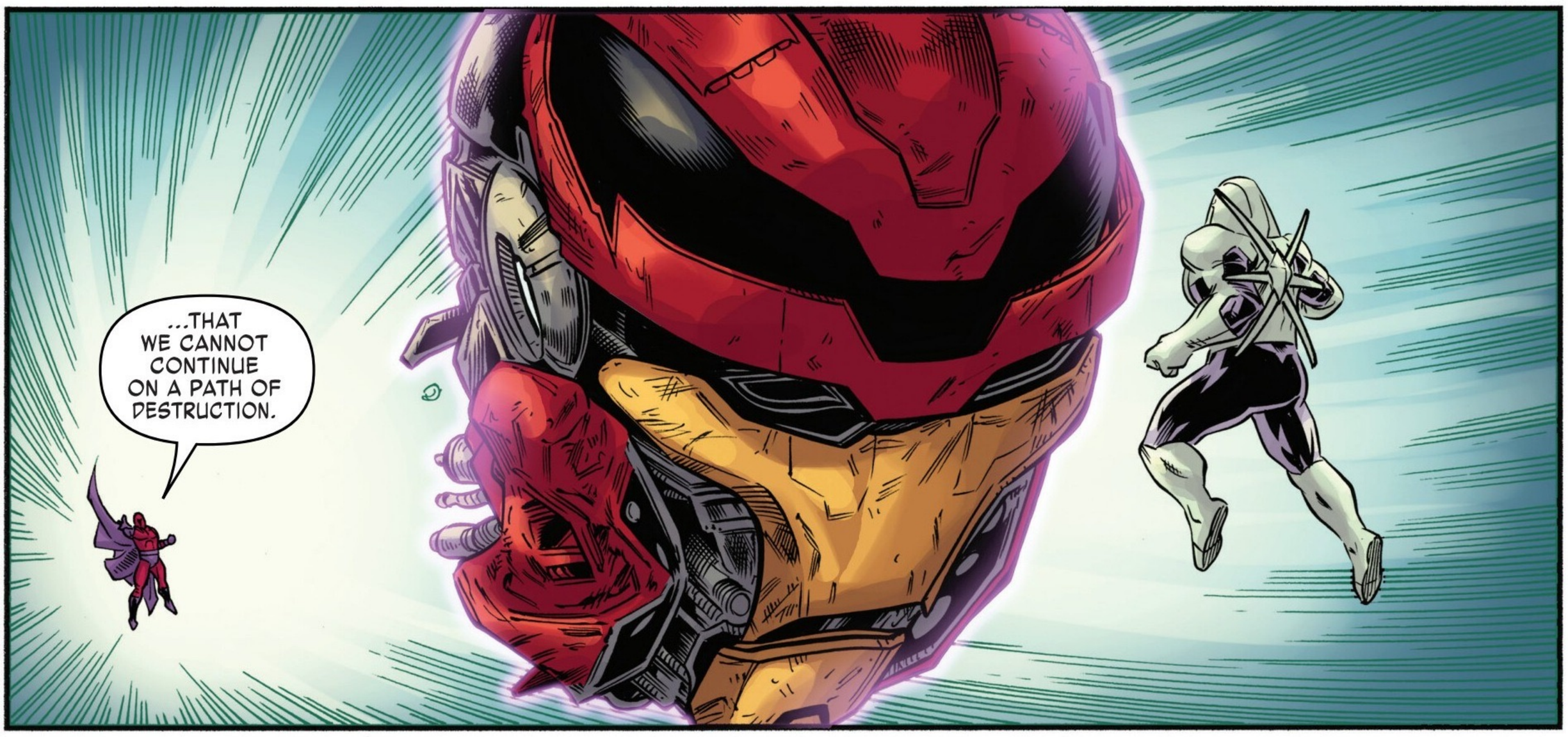
--I'VE GOT A TRAIN TO CATCH.
318


UGHN! C'MON! FULL POWER TO THRUSTERS!

NIMROD! IF I WOULDN'T BEND THE KNEE TO MUTANTS-- WHAT GAVE YOU THE IDEA I WOULD BEND TO YOU?!

YOU HUMANS WERE THE LEAST INTERESTING PART OF THIS CONQUEST. AND YOUR FEEBLE ATTEMPT TO EMULATE THAT WHICH YOU HATE CAN'T HURT ANY OF MY BODIES.
ZARK!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR FRUSTRATION, NIMROD...

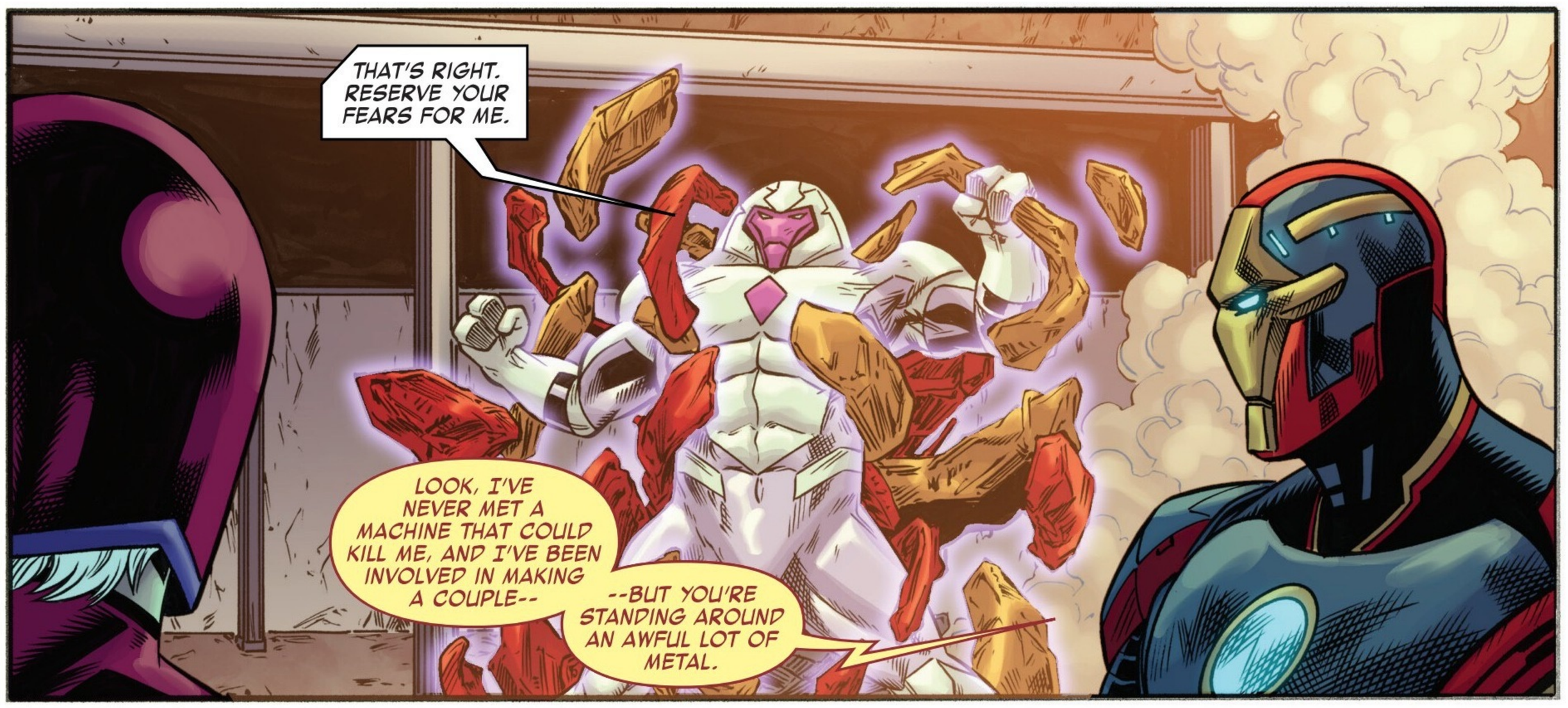

...HUMANS CAN DISAPPOINT YOU. HOWEVER, I HAVE LEARNED...

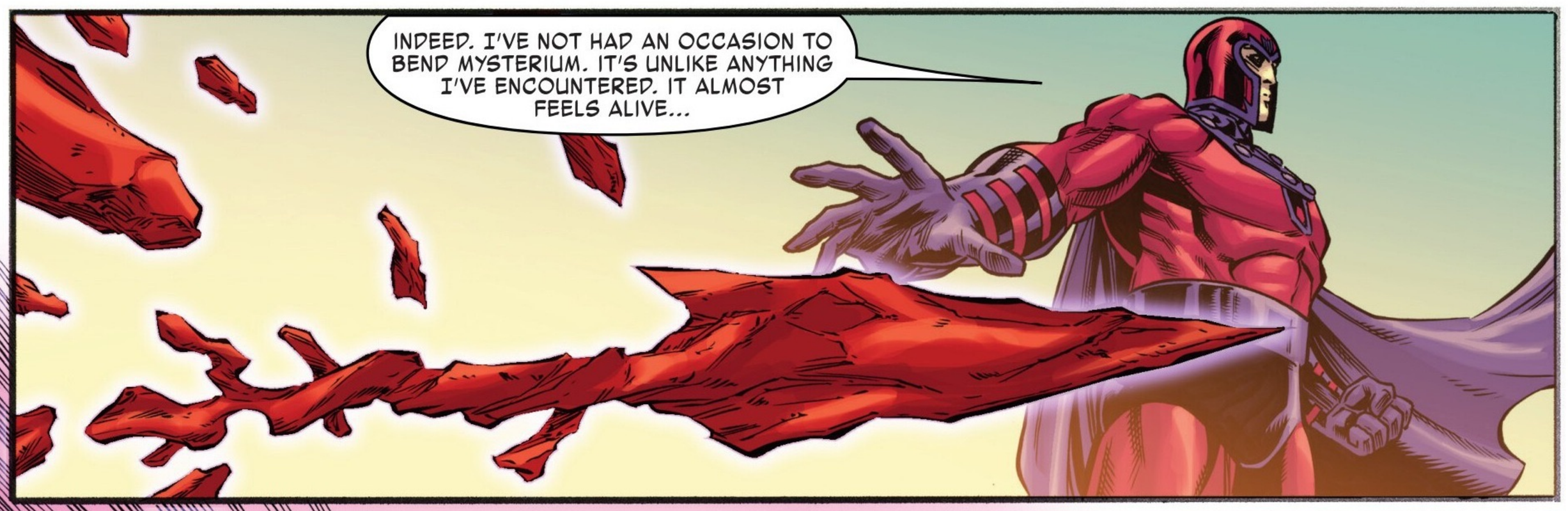

...THAT WE CANNOT CONTINUE ON A PATH OF DESTRUCTION.

MYSTERIUM IS TOUGH, BUT NOT AS TOUGH AS I AM.

I UNDERSTAND YOU MUTANTS HAVE QUITE A DEADLY REACTION--

--TO THE TERRIGEN MISTS!
NOT A BAD ACE TO HAVE UP MY SLEEVE.
HSSSS
I was actually not a great student. I failed plenty of classes--mostly skipping them to concentrate on science, which I, of course, aced.
If you paid attention in science class, you may recall that dropping the temperature of a gas--
COFF!
COFF!
--will turn it into a liquid.
HAVE NO FEAR FROM THE TERRIGEN PUDDLES.


THAT'S RIGHT. RESERVE YOUR FEARS FOR ME.
LOOK, I'VE NEVER MET A MACHINE THAT COULD KILL ME, AND I'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN MAKING A COUPLE--
--BUT YOU'RE STANDING AROUND AN AWFUL LOT OF METAL.


INDEED. I'VE NOT HAD AN OCCASION TO BEND MYSTERIUM. IT'S UNLIKE ANYTHING I'VE ENCOUNTERED. IT ALMOST FEELS ALIVE...

...UNLIKE YOU, NIMROD, WILL SOON BE.
SHUNK

YOU KNOW, MAGNETO. MYSTERIUM CONDUCTS ENERGY AT AN ALMOST PERFECT SCALE.

LET'S HIT YOU WITH THE PADDLES.
I zapped Nimrod with more pure energy than any Iron Man suit had ever discharged before.
That's the moment that I got scared. The Sentinel should've been cooked.

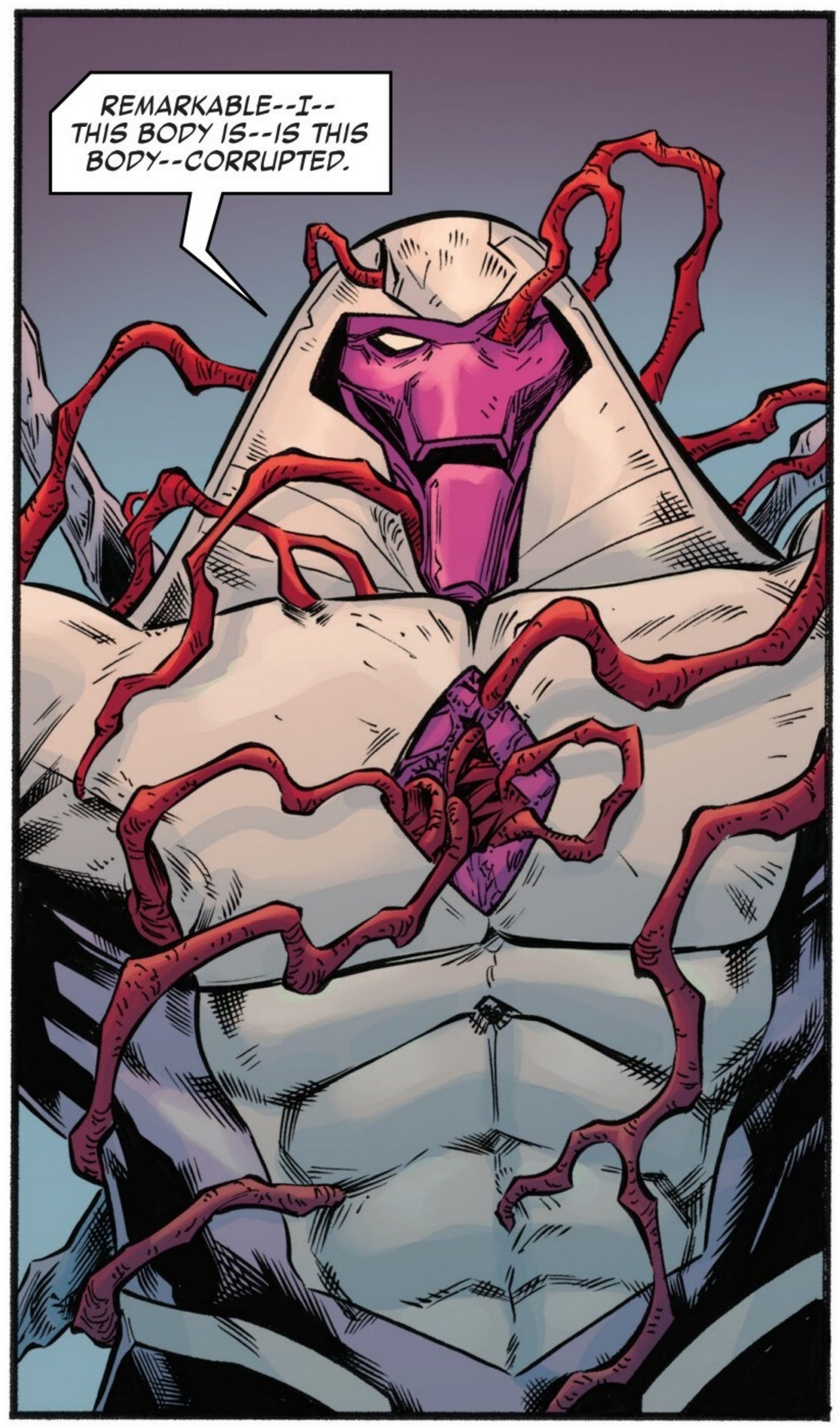
MICHELANGELO SAID HE WAS SIMPLY FREEING HIS SCULPTURES FROM THE MARBLE THAT THEY WERE TRAPPED IN.

I CAN ALMOST FEEL THE MYSTERIUM SLITHERING ACROSS THE AIR...

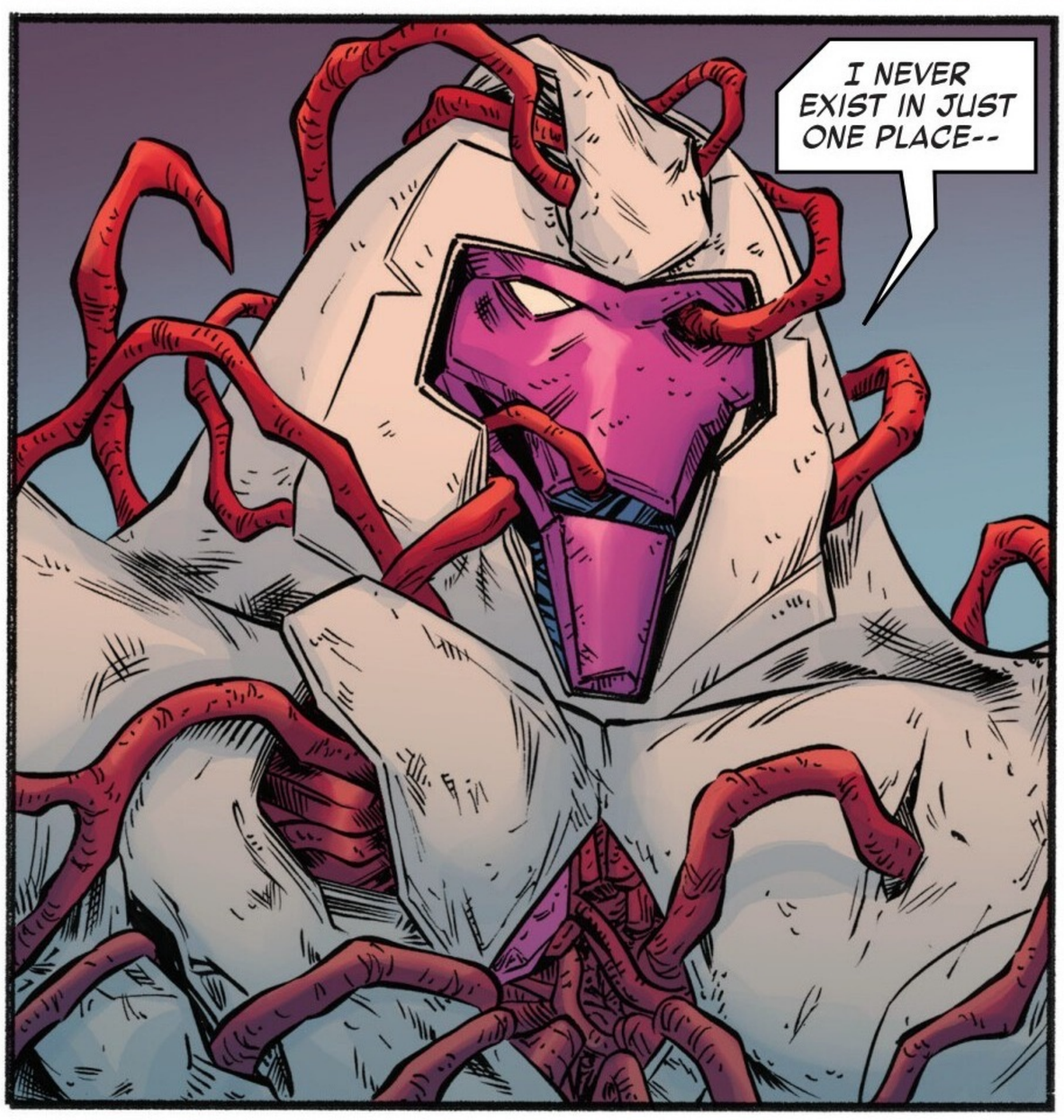
...AND INTO MY MIND.
IT WANTS TO BE FREE.

SO IT SHALL BE.
I know Magneto was controlling the metal. That had to be it, but…

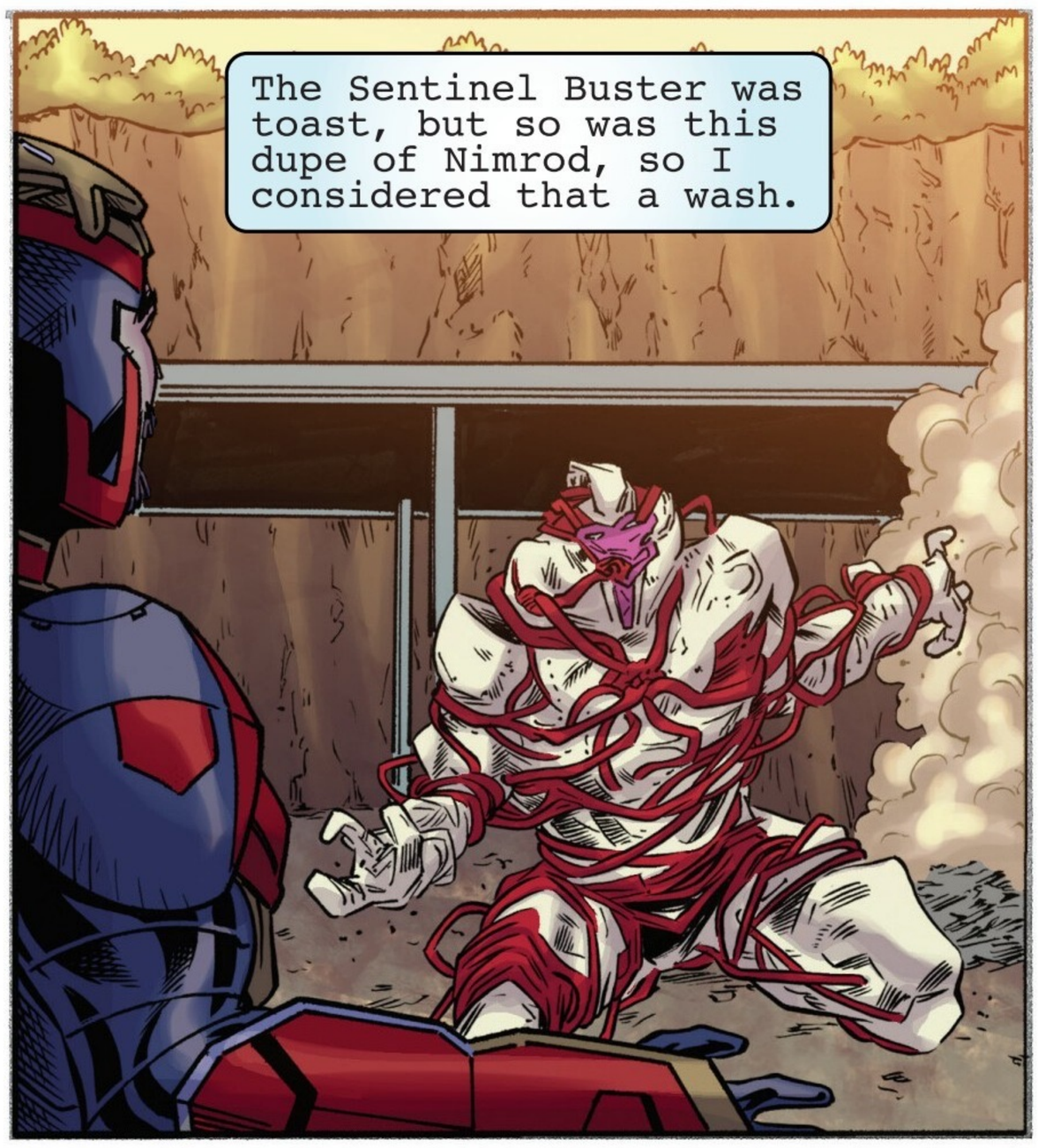
…to watch the mysterium attack Nimrod--it was uncanny the way it moved.
WELL, THIS IS UNEXPECTED.


REMARKABLE--I--THIS BODY IS--IS THIS BODY--CORRUPTED.

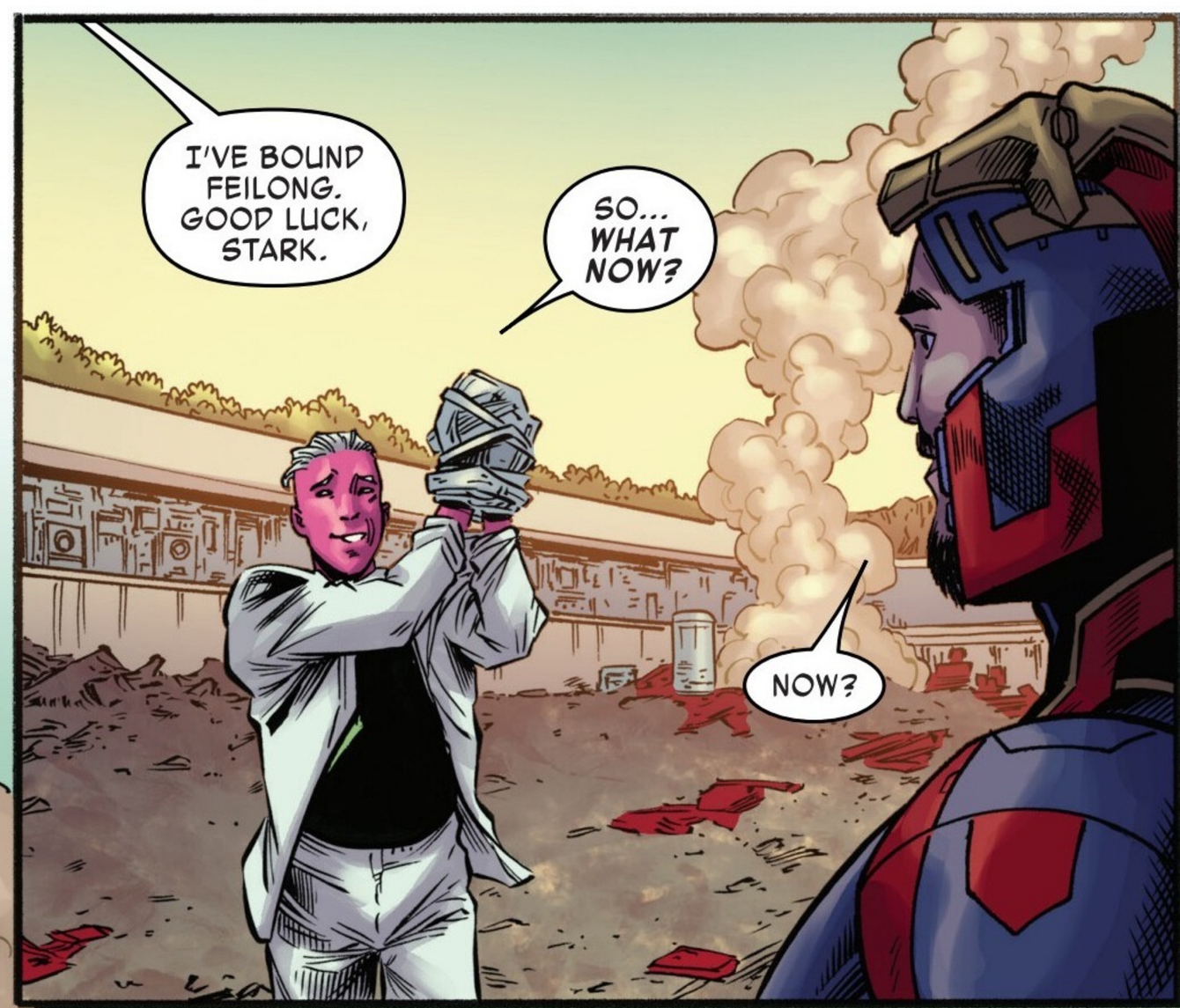
The metal really did look alive as it destroyed.


I NEVER EXIST IN JUST ONE PLACE--

I WILL SURVIV...
NOT
U.1010111010--?&


The Sentinel Buster was toast, but so was this dupe of Nimrod, so I considered that a wash.

FASCINATING. THE MYSTERIUM HAS CHANGED ITS STRUCTURE. LIKE IT DIED AT BEING JOINED WITH SOMETHING SO CORRUPT. A SHAME. THERE ARE MORE NIMRODS TO FIGHT.*
*MAGNETO'S STORY CONTINUES IN FALL OF THE HOUSE OF X #5! --DS


I'VE BOUND FEILONG. GOOD LUCK, STARK.
SO... WHAT NOW?
NOW?

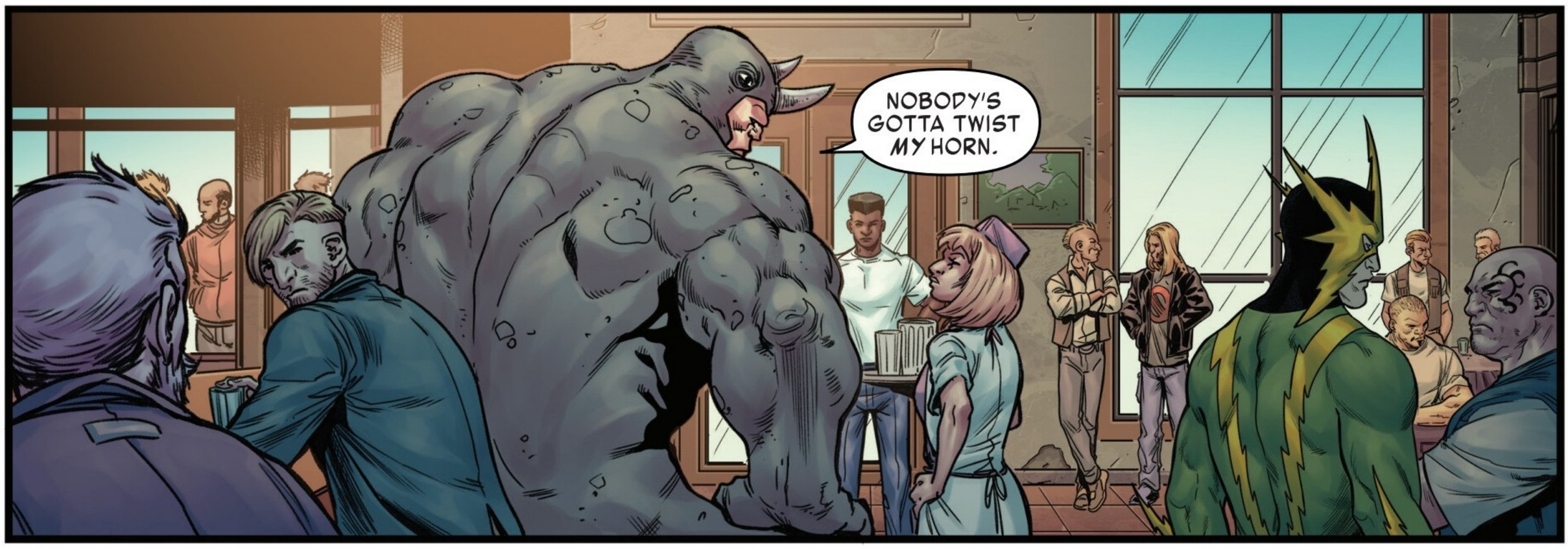
WHAK!

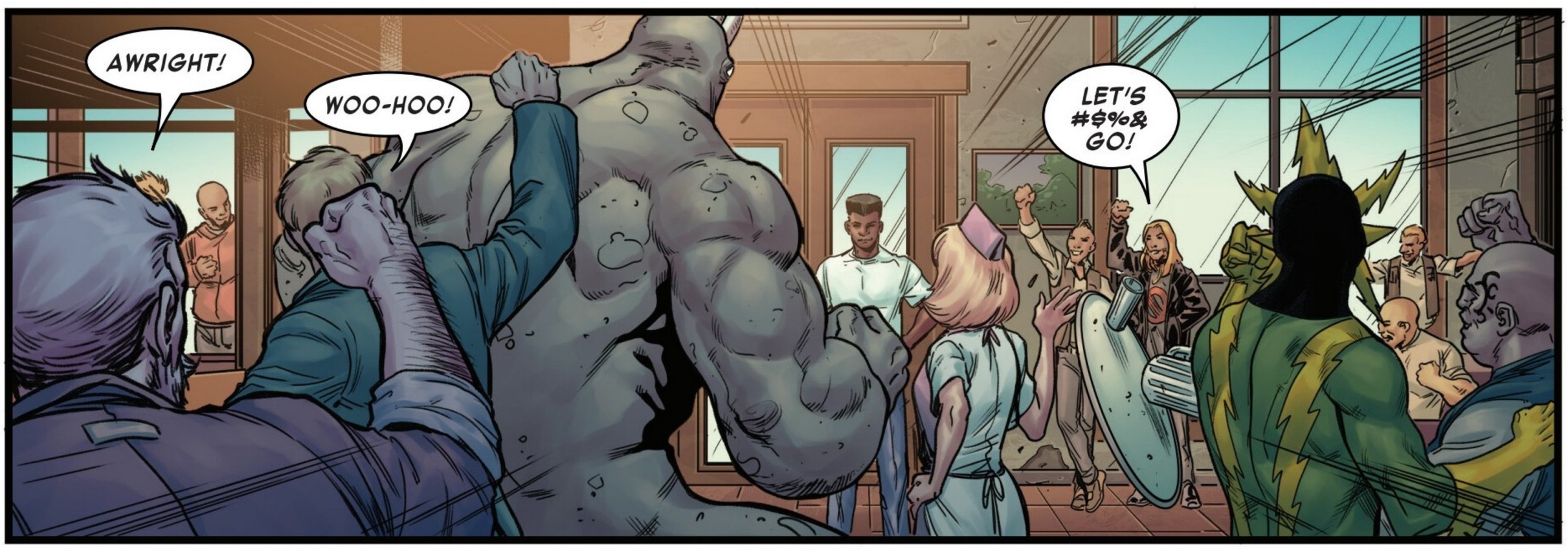
NOW YOU START PAYING FOR THE PEOPLE YOU MURDERED.
Wasn't proud of sucker punching him, but he deserved worse.

NINETEEN

ONCE UPON A TIME AT THE BAR WITH NO NAME...
HATE
WHERE ARE THE HEROES?! THESE BUMS IN ORCHIS ARE RUNNING WILD, AND THE SKY IS LITERALLY FALLING!
EXCLUSIVE
ORCHIS UNOPPOSED
NEWS REPORT
"THE HEROES" CAN NEVER GET CRAP DONE, AND IT'S NOT LIKE WE EVER GET A SHOT, AMIRITE, RHINO?
EXACTLY, TURK. SOME OF MY BEST BUDDIES ARE EVIL MUTANTS. I'D LOVE TO CRACK SOME HEADS FOR 'EM.
ALL RIGHT, LISTEN UP!
YOU ALL KNOW WHO I AM. NONE OF YOU ARE IN TROUBLE... WELL, NOTHING I'M INTERESTED IN.
I'M GOING TO WAR-- AND I'M HERE LOOKING FOR SOLDIERS.
WHY SHOULD WE TRUST YOU?

I KNOW YOU DON'T HAVE MUCH REASON TO, BUT JAMESON'S RIGHT--THE SKY *IS* FALLING.
IF ORCHIS WINS, AFTER THE MUTANTS ARE TAKEN CARE OF--YOU CAN BE DAMN SURE THEY'RE COMING AFTER GUYS LIKE US.
MOST OF US ARE CASH-N'-CARRY FOR ASS-BASHIN', WAR MACHINE, AND WE KNOW YOUR BUDDY TONY STARK IS FLAT BROKE.
NEWS REPORT
THAT'S *TRUE*. BUT STARK AND I HAVE A WEAPONS CACHE THAT WE NEVER INTENDED TO LET ANYONE USE... EXCEPT FOR A RAINY DAY.
IF I GET TO PUT MY FOOT UP ORCHIS' ASS, THAT'D BE A GOOD DAY.
I'VE ALSO GOT TWO REGULARS TO VOUCH FOR ME.
I BELIEVE YOU KNOW...
...SANDMAN AND THE LIVING LASER.
IT'S A LEGIT OFFER.
I'M VOUCHING TOO.


NOBODY'S GOTTA TWIST MY HORN.


AWRIGHT!
WOO-HOO!
LET'S #$%& GO!

WELL, WE GOT OUR--

WHAT THE--?!
THE "FRESHEN UP" PROTOCOL IN THIS OLDER ARMOR HASN'T BEEN UPDATED SINCE I LAST WORE IT...

...BACK WHEN ARSENIO WAS THE KING OF LATE NIGHT.

So, the weapons I spent the Stark fortune on to keep off the streets were distributed by Rhodey to the very criminals I was hiding them from.
And that was the right idea.
As my father Howard used to say, "Better the devils you know."

There were still Sentinels packing my stolen Iron Man technology at that point in the war.

YOU KNOW, IT MAY NOT HAVE WI-FI, BUT I'VE **MISSED** THIS ARMOR.

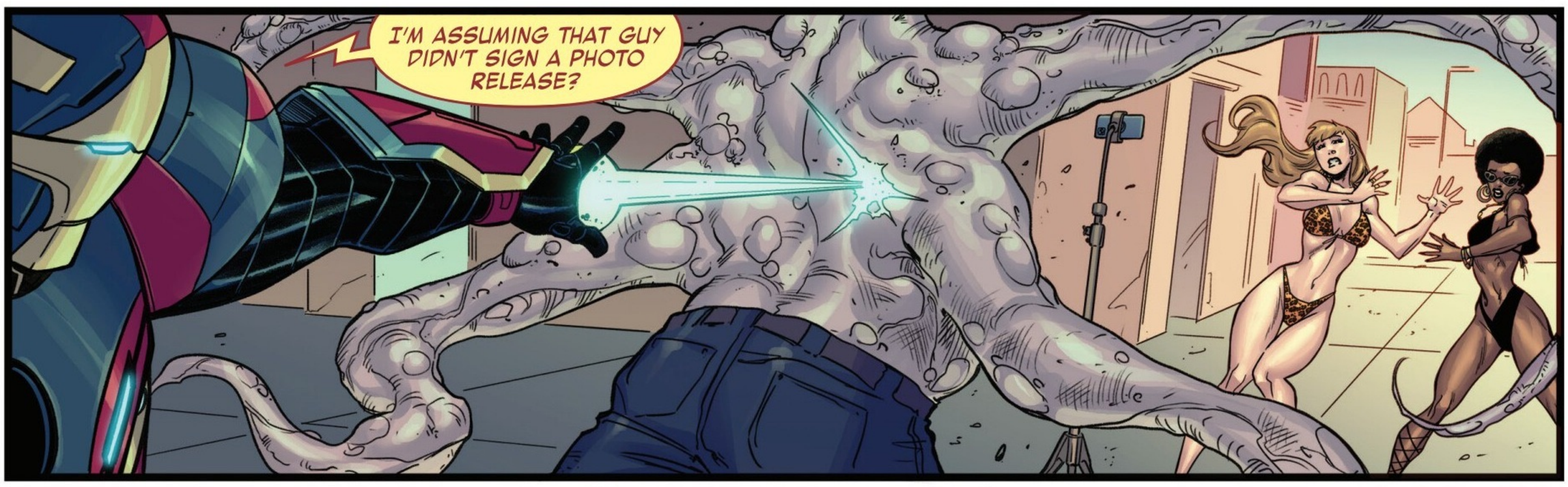
HEY, WAR MACHINE-- WHERE'S YOUR PAL IRON MAN?

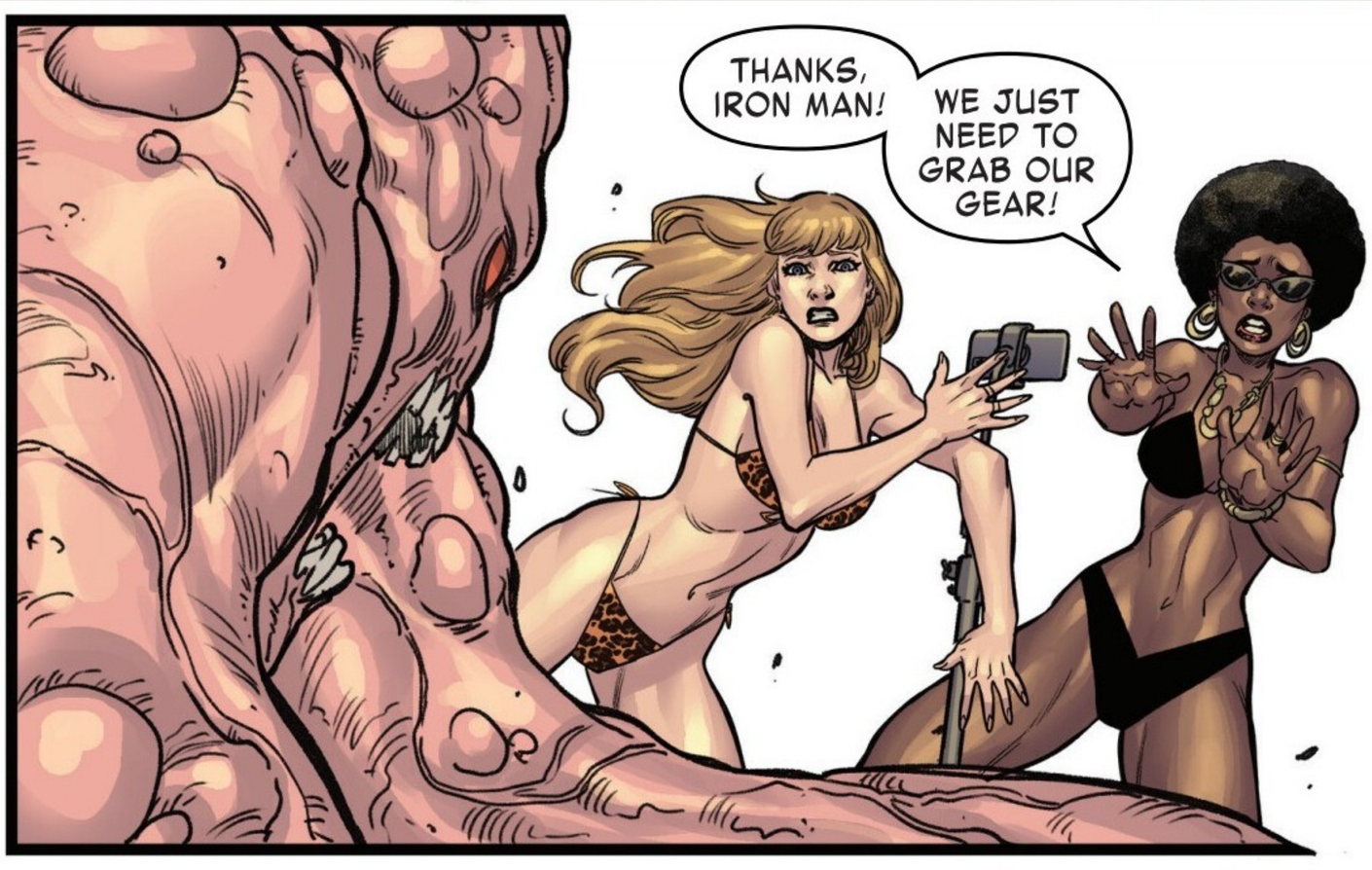
WE JUST DOING HIS DIRTY WORK?

WELL, KNOWING TONY, I'M SURE HE'S FIGHTING ORCHIS--BUT PROBABLY DOING IT FROM A LUXURY BEACH SOMEWHERE...

At that moment, I was fighting Orchis on the Best Coast.

The artificial intelligence behind Orchis was currently in charge, and M.O.D.O.K. had turned all the human soldiers in the organization into big, punching tumors.



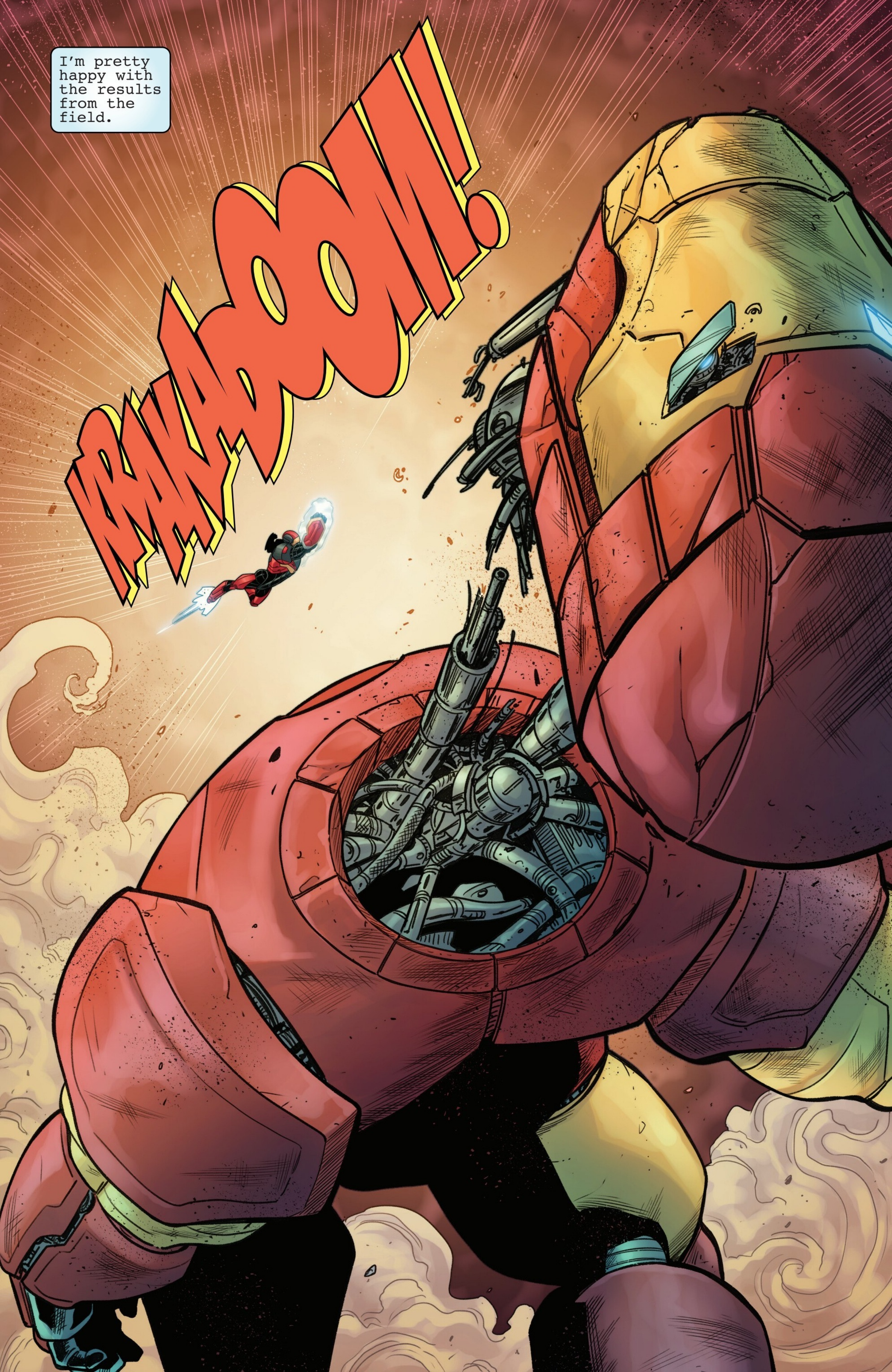


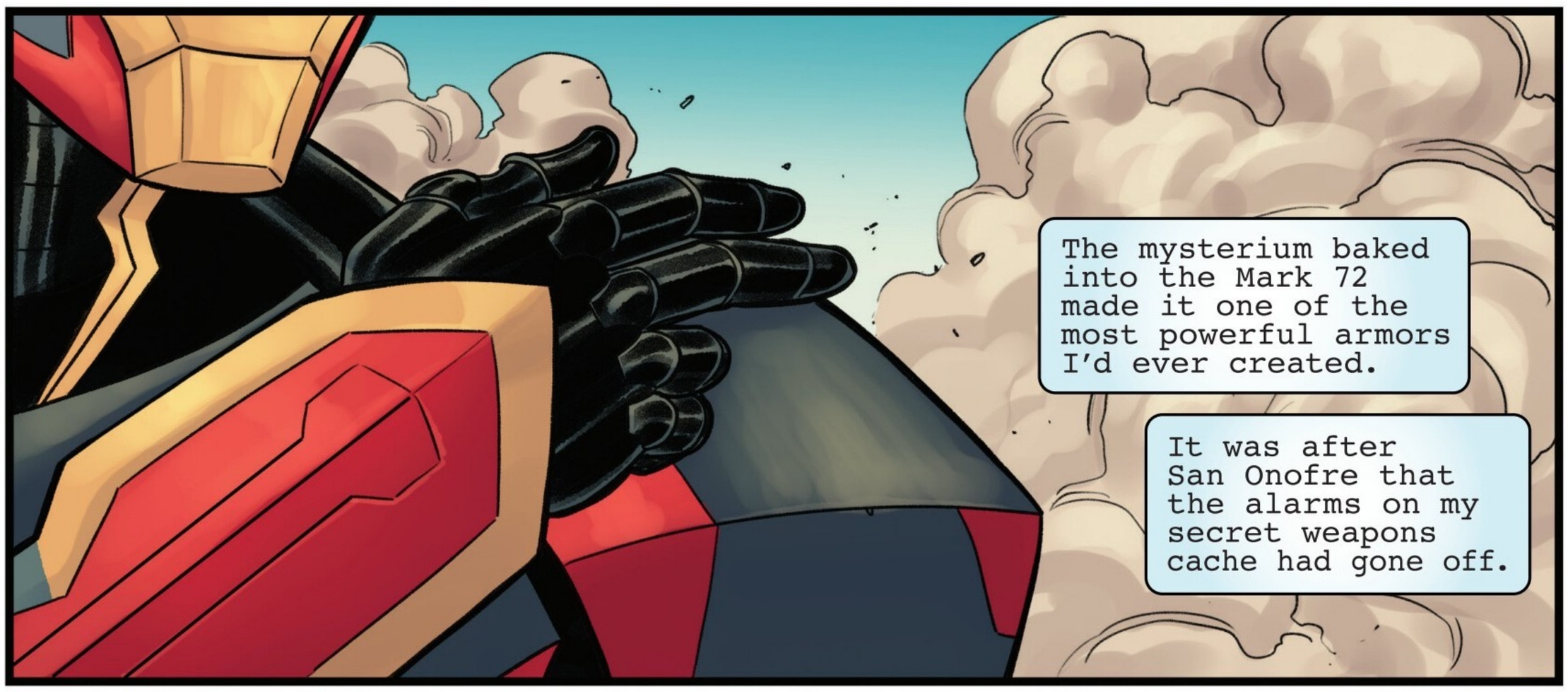
WHAT--WHAT?! ARE YOU TWO CRAZY?!
TONY, I AM GLAD YOU'RE BACK ON COMMS. THE AVENGERS WERE WORRIED WHEN YOU WENT DARK. ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
YES, I WAS IN A MYSTERIUM CELL-HOLE, VISION.
...
BUDDY, I'M GOING TO NEED TO PUT YOU ON HOLD.
LET GO!
HELP!
KRAK!
YOU KNOW, WHILE I'M SAVING YOU--
--CAN I TELL YOU ABOUT A BOOK THAT I HAVE COMING OUT NEXT MONTH THAT YOUR FOLLOWERS WOULD ENJOY?

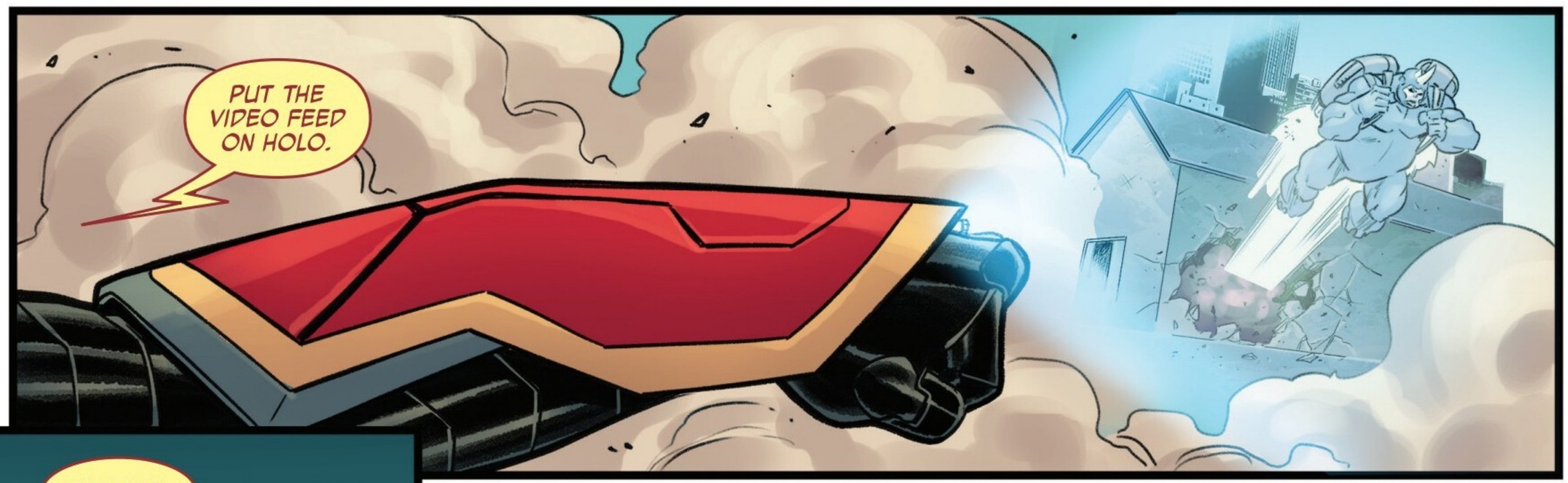
SPRAK!

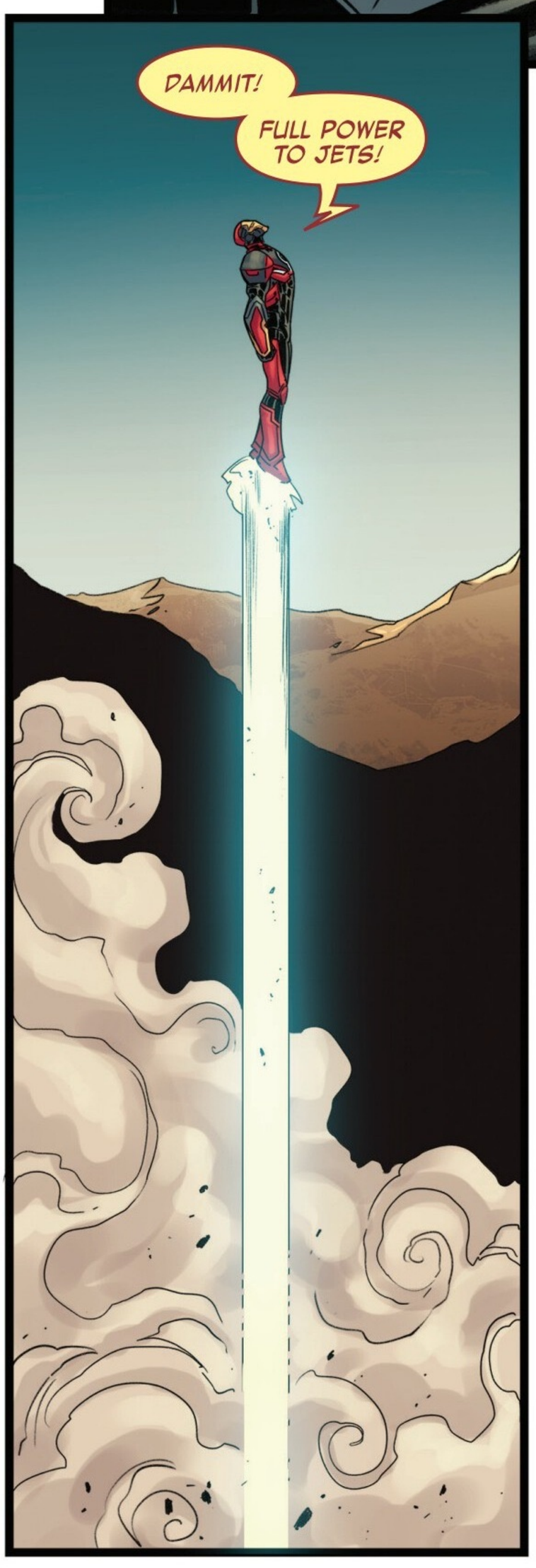
THAT WAS OUR ONLY PHONE! MAN, YOU SUCK.
TONY, THE A.I. IS ATTACKING SAN ONOFRE NUCLEAR STATION JUST SOUTH OF YOU. YOU'RE THE CLOSEST AVENGER.
GOTTA GO, YOU TWO. NICE TEAM-UP.
YOU MADE ME REALIZE HOW MUCH I MISSED THE WEST COAST.
I'M ON THE MOVE, VISION!

THE PLANT IS DECOMMISSIONED BUT IS STILL STORING SPENT NUCLEAR MATERIAL ON SITE.
UNDERSTOOD.
PAFF!
BWEEM!
SKRA BOOM!
My Iron Man tech had been perverted by Feilong and Orchis, so I did what I always do--built bigger and stronger.
But I never had a chance to test the Mark 72 properly before taking it into battle.


I'm pretty happy with the results from the field.
KRAKOOM!


The mysterium baked into the Mark 72 made it one of the most powerful armors I'd ever created.
It was after San Onofre that the alarms on my secret weapons cache had gone off.

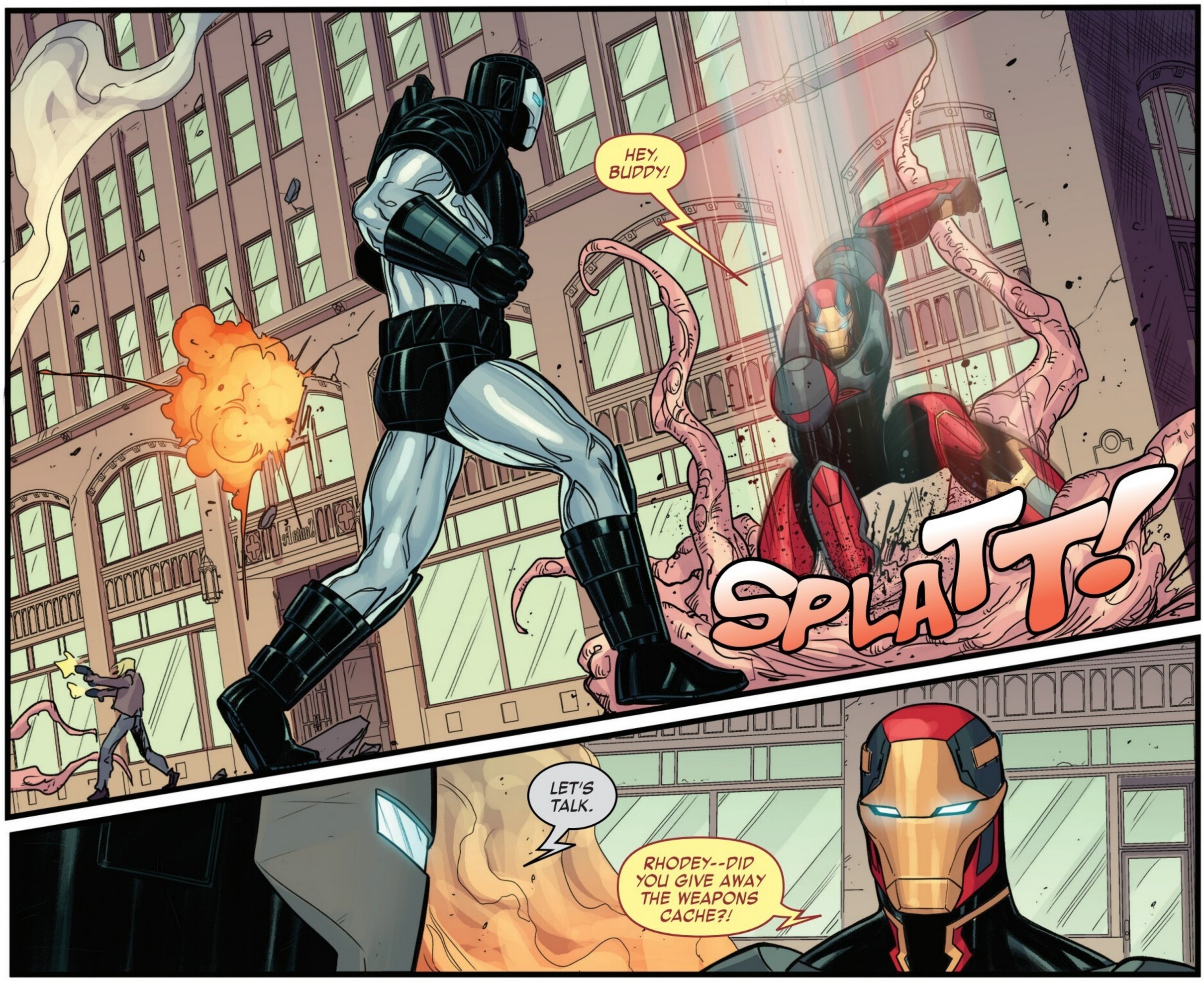

PUT THE VIDEO FEED ON HOLO.


DAMMIT!
FULL POWER TO JETS!

I visit my quiet, happy place for a moment--

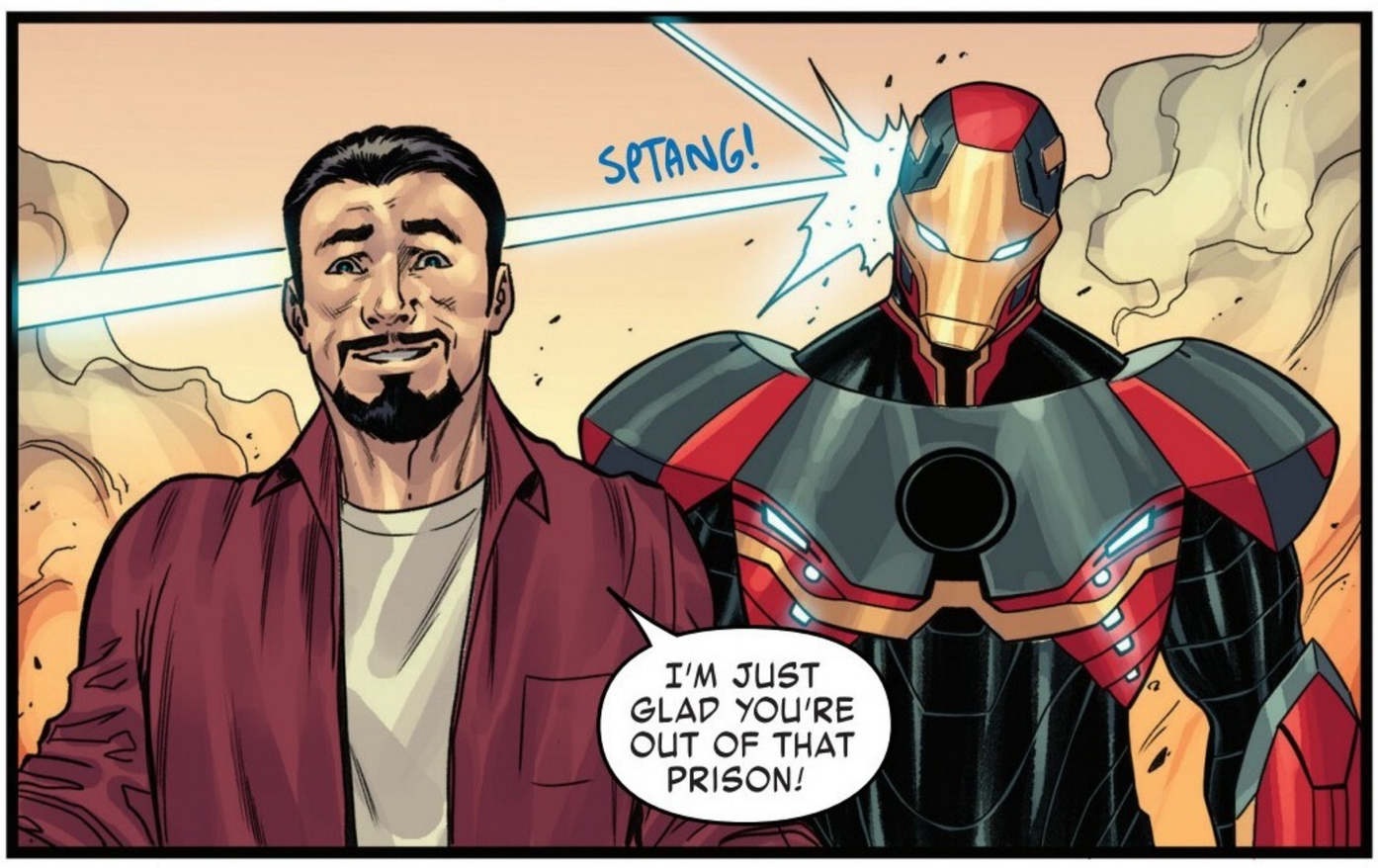
--and then I head down to New York.

I was coming in hot-- I didn't know at that point that Rhodey had handed out all the weapons.
There was Stilt-Man with ray guns…
…a really salty waitress controlling a Spider-Slayer bot.
GET SOME, YOU DISGUSTING #$%& FREAKS!
I think I saw Hawkeye's old Sky-Cycle… and, of course, my old friend Jim in an antique War Machine armor.


HEY, BUDDY!
SPLAT!
LET'S TALK.
RHODEY--DID YOU GIVE AWAY THE WEAPONS CACHE?!

YOU'RE DAMN RIGHT I DID.
OH WOW. THE "FRESHEN UP" PROTOCOLS IN THE OLD ARMOR.

WE'RE NOT TALKING ABOUT MY HAIRCUT. IF OUR SITUATIONS WERE REVERSED, YOU'D HAVE A *PERM*.


SPTANG!
I'M JUST GLAD YOU'RE OUT OF THAT PRISON!

I CAN FLY!
I'M WAITING.
OKAY, YEAH, OF COURSE...
...I'M SORRY.

YOU SHOULD BE SORRY. YOU ROPED ME INTO THIS, AND I WAS THE ONE WHO DID TIME.
NOW... WHERE DO YOU WANT IT?

AW, C'MON! IT'S NOT LIKE-- NOT LIKE I WAS ON VACATION!

OH.

Orchis : Menace!
DAILY BUGLE
LOVE SPARKS FOR THE STARKS
IT WAS LESS FUN THAN IT LOOKED.
A LITTLE.

NOT IN THE FACE, JIM.

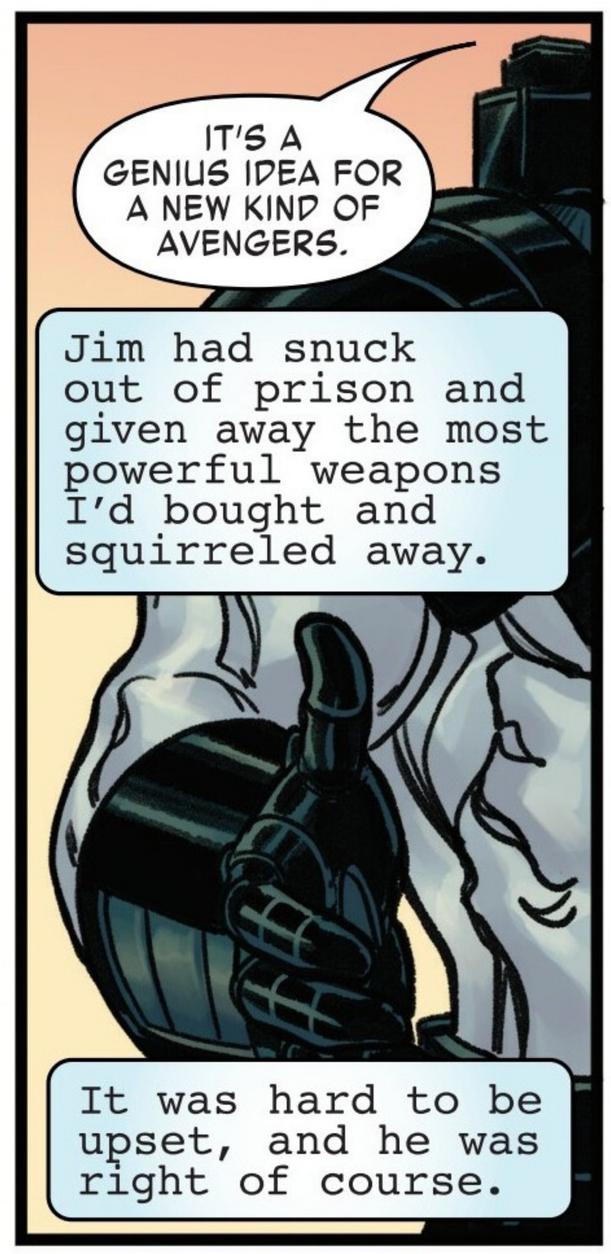
WHAKK!
OOF!

OW, DAMMIT.

OKAY-- WE EVEN NOW?

NOT BY A LONG SHOT.
WHEN YOU'RE IN PRISON, YOU GET A LOT OF TIME TO THINK.

I'M CHANGING MY LIFE AND GOING WEST...
...I'M GONNA FORM A NEW KIND OF TEAM FOR A NEW WORLD.
We did end up going out west and forming the most…unique team I've been a part of.
How's that for a polite euphemism?
STARK INDUSTRIES
WE'RE GONNA RECRUIT SOME FELLAS LIKE THEM. WE'RE GONNA FIX 'EM RIGHT ONCE, AND THEN WE DON'T HAVE TO FIGHT THEM ANYMORE.
I'M SORRY-- ARE YOU PITCHING ME "THE WORK RELEASE AVENGERS"?
That's not what we ended up calling it…but Jim was right. And that team would save the world right out of the gate.

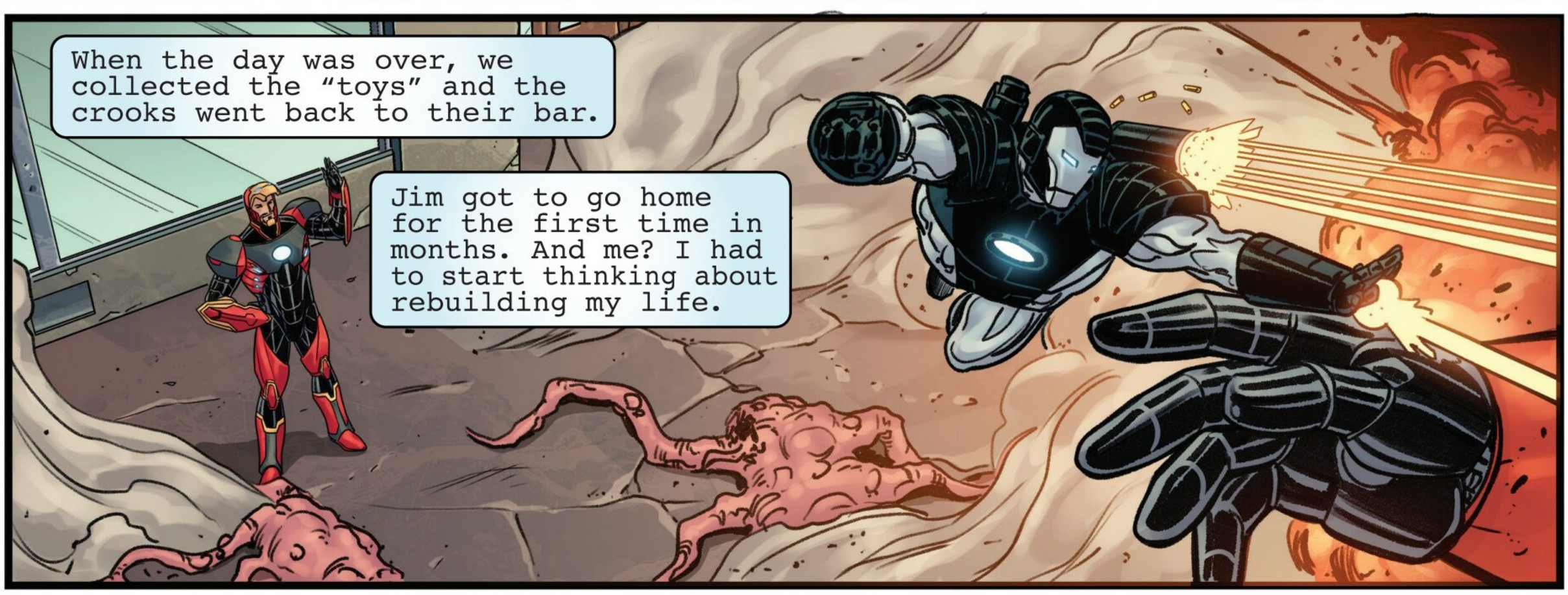


A NEW WAY TO SAVE THE WORLD.

ALL RIGHT. LET'S TRY IT.

We spent the next couple of hours mopping up the last of Orchis with some of the most colorful black hats.

And you know what? It was *fun*.



While the shooting war with Orchis turned cold, there were still plenty of loose ends to tie up.

Like the fact that I was fake married and starting to get more and more attached to it every day.

COULDN'T LEAVE THE MARK NIL BEHIND-- I GET SENTIMENTALLY ATTACHED TO MY ARMORS.

HOW UNHEALTHY FOR YOU.

YOU DON'T HAVE ANYTHING INSIDE THE HELLFIRE CLUB YOU WANT TO GRAB BEFORE THE WRECKING BALL SWINGS, EMMA?

I WAS THE WRECKING BALL OF THAT HORRID PLACE ONCE--NOW I JUST CHEER THEM ON.

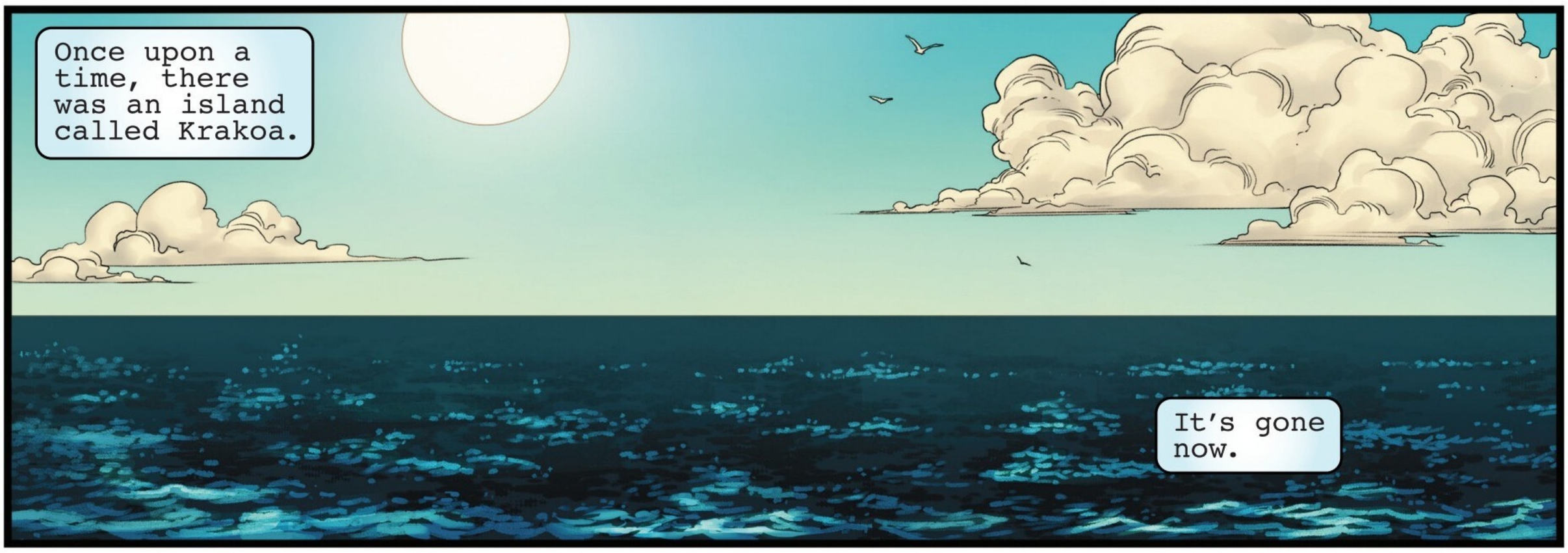
ANTHONY, ALL THE HIGH-VALUE TARGETS AT THE TOP OF ORCHIS HAVE BEEN LIQUIDATED OR CAPTURED.

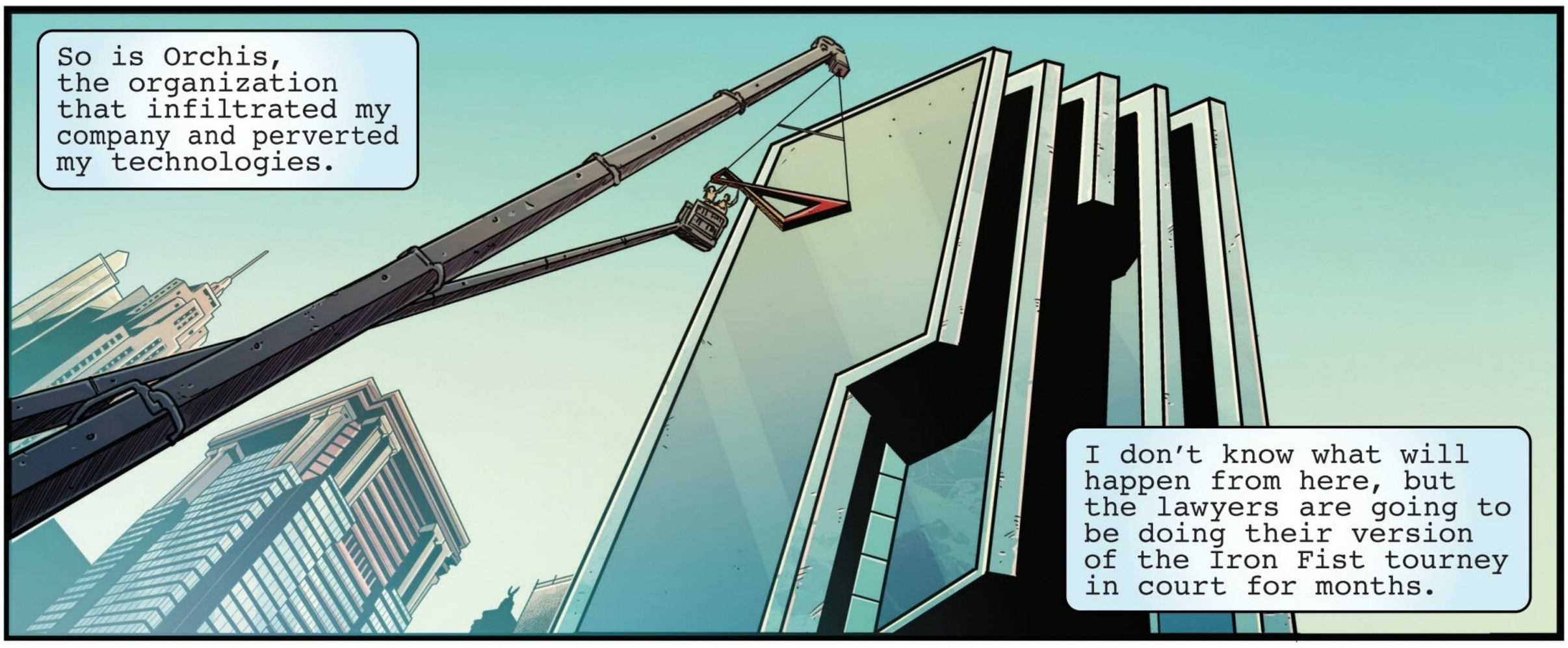
MAGNETO SAID HE LEFT ***FEILONG*** TO YOU. WAS HE KILLED OR CAPTURED?

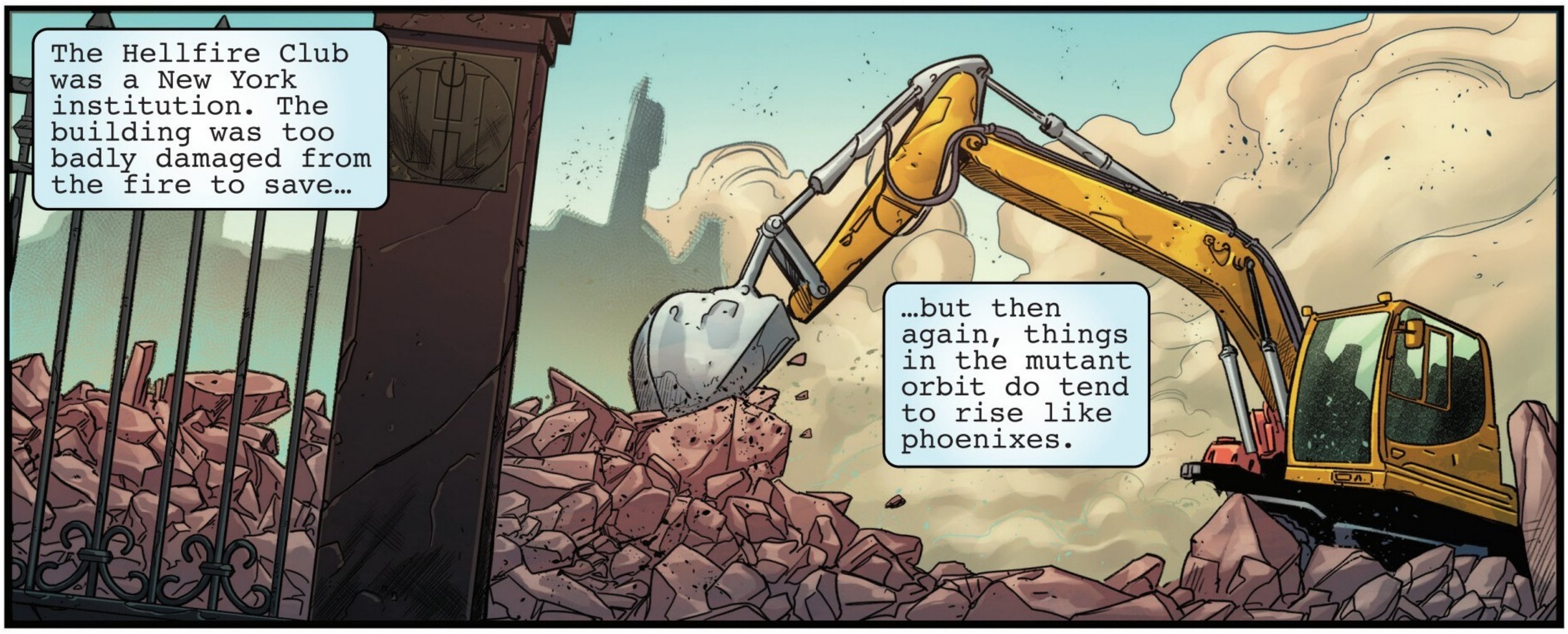
FEILONG IS...

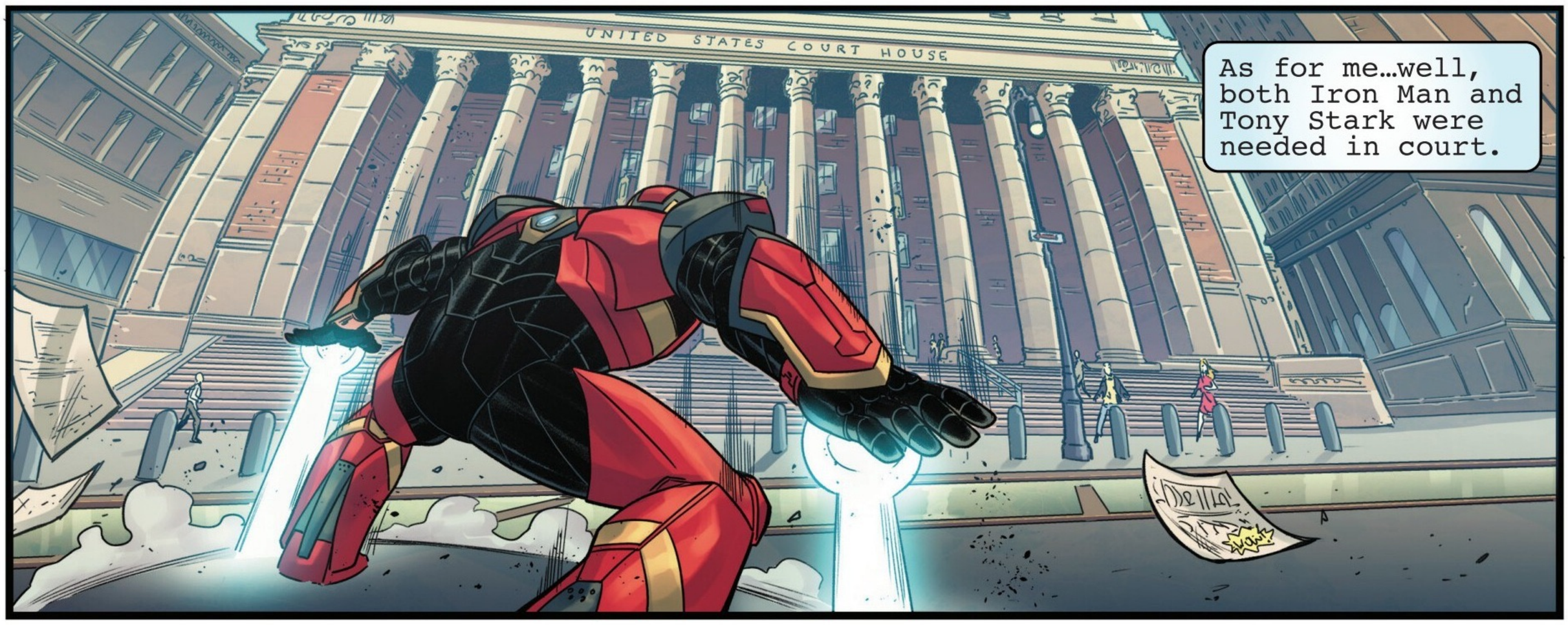
...FEILONG IS... SOMEONE YOU'LL *NEVER* SEE AGAIN.
I'M NOT SURE I DID THE RIGHT THING, EMMA.
WAR IS HELL. HE PICKED THE WRONG SIDE.
C'EST LA VIE.
YOU GAVE HIM MORE OPPORTUNITIES TO AVOID THIS FATE THAN I WOULD HAVE, DARLING.
I'M HUNGRY. WHERE SHOULD WE EAT?
YOU'RE THE ONE WITH MONEY, SO YOU'RE BUYING.
If you put down the story now and don't finish it, then we lived happily ever after and my marriage was a happy one.
But if you want to know the *truth*, well…you have one more chapter to go.

TWENTY


Once upon a time, there was an island called Krakoa.
It's gone now.


So is Orchis, the organization that infiltrated my company and perverted my technologies.
I don't know what will happen from here, but the lawyers are going to be doing their version of the Iron Fist tourney in court for months.

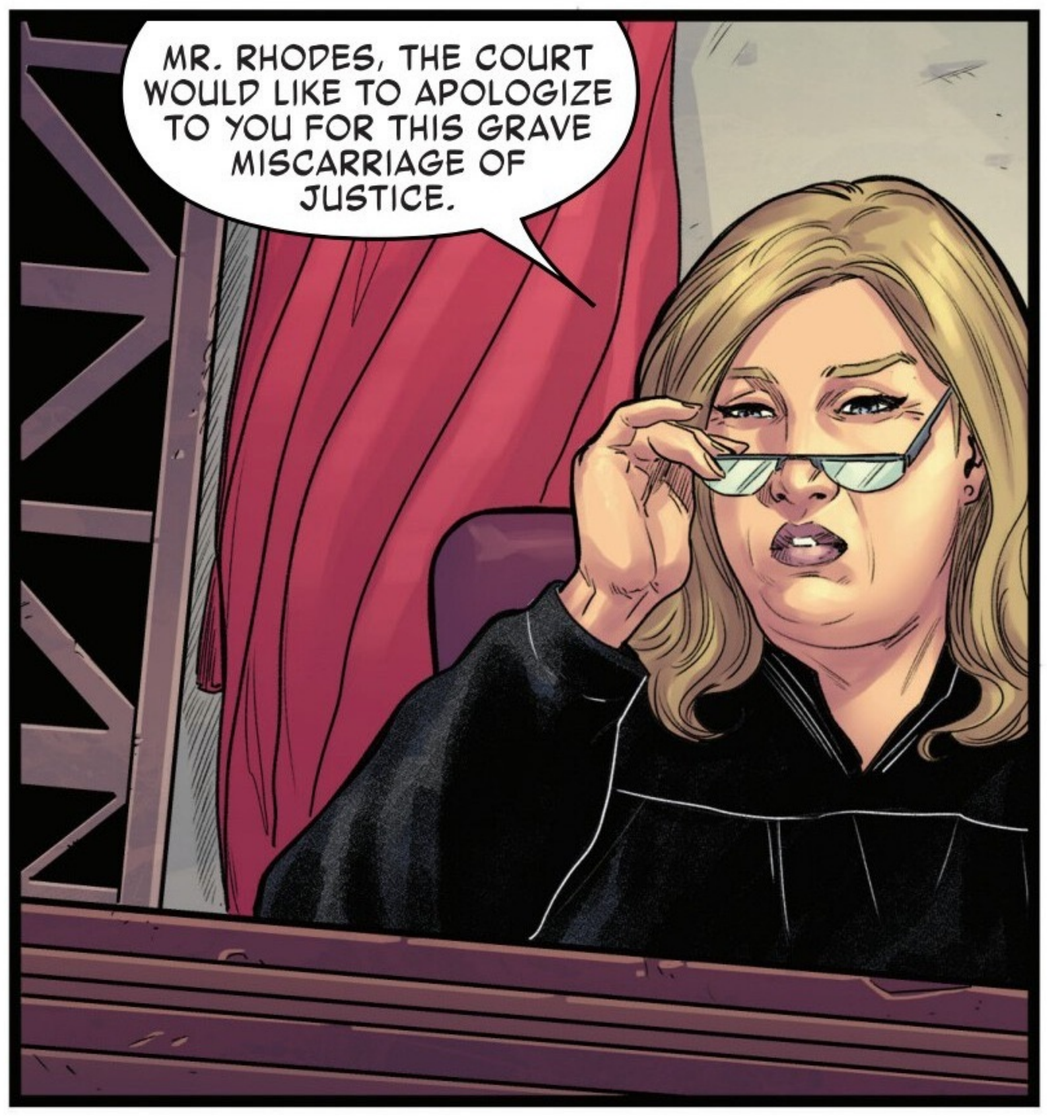

The Hellfire Club was a New York institution. The building was too badly damaged from the fire to save…
…but then again, things in the mutant orbit do tend to rise like phoenixes.


UNITED STATES COURT HOUSE
As for me…well, both Iron Man and Tony Stark were needed in court.

Rhodey was having his case dismissed with extreme prejudice by a federal judge.

I don't make life on my friends very easy. Maybe that's my super-power.

Rhodey is a different matter. He was framed and imprisoned in all of this.



MY AGENT SAID PEOPLE ARE KIND OF "SUPER HERO'ED OUT" RIGHT NOW? BUT I THINK IT'LL GET GOOD BUZZ.

WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR SERVICE TO OUR COUNTRY, MR. RHODES. AND THIS COURT IS ADJOURNED.
OH, WHILE WE'RE HUGGING-- THAT REMINDS ME-- I'VE ALMOST GOT THE ANNULMENT DONE.

HOLD OFF ON THAT FOR NOW.

UH... OKAY, BUT--
IT'S HIS FUNERAL, JEN. WHAT I WANT TO KNOW IS...

...WHAT HAPPENED TO FEILONG?

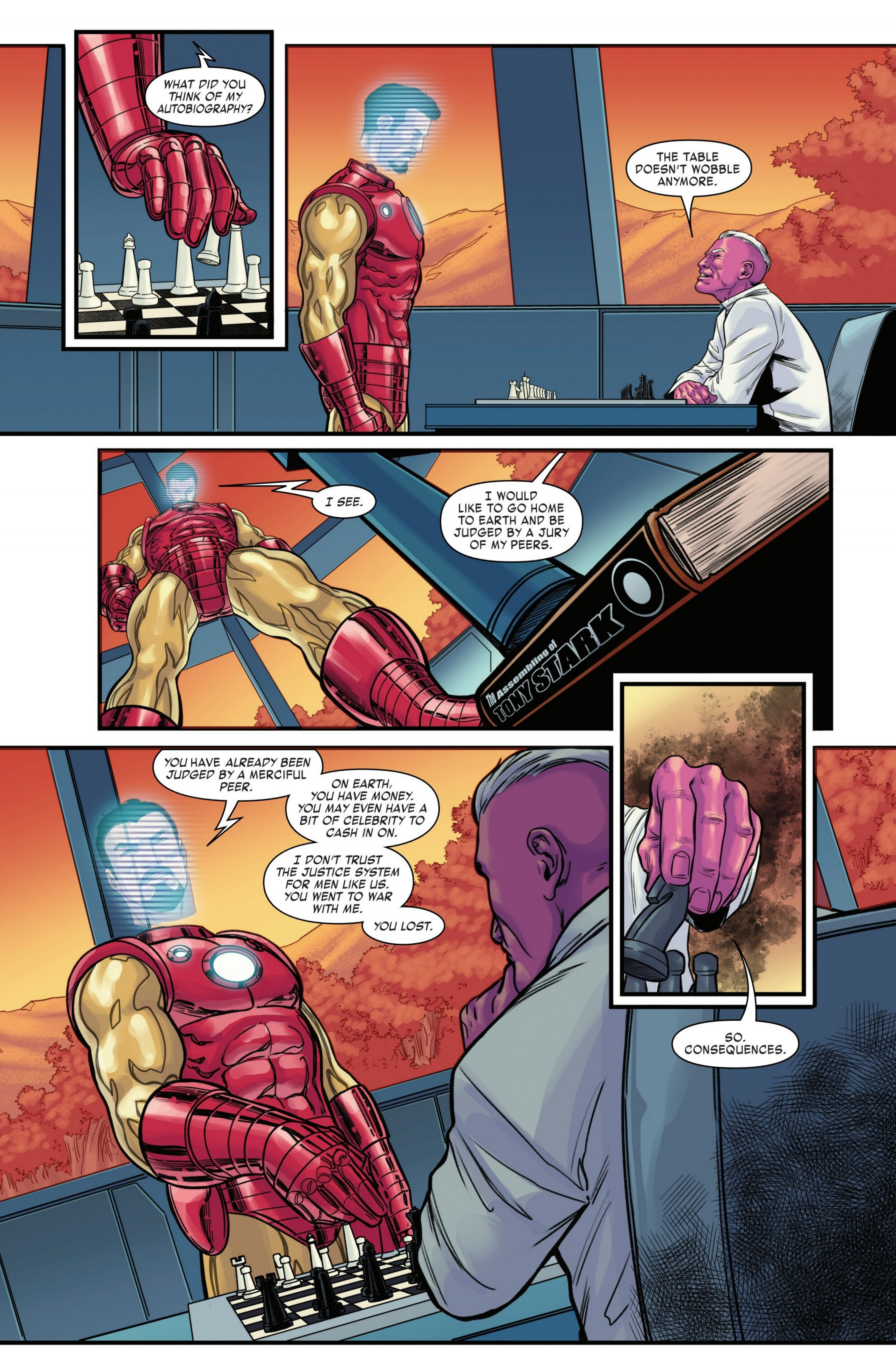
Krakoa was gone, but its sister Arakko remained on what we used to call…

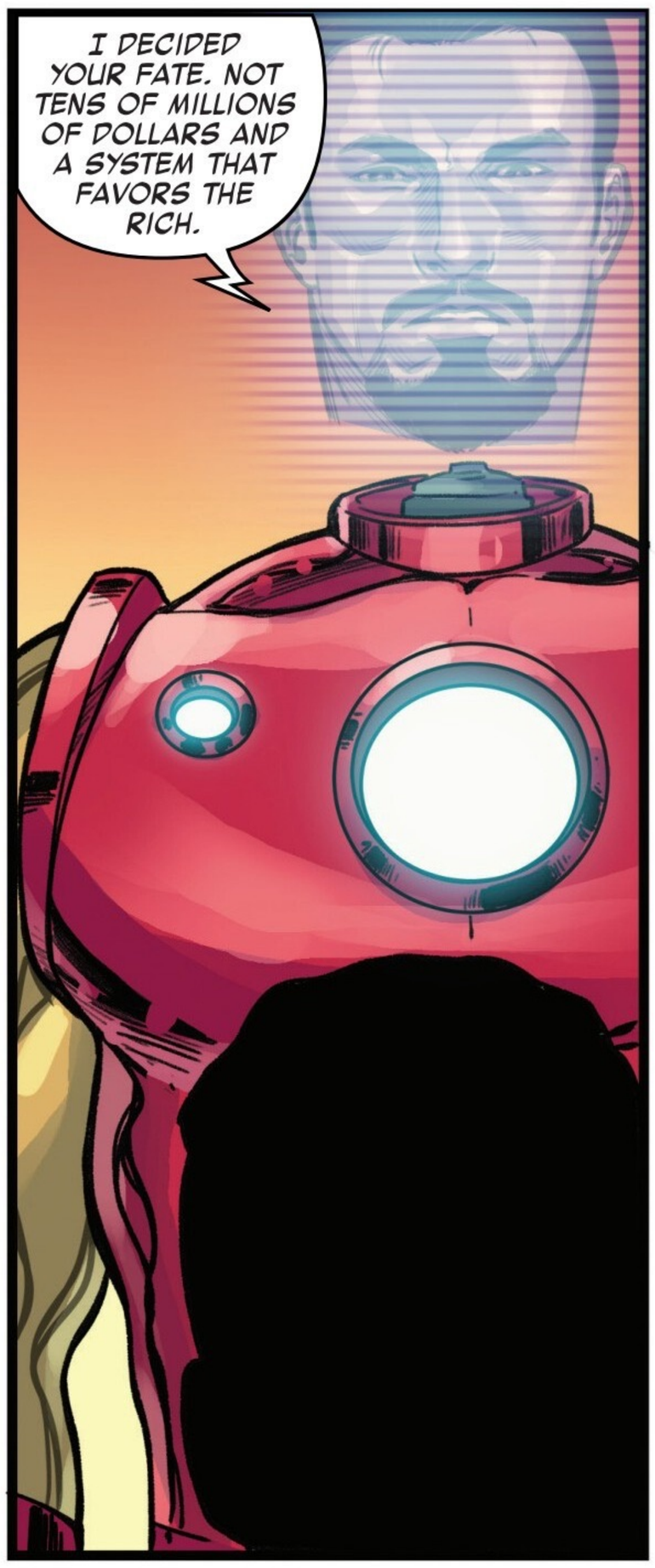
MARS.

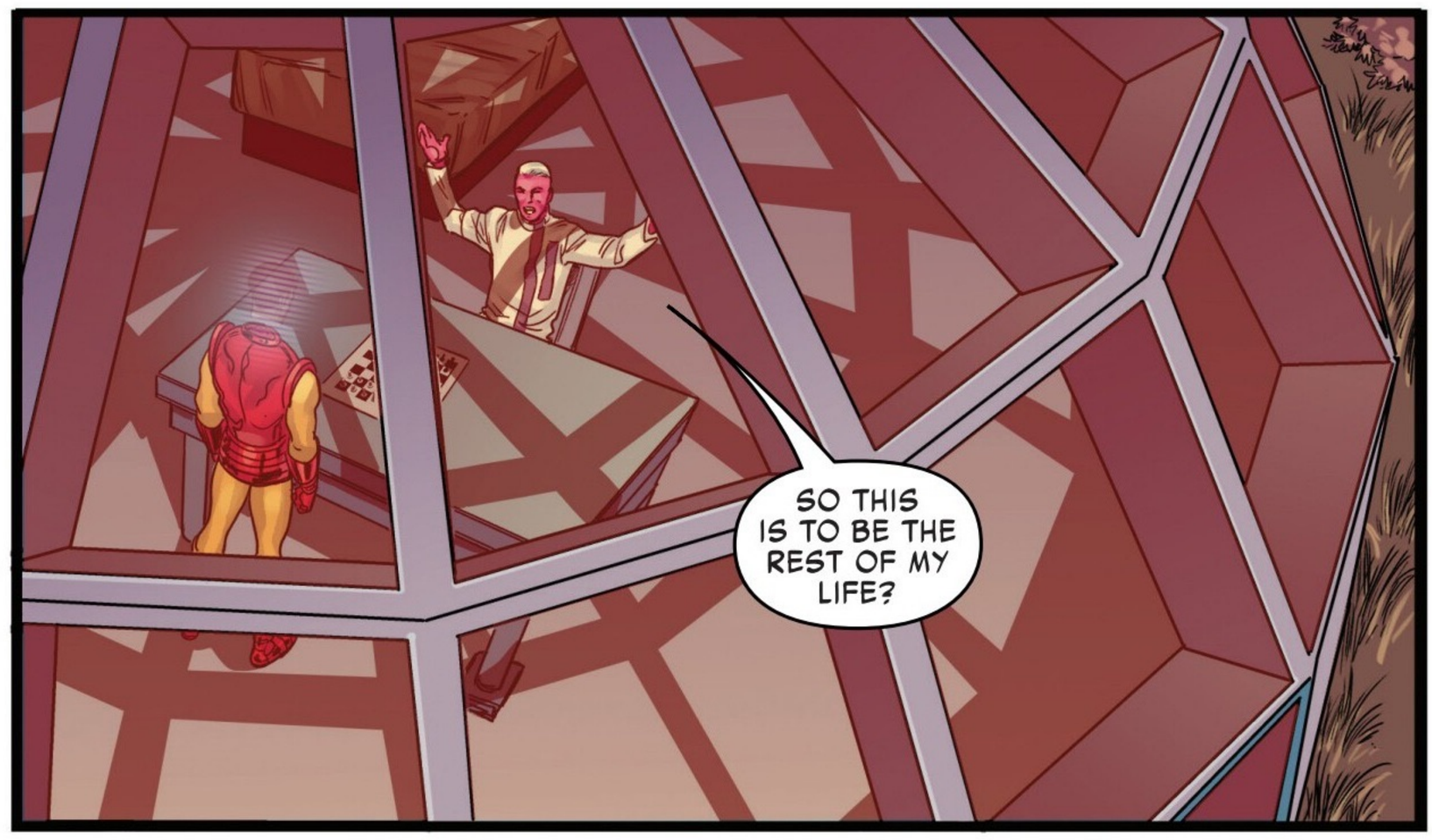
I ALWAYS DID WANT TO OWN MARS...BUT A JOKE IS A JOKE.

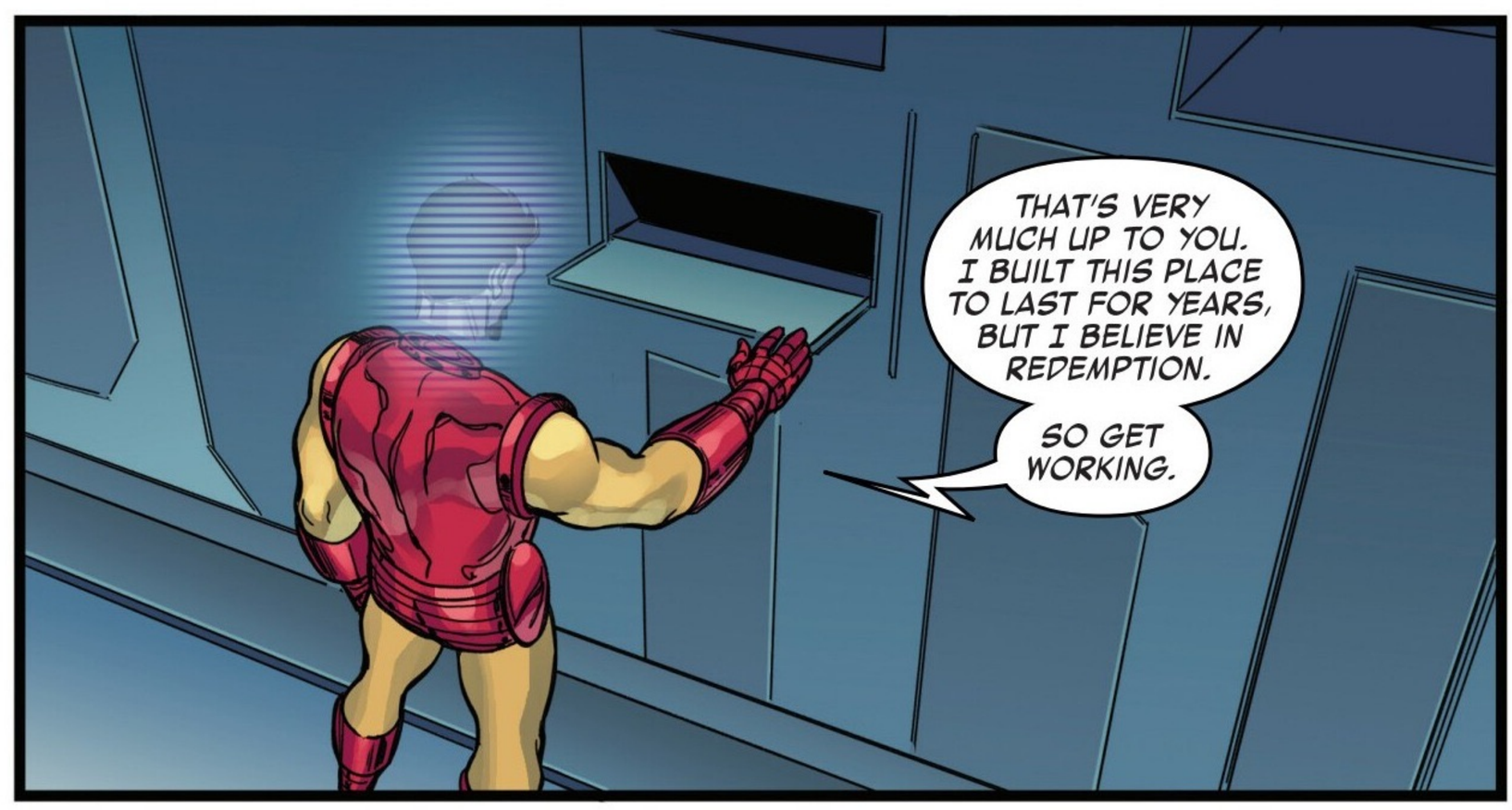
I'M READY TO GO HOME, STARK.

YOU ARE HOME, FEILONG.
CRRK!
I GET IT. YOU HAD TO TRY, BUT--
BUT THAT ARMOR AND THIS PRISON ARE IMPERVIOUS TO MY BLASTS.
WHAT IS IT YOU EXPECT ME TO DO HERE, STARK?

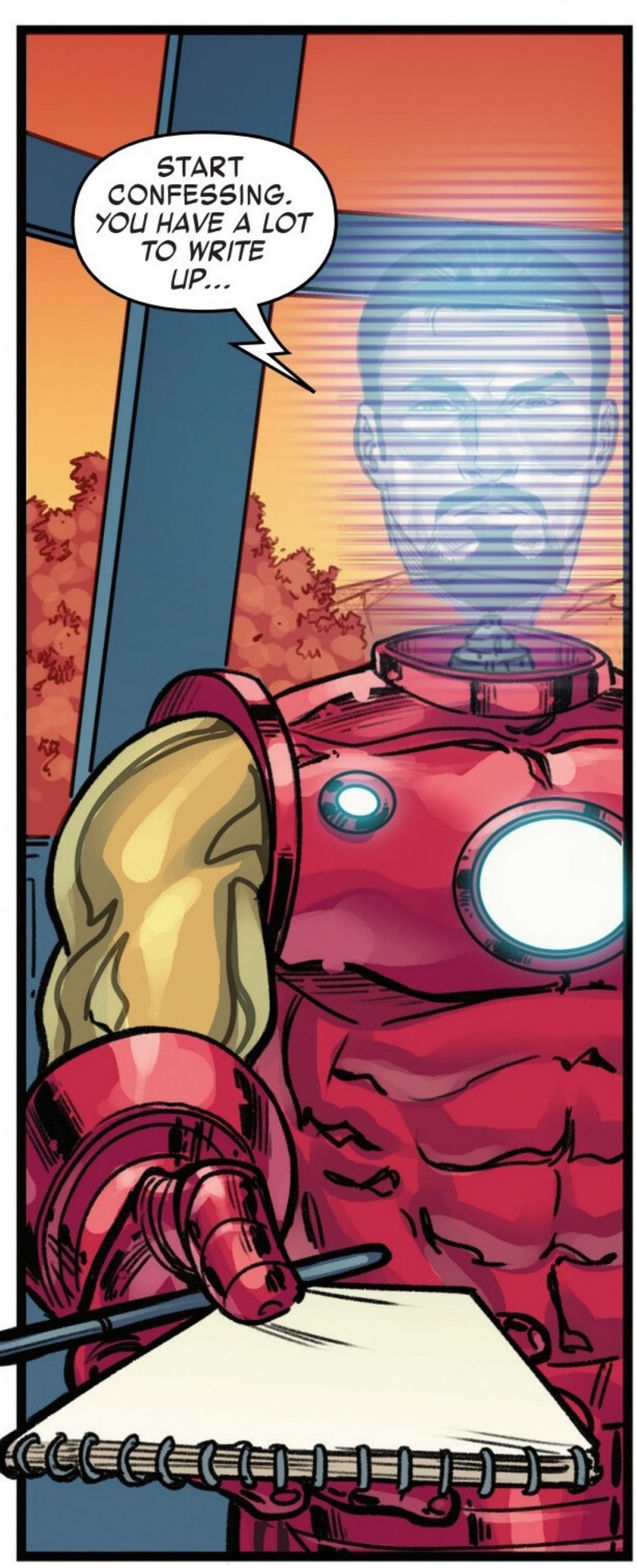

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY?
THE TABLE DOESN'T WOBBLE ANYMORE.
I SEE.
I WOULD LIKE TO GO HOME TO EARTH AND BE JUDGED BY A JURY OF MY PEERS.
The Assembling of TONY STARK
YOU HAVE ALREADY BEEN JUDGED BY A MERCIFUL PEER.
ON EARTH, YOU HAVE MONEY. YOU MAY EVEN HAVE A BIT OF CELEBRITY TO CASH IN ON.
I DON'T TRUST THE JUSTICE SYSTEM FOR MEN LIKE US. YOU WENT TO WAR WITH ME.
YOU LOST.
SO. CONSEQUENCES.

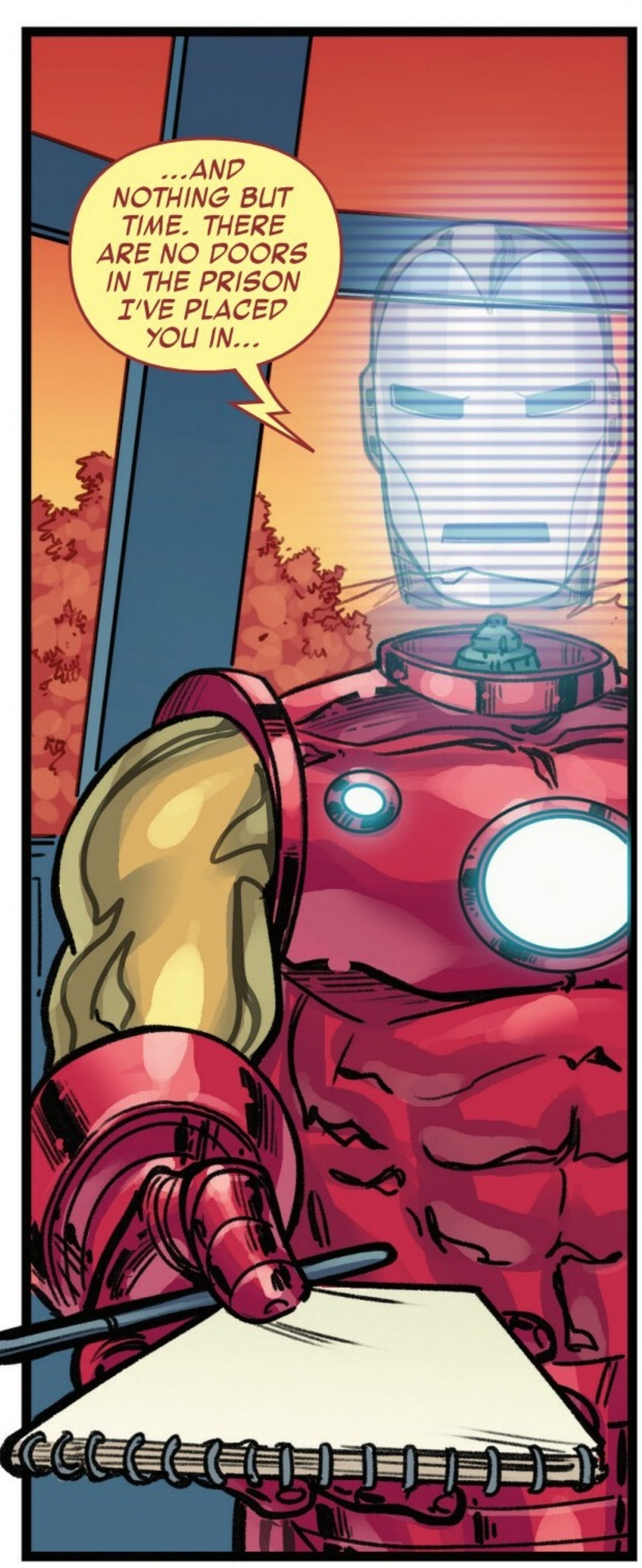

I DECIDED YOUR FATE. NOT TENS OF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS AND A SYSTEM THAT FAVORS THE RICH.


SO THIS IS TO BE THE REST OF MY LIFE?


THAT'S VERY MUCH UP TO YOU. I BUILT THIS PLACE TO LAST FOR YEARS, BUT I BELIEVE IN REDEMPTION.
SO GET WORKING.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE ME DO?


START CONFESSING. YOU HAVE A LOT TO WRITE UP...


...AND NOTHING BUT TIME. THERE ARE NO DOORS IN THE PRISON I'VE PLACED YOU IN...

...AND I'LL BE WATCHING, FEILONG.
PERHAPS WITH A HEARTFELT CONFESSION AND OFFERS OF RESTITUTION, YOU MIGHT REGAIN YOUR HUMANITY.

YOUR FUTURE IS UNWRITTEN AND YOU ARE THE AUTHOR, FEILONG.
STARK OUT.

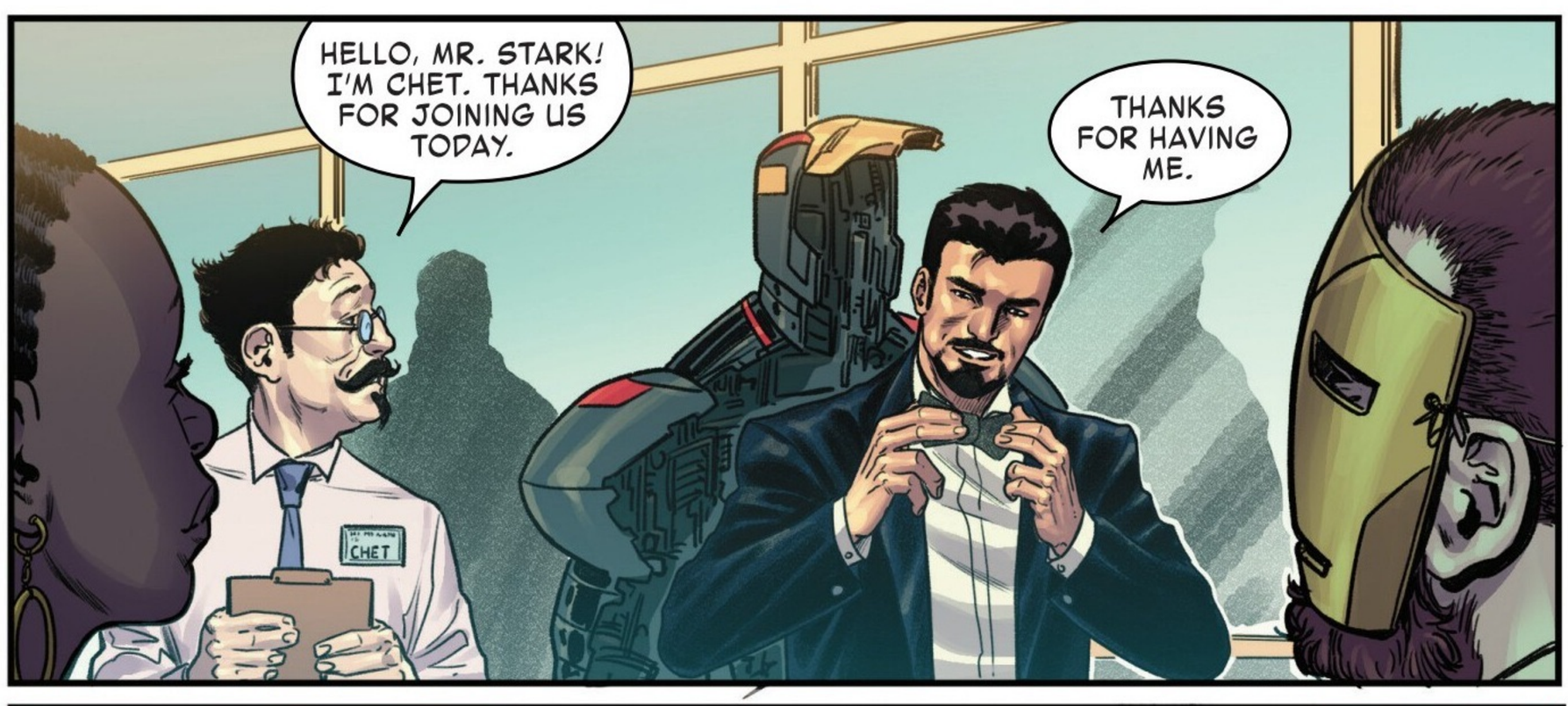
Speaking of writing, today was my publication day.

And I needed to make an entrance for the press.

I thought I'd kill Feilong. Hell, I dreamed about it. But in the end, I didn't want more blood on my hands.

I wasn't sure if I was going soft, getting better or getting older. Maybe all three?

I pushed Feilong to the back of my mind. I just wanted to enjoy the beginning of my book tour--in Portland.



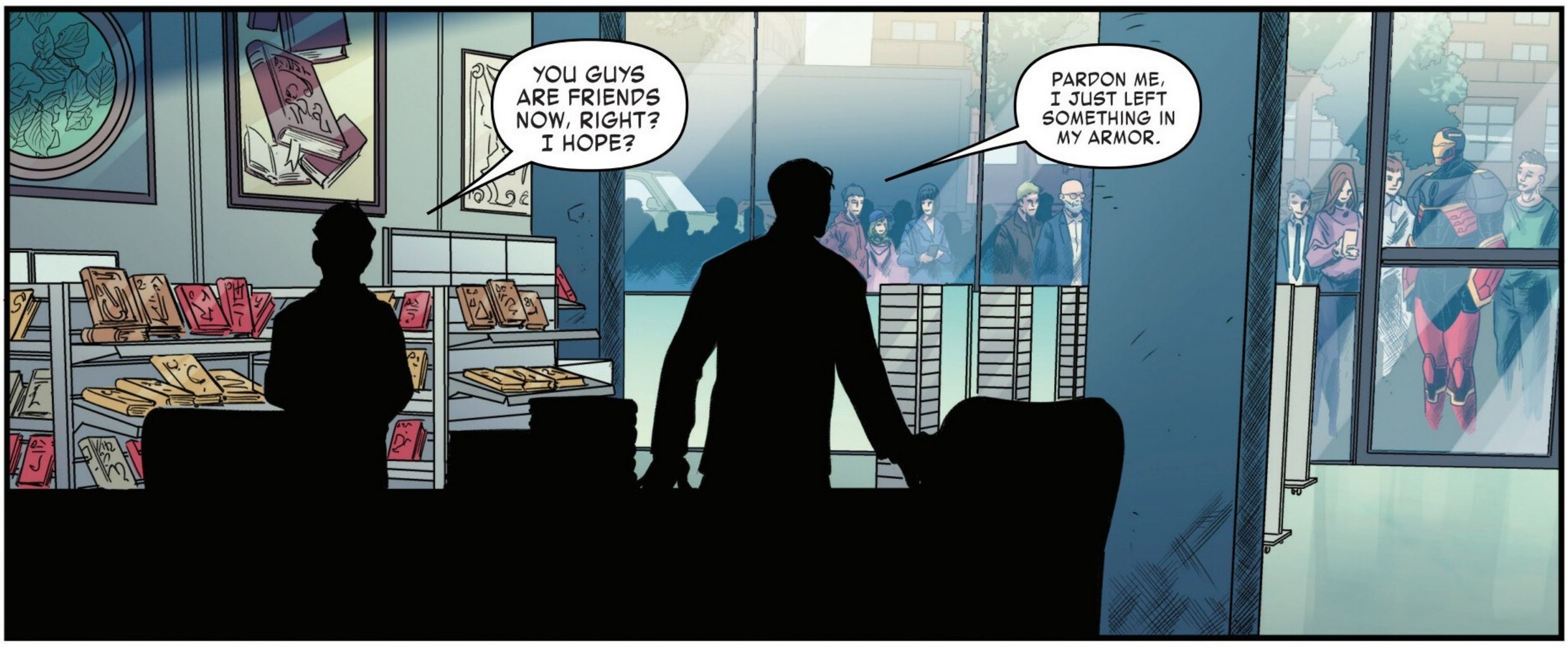
The Assembling of TONY STARK
...BUT THE PUBLISHER IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

PEOPLE WERE LINED UP OVERNIGHT.
PRETTY COOL THAT THERE ARE SOME FOLKS WHO ARE DRESSED UP AS IRON MAN.
TONY STARK

YEAH, AND ONE GOOFBALL'S DRESSED UP LIKE THE *CRIMSON DYNAMO.*

YEAH, WE GOT A GOOD CHUCKLE OUT OF THAT TOO. THE SUIT'S EVEN MADE OF METAL.
CHET

EXCUSE ME?

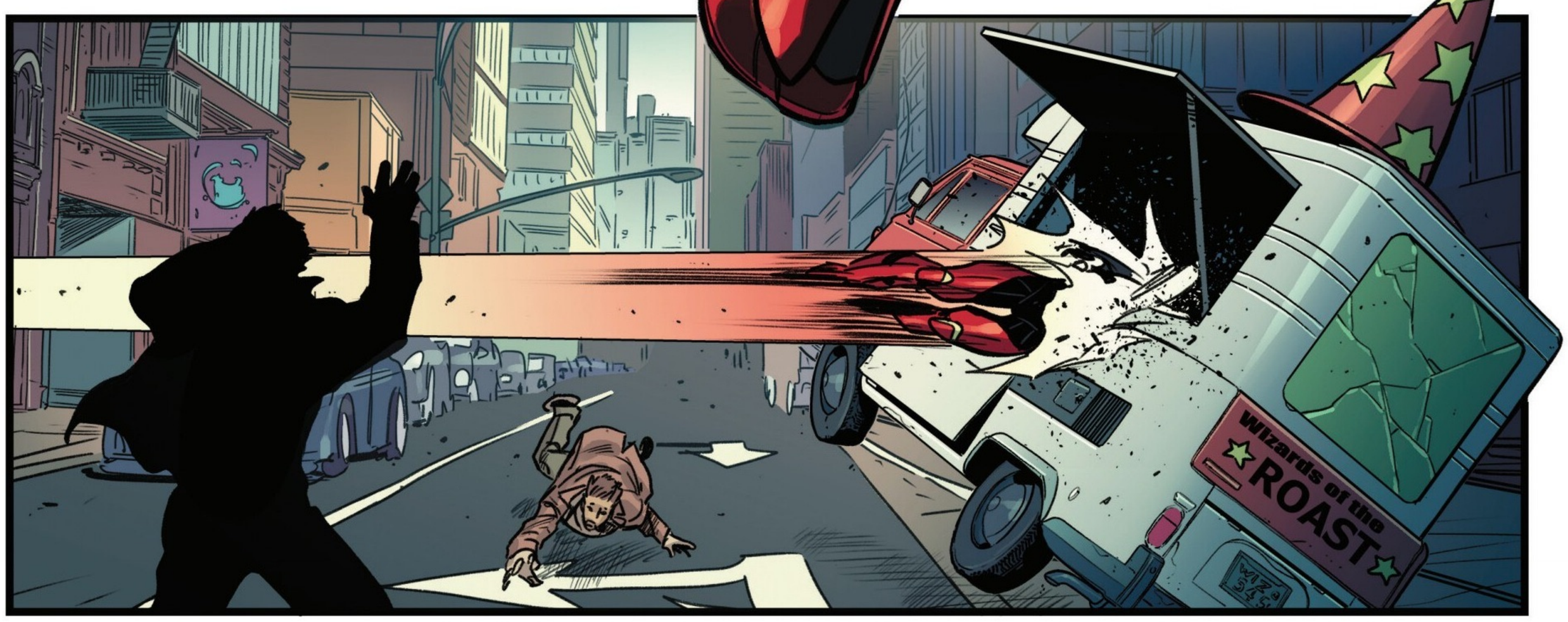

YOU GUYS ARE FRIENDS NOW, RIGHT? I HOPE?
PARDON ME, I JUST LEFT SOMETHING IN MY ARMOR.

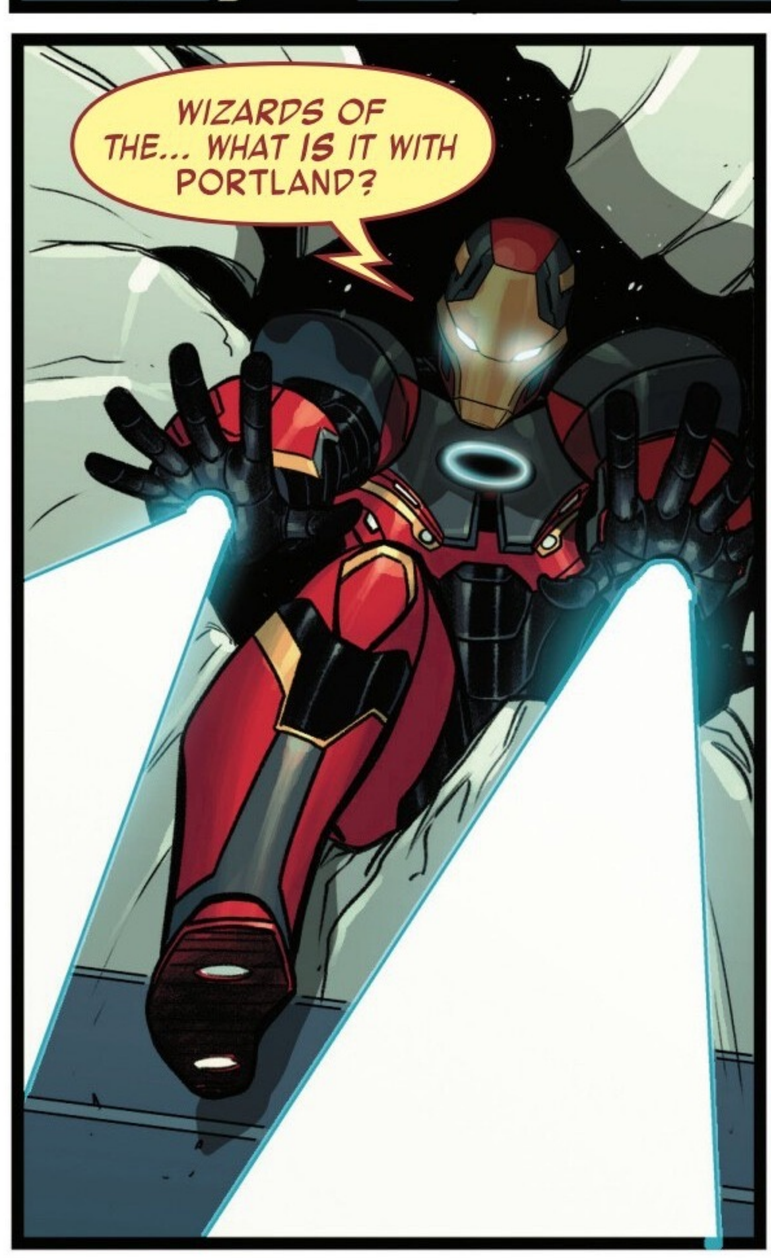
TONY STARK!
YOU FLY RIGHT BY YOUR OLD ENEMY WITHOUT EVEN A "PRIVET"!
This Crimson Dynamo's name is, and I @#$% you not, **Valentin Shatalov.** You know what he wanted?
GLORY TO THE SOVIET UNION!
YOUR TRASH AUTOBIOGRAPHY LIES ABOUT THE GLORY OF OUR GREAT UNION!
WHAT CAN I SAY, SHATALOV? I'M A CAPITALIST PIG.
And to prove it, I threw a wristwatch at him that costs six figures.
Of course, I made some special modifications.
AAAARGH!
THE SIGNING'S BEEN RESCHEDULED, EVERYBODY-- RUN!

SO YOU ADMIT IT!

THE LEADERS OF RUSSIA ARE WORKING TO RE-FORM THE SOVIET UNION AS WE SPEAK, AND YOUR DISGUSTING PROPAGANDA WILL NOT TAINT THE MINDS OF THE PEOPLE!

SKRAKK!





--ONE STAR!

HAHAHA!

FWASH!

The Assembling of TONY STARK

RUN!

AAIIEEE!

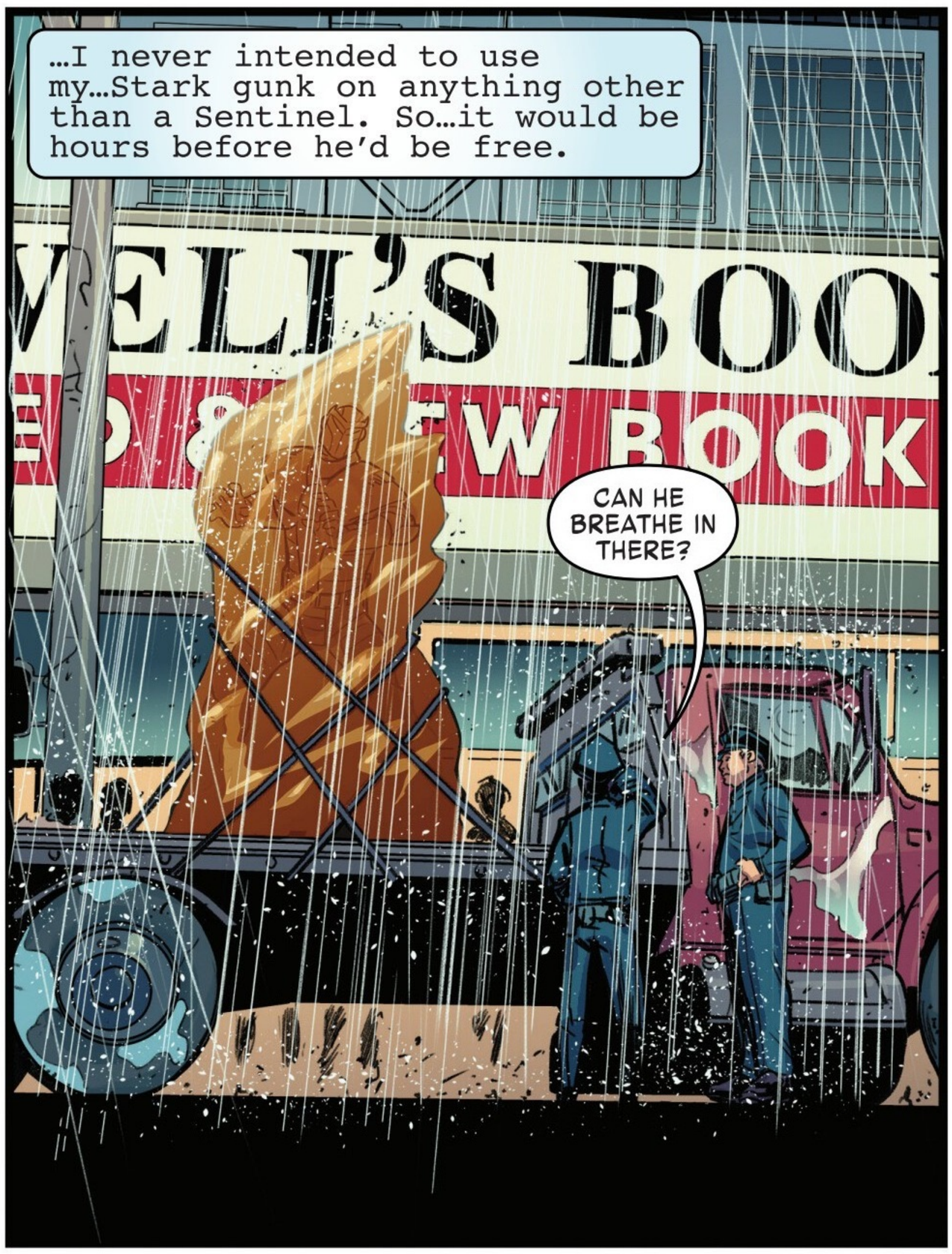
OH MY GOD!

OH, COME ON!

I didn't have time for Crimson Dynamo! He was a zealot, pining for an old, failed past.

I hit him with some gunk--that's a scientific term, by the way--that I developed for the Sentinels.

The problem was…


…I never intended to use my…Stark gunk on anything other than a Sentinel. So…it would be hours before he'd be free.
CAN HE BREATHE IN THERE?

HOPEFULLY.
CAN HE PEE IN THERE?
NOT OUR PROBLEM.

IF I BUY THOSE BOOKS, CAN YOU LET ME HAVE THEM AT WHOLESALE?
TONY STARK
TONY STARK
TONY STARK

SIGH
OUR AUTHOR DISCOUNT IS TEN PERCENT.

BILL ME. GOTTA FLY, I GOT A DATE--

"--BACK IN NEW YORK CITY!"

My first signing was a bust. I lost money, but I understand that authors do buy a lot of their own book, so maybe I'm in good company.

I tried to arrive for my date with Emma a few minutes early. She gets to be the fashionably late one in our relationship.

WELCOME, MR. STARK. THIS WAY. YOUR SPARKLING WATER IS ON ICE.

HELLO, DARLING.

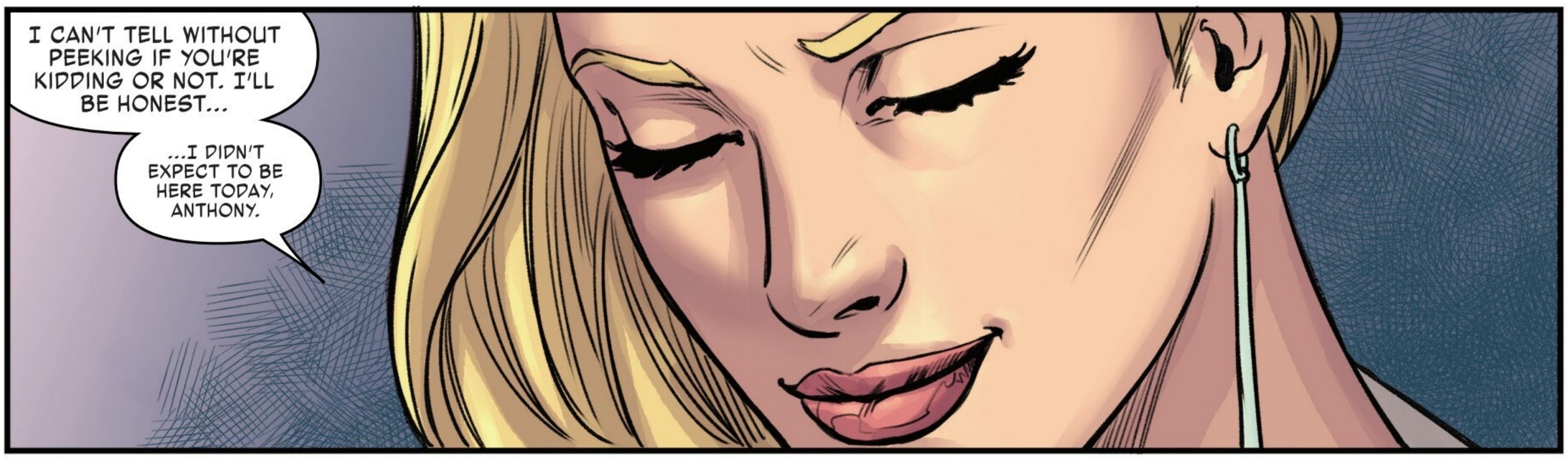
I'LL SEAT MYSELF.

...

VERY WELL.

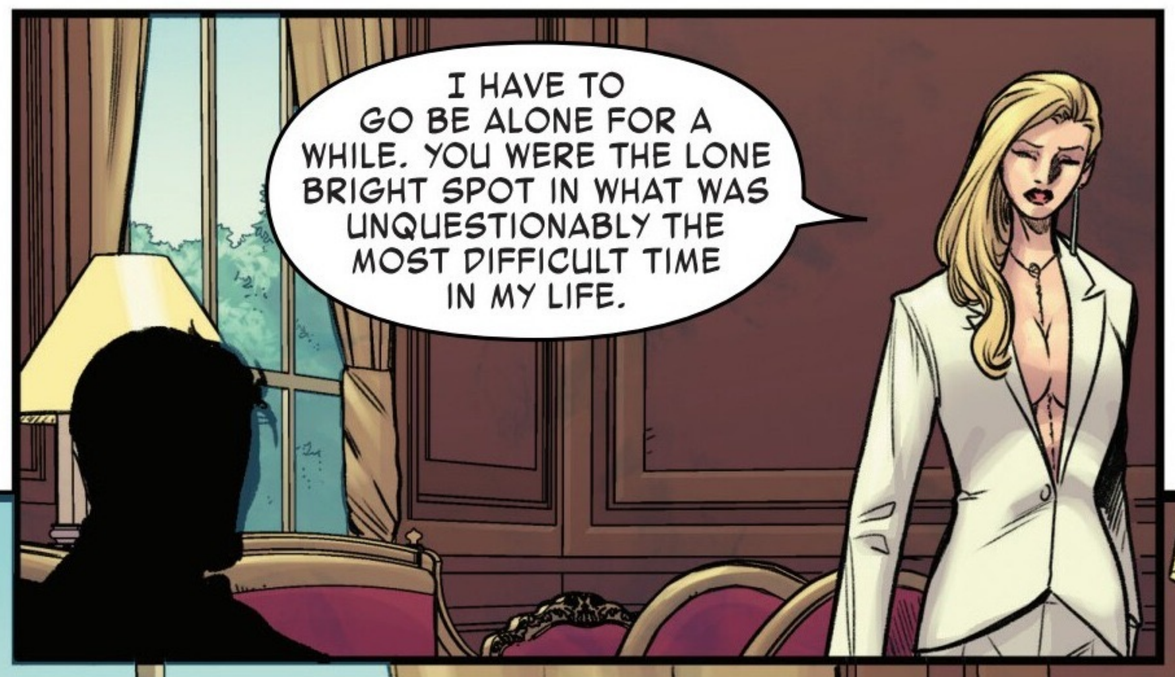
I DON'T WANT YOU TO LEAVE.

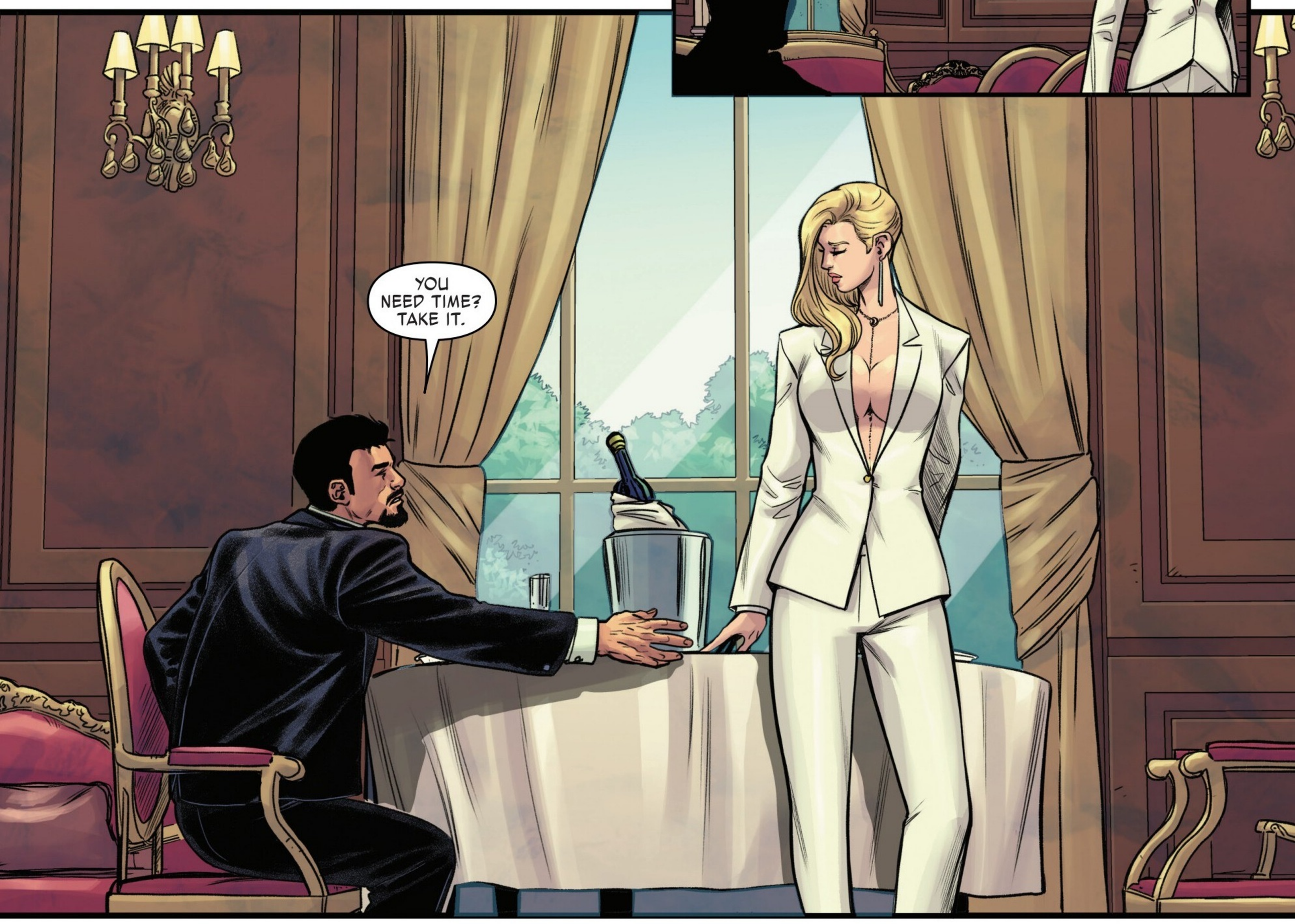
ANTHONY...


I CAN'T TELL WITHOUT PEEKING IF YOU'RE KIDDING OR NOT. I'LL BE HONEST...
...I DIDN'T EXPECT TO BE HERE TODAY, ANTHONY.

YOU DIDN'T EXPECT TO FALL FOR ME?

I DIDN'T EXPECT TO STILL BE *ALIVE.*


I HAVE TO GO BE ALONE FOR A WHILE. YOU WERE THE LONE BRIGHT SPOT IN WHAT WAS UNQUESTIONABLY THE MOST DIFFICULT TIME IN MY LIFE.


YOU NEED TIME? TAKE IT.

I CAN... WAIT.

EXCUSE ME, SIR, BUT YOUR GUEST PASSED ALONG HER REGRETS BEFORE YOU ARRIVED.

SHE ASKED ME TO MAKE SURE THAT I PERSONALLY DELIVERED THIS TO YOU.

I'M SORRY, ANTHONY.

I AM TOO, EMMA.

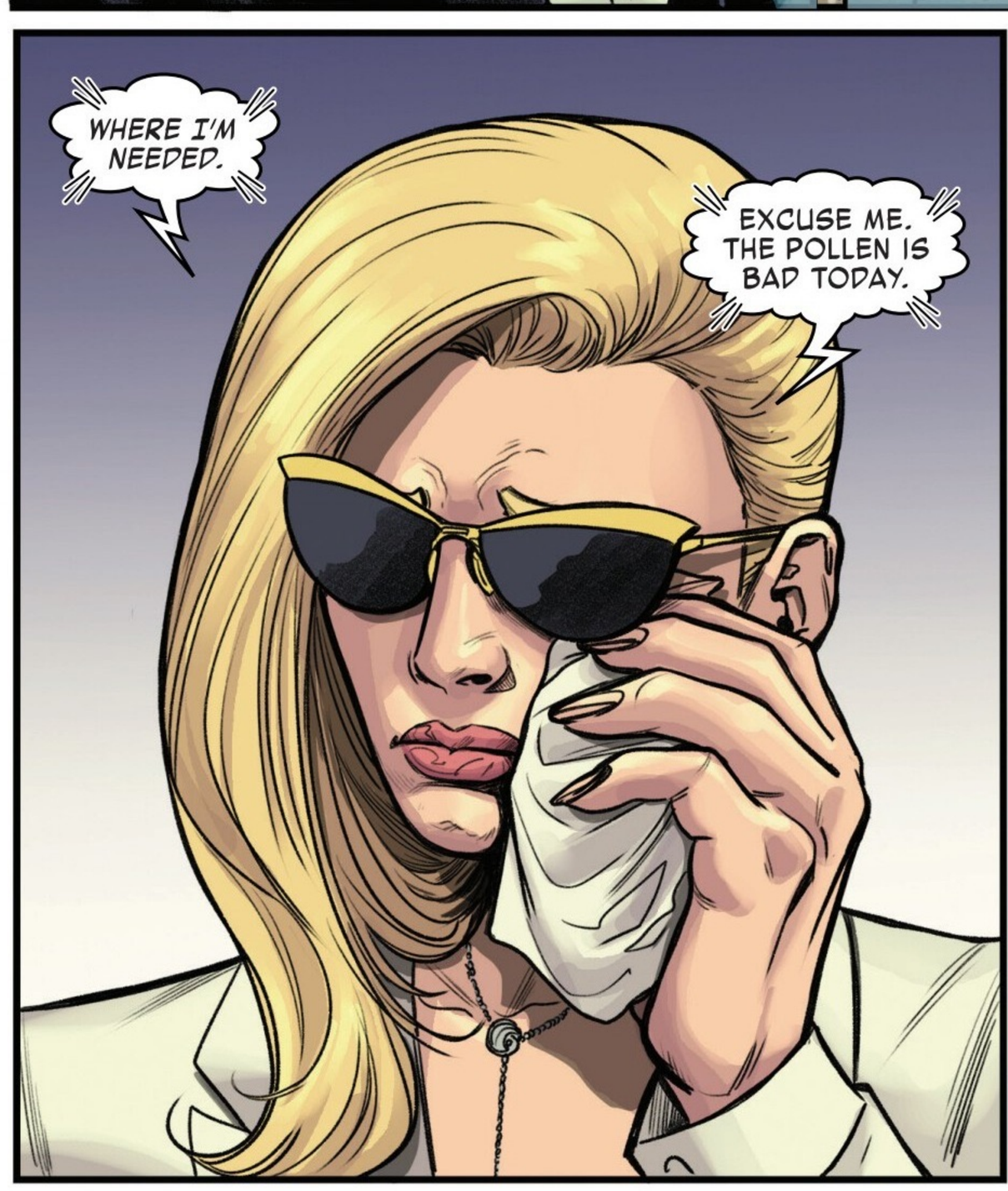
Dollars

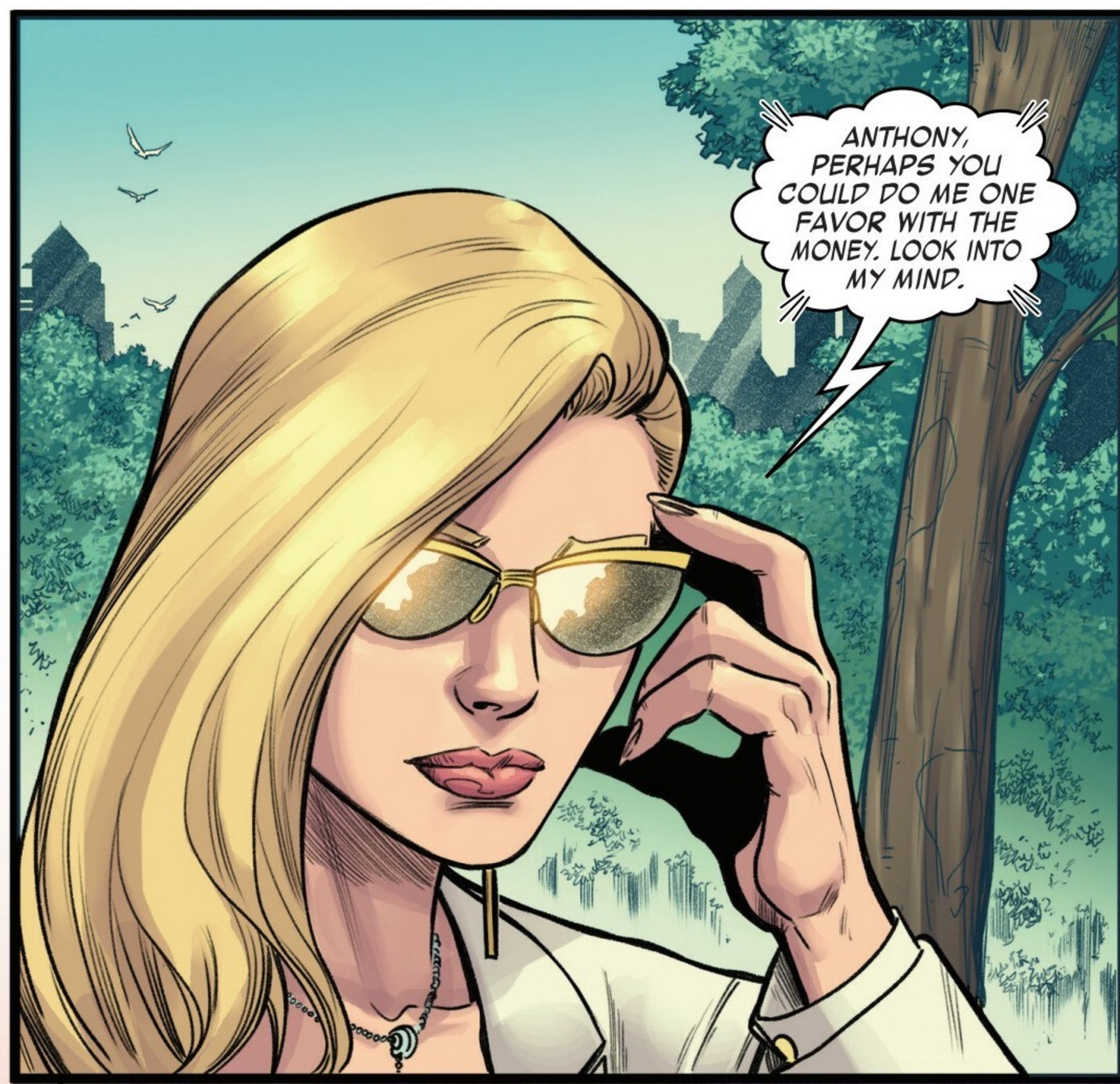
Authorized Signature

It was more money than I'd had in years…

…but I'd never felt more poor.

I TRUST YOU'LL PUT THOSE ONES AND ZEROES TO GOOD USE.





VERY WELL.

It was never gonna last, and at least she had the good sense for the Irish exit.

But before she skipped town, I asked her to call on a friend.

HELLO?

I WAS ASKED TO SEE A DOCTOR?

HI, I'M BATS! THE DOCTOR IS OUT, BUT HE SAID IF YOU ARRIVED, I SHOULD GIVE YOU THIS.

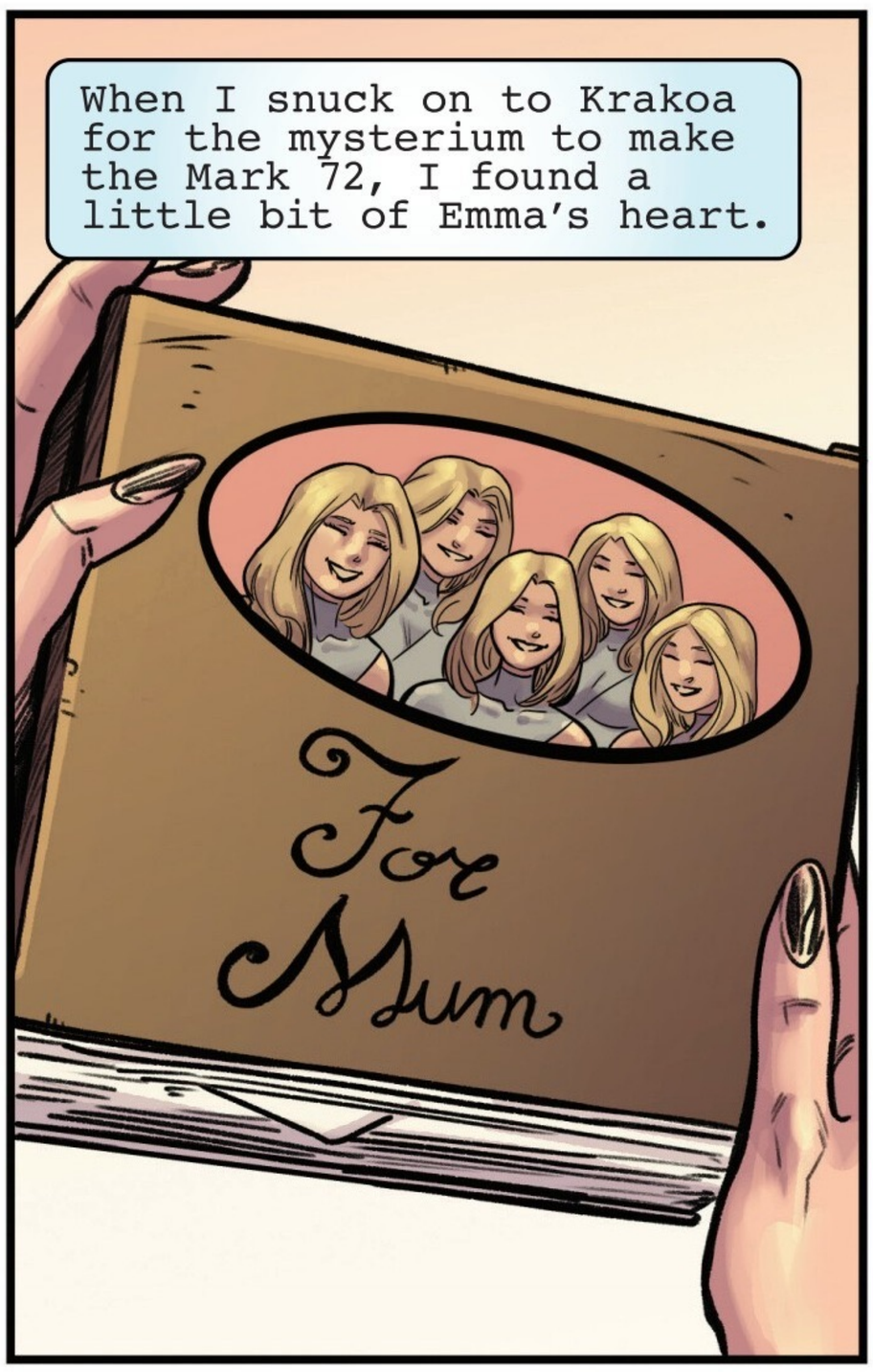
For Mum

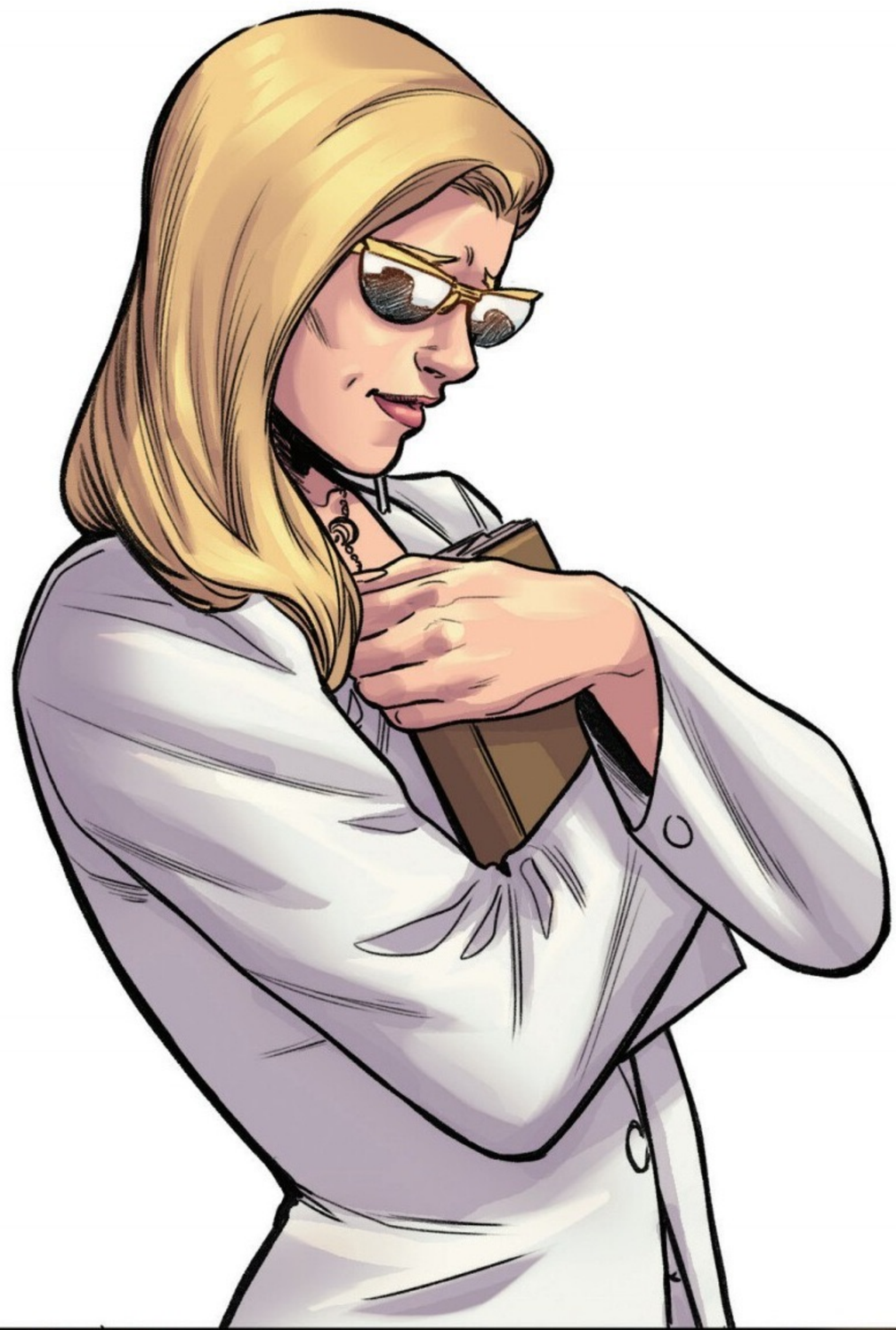
NOT SURE IF I WAS SUPPOSED TO READ THAT OR NOT, BUT IT WAS SAD!

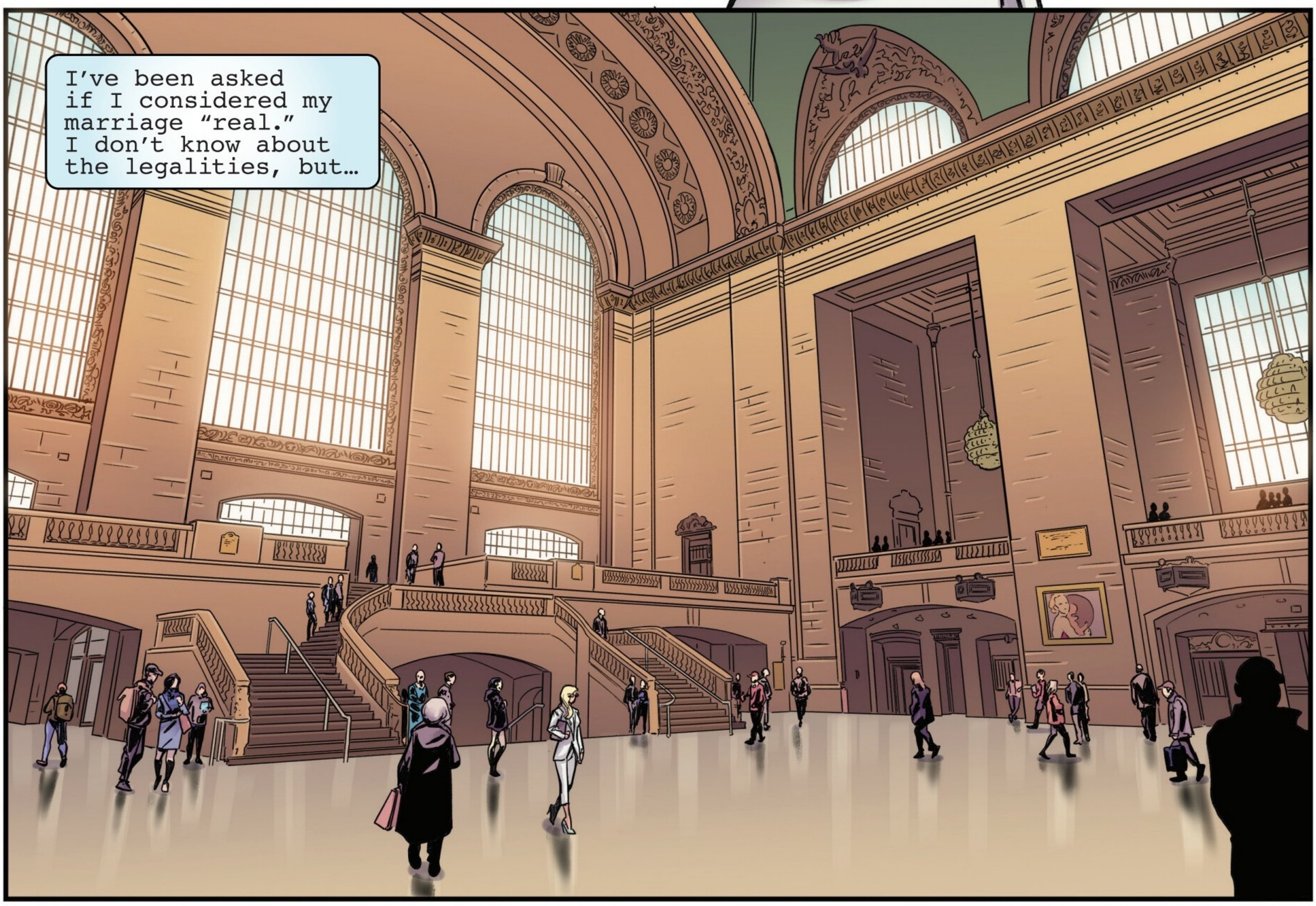
For Mum

SLAM

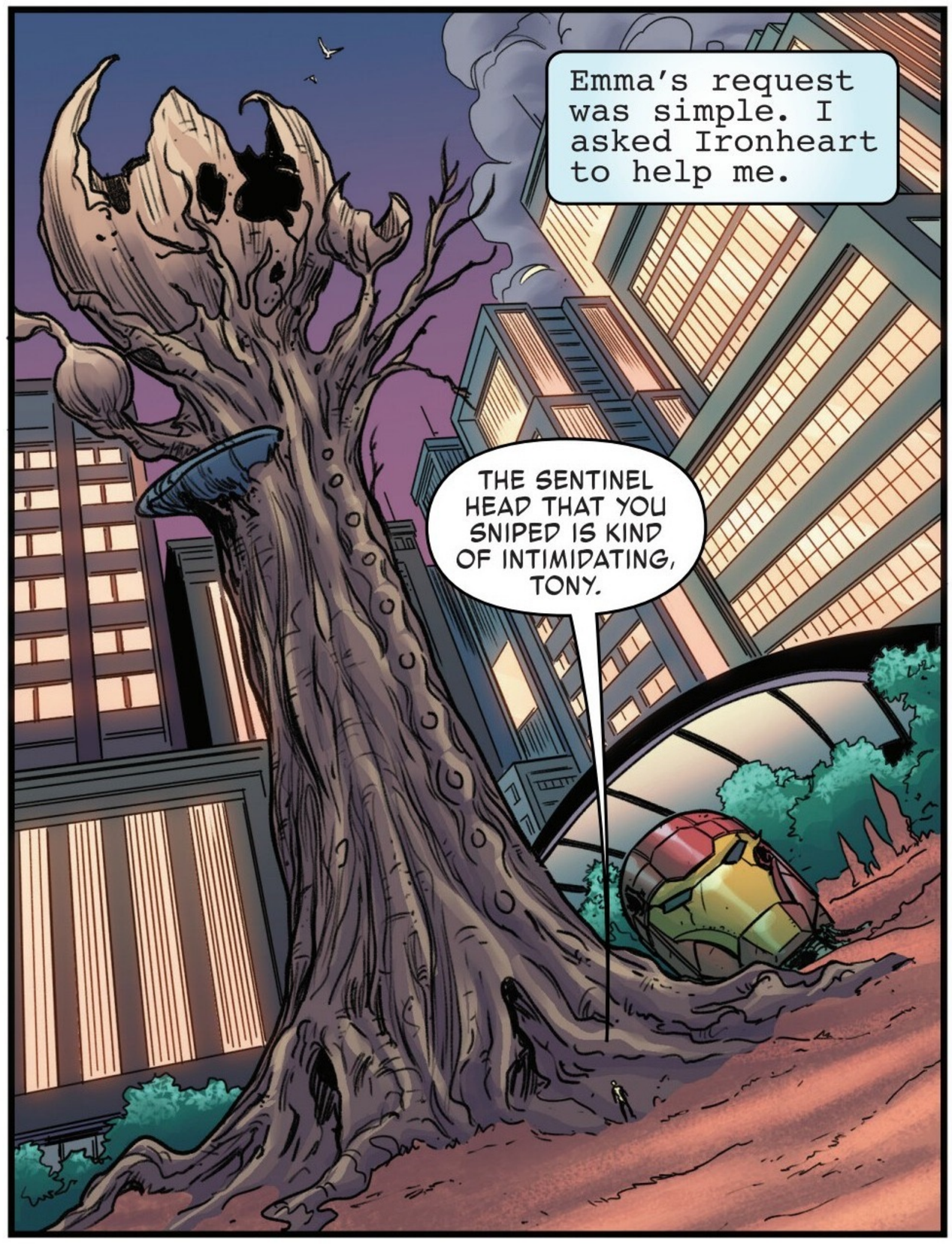
OOPSIE-- OKAY, BYE!


When I snuck on to Krakoa for the mysterium to make the Mark 72, I found a little bit of Emma's heart.
For Mum




I've been asked if I considered my marriage "real." I don't know about the legalities, but…

…it sure *felt* real.


Emma's request was simple. I asked Ironheart to help me.
THE SENTINEL HEAD THAT YOU SNIPED IS KIND OF INTIMIDATING, TONY.

WELL, WAR IS HELL. THANKS FOR MEETING ME, RIRI.
THIS MEMORIAL IS A NICE IDEA.

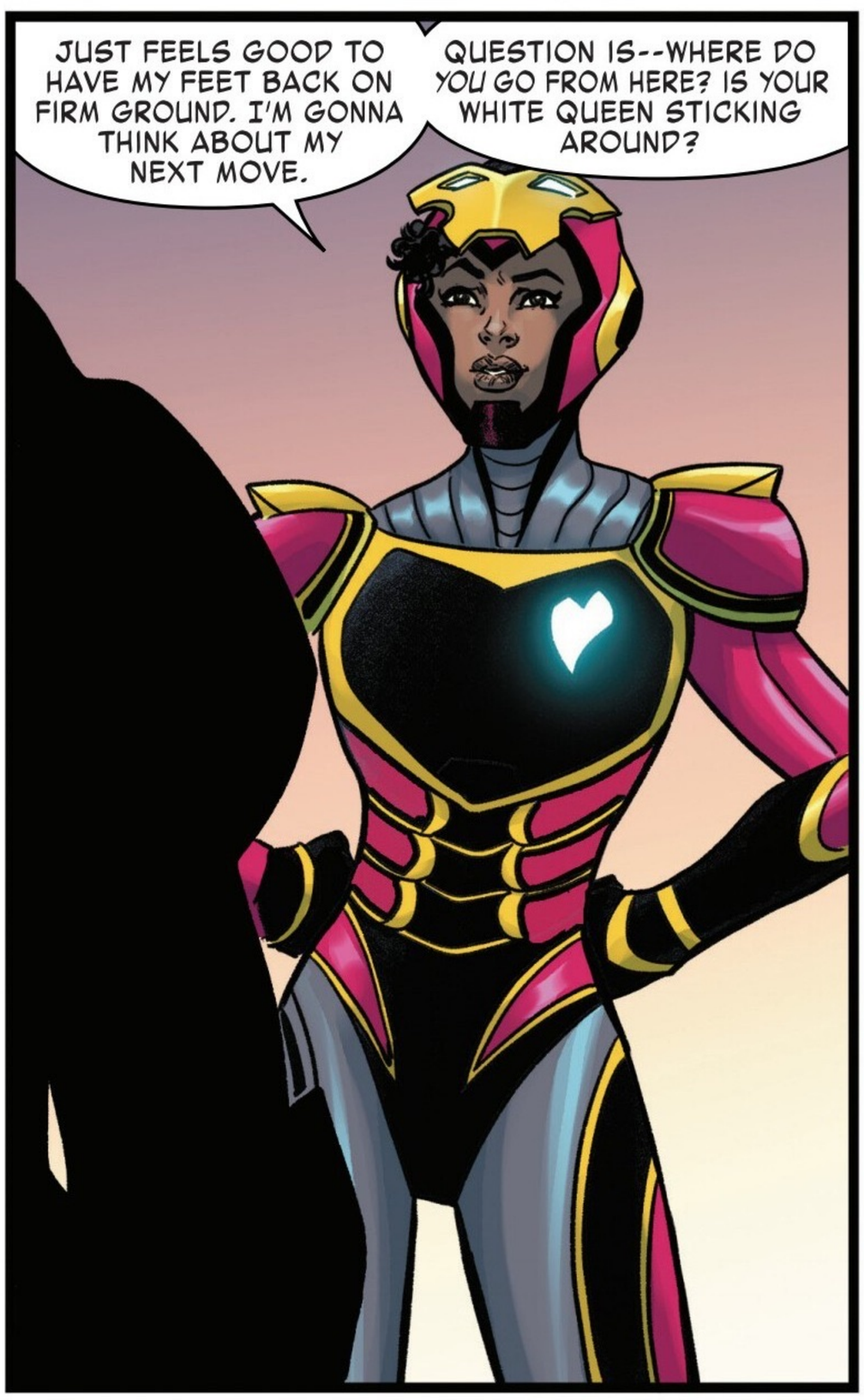
ONCE AGAIN, ANOTHER GREAT IDEA THAT I WILL GET THE CREDIT FOR. HOW'S IT FEEL TO BE LIVING WITHOUT THE MANDARIN RINGS?
I'D BE LYING IF I SAID IT DIDN'T FEEL LIKE "WITHDRAWAL," BUT I'M HOLDING ON.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO PAID THE ULTIMATE PRICE TO FIGHT FASCISM

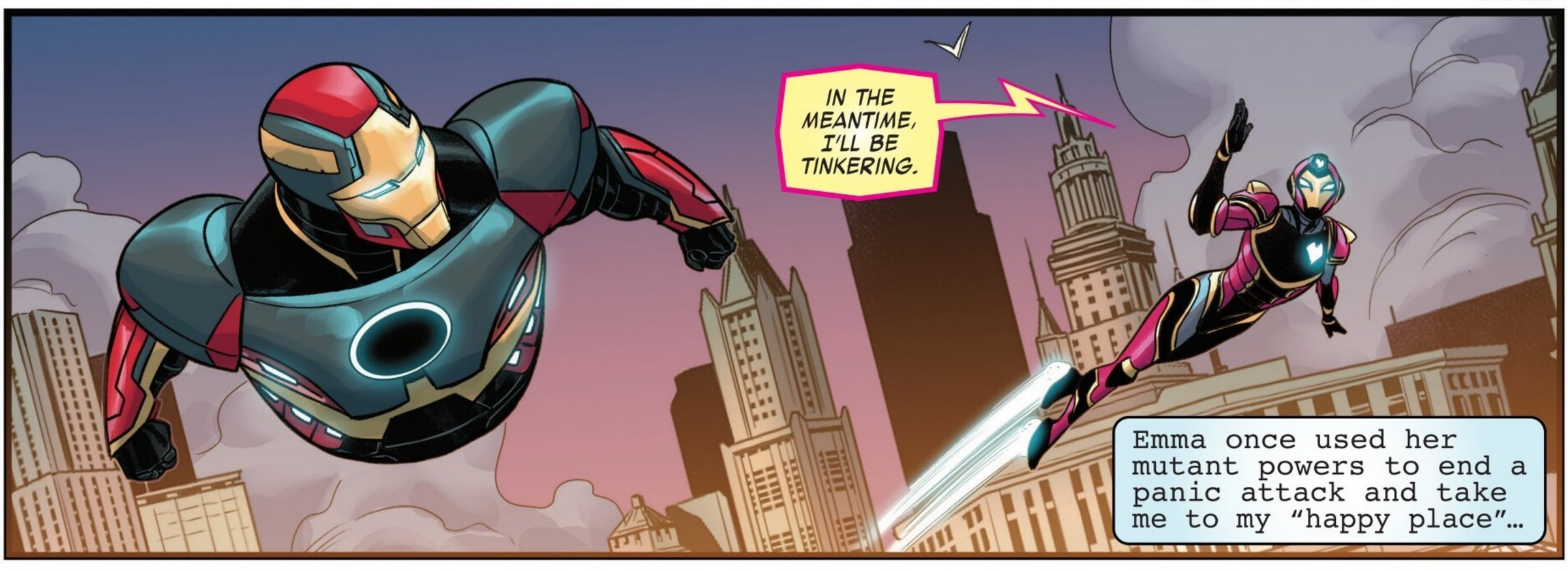
I PROMISED MYSELF I WAS IN CONTROL, BUT THAT WAS JUST THE VENEER. UNDER ALL THAT--MY LIFE WAS A STORM.
I KNOW A THING OR TWO ABOUT HIDING WHAT I'M GOING THROUGH.
I'M PROUD OF YOU.

I OWE YOU A HUGE DEBT.

THE END OF THIS WAR WOULD'VE PLAYED OUT DIFFERENTLY IF YOU HADN'T DELIVERED THE MARK 73.
WHAT'S NEXT ON YOUR AGENDA?
DUNNO YET.
DEDICATED TO THOSE
WHO PAID
ULTIMATE PR
FIGHT FASCI


JUST FEELS GOOD TO HAVE MY FEET BACK ON FIRM GROUND. I'M GONNA THINK ABOUT MY NEXT MOVE.
QUESTION IS--WHERE DO *YOU* GO FROM HERE? IS YOUR WHITE QUEEN STICKING AROUND?

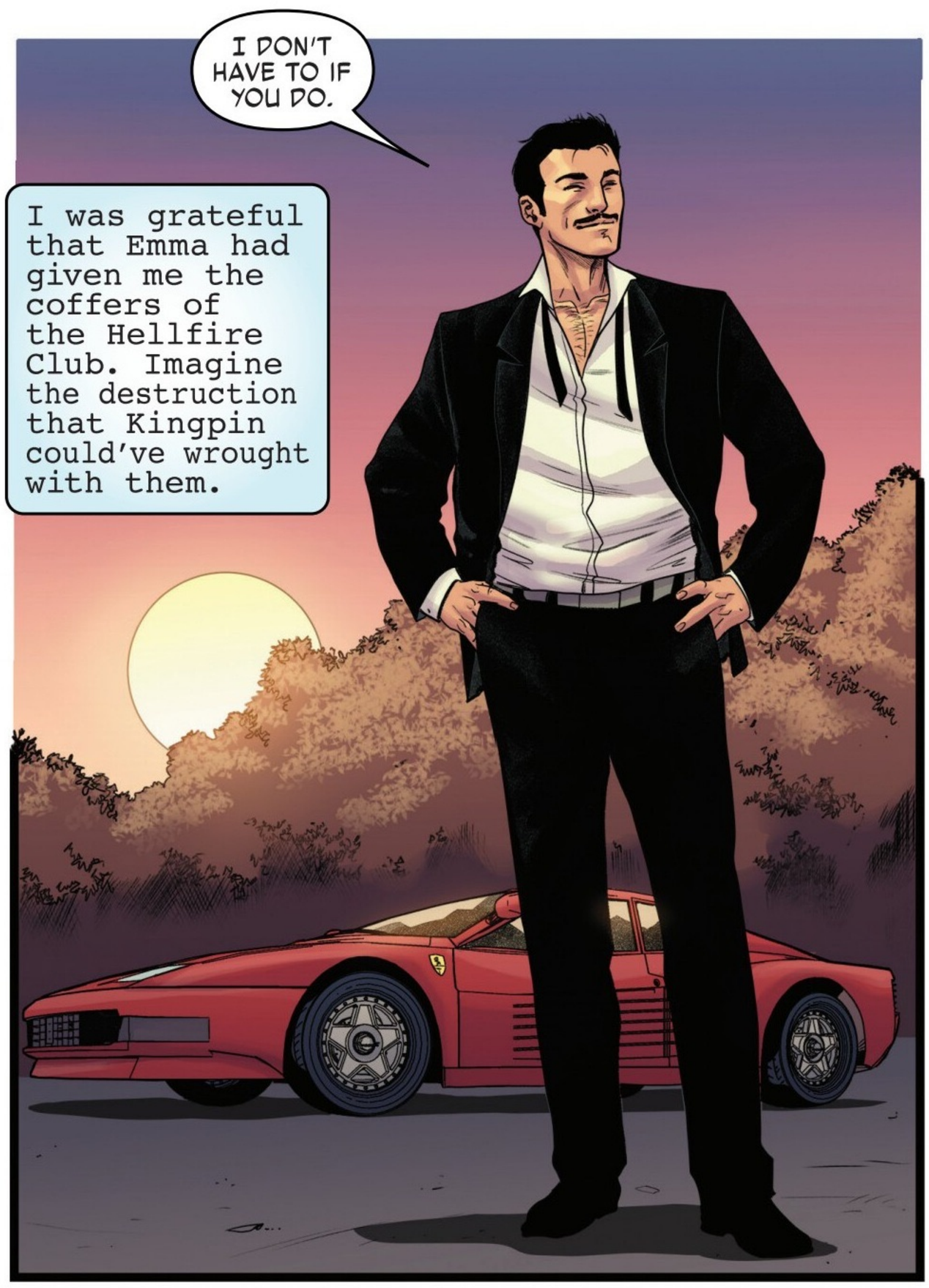
NO, I'M A SOLO ACT. I'M ALSO GOING TO BE MAKING SOME CHANGES. I'LL HIT YOU WITH A NEW ADDRESS...IN CASE YOU WANNA HEAD WEST TOO.
I APPRECIATE THE OFFER.

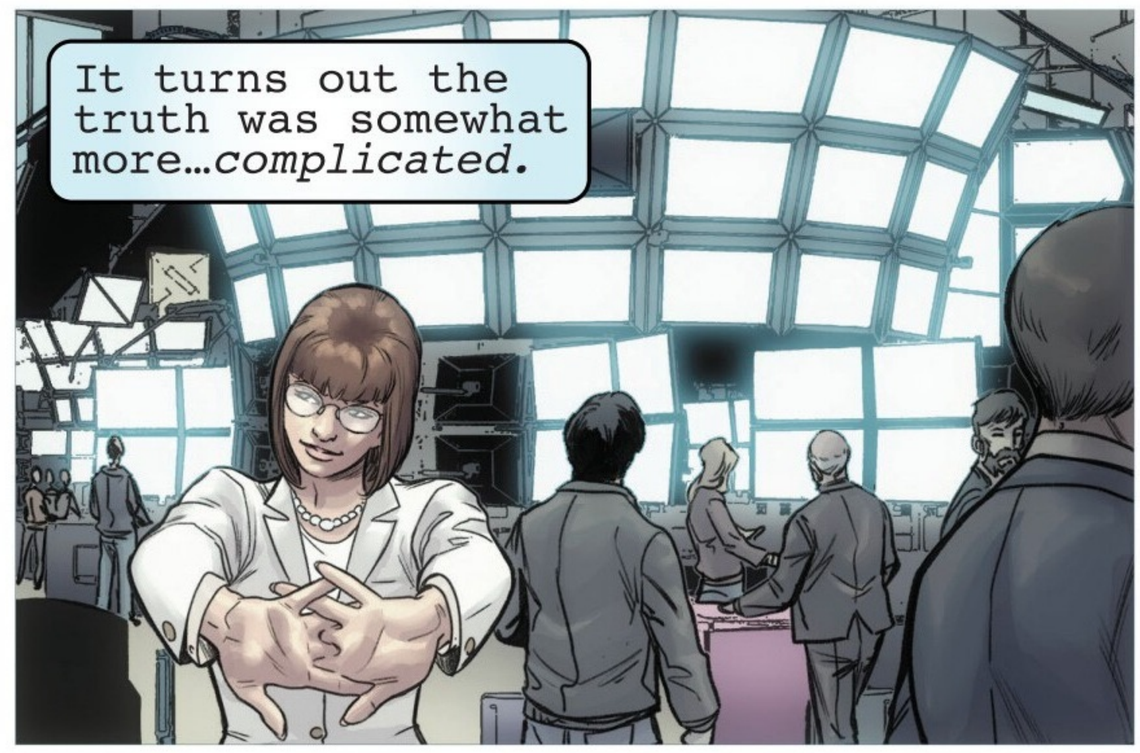

IN THE MEANTIME, I'LL BE TINKERING.
Emma once used her mutant powers to end a panic attack and take me to my "happy place"…

…and a few weeks later, I made that hangar back out west a reality.
I used Emma's seed money to buy an airstrip on the west side of Los Angeles, and I asked Rhodes to meet me.
I had a couple billion dollars, and I started making moves fast.

WHAT DO YOU THINK, JIM?

I GOT A LIST OF NAMES. YOU WON'T LOVE THEM ALL.


I DON'T HAVE TO IF YOU DO.
I was grateful that Emma had given me the coffers of the Hellfire Club. Imagine the destruction that Kingpin could've wrought with them.



Emma Frost knew she was leaving me, so she sorted a parting gift.

She used her mental powers and made the market work for her.

It was the most *insider* trading… maybe ever?

The fake trades and skimmed accounts took a while to be noticed, but when they were…there was hell to pay.

H-HOW COULD THIS HAPPEN?
ROXXON™
CEO
AGGER

SOMEBODY ROBBED ME?!

OH NO! THE OTHERS WILL HAVE MY HOOD FOR THIS!

WHAT?! SOMEONE STOLE WHAT WE STOLE?!

SOMEONE WILL PAY FOR THIS TRESPASS.

TH-THIS CAN'T BE RIGHT!

HNNH.

There were lots more bad guys that Emma visited…

…but that's a story for another day.

Rhodey and I made a game called *Ton Ball*, and I haven't beaten him yet.

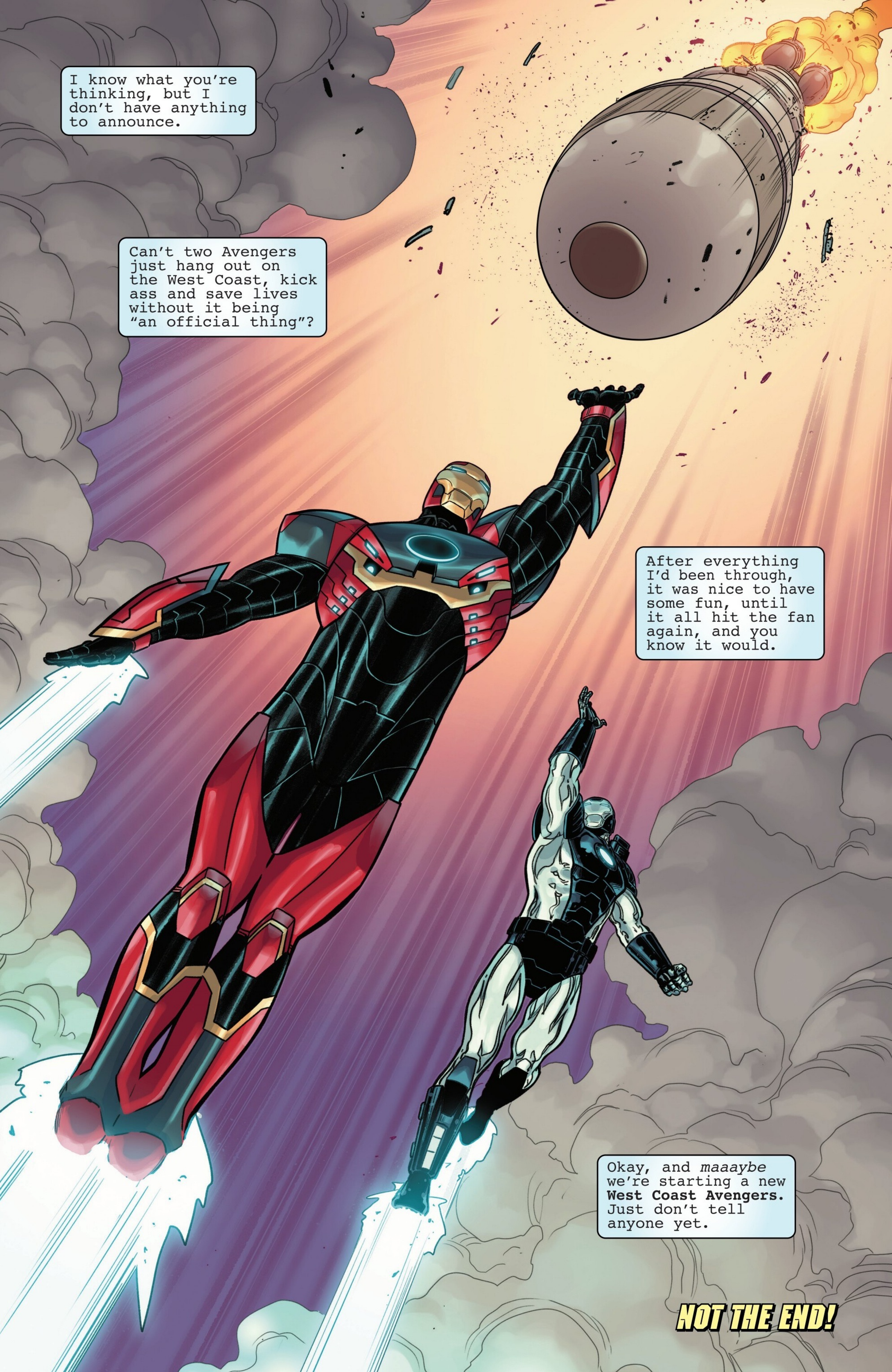
It's just basketball with a one-ton sphere of heavy metal.

THAT'S COMING OUT OF YOUR PAY, JIM.

KRASH!

MAYDAY, MAYDAY! THE HEAVY ROCKET IS IN TROUBLE!

TIME TO GO TO WORK.


I know what you're thinking, but I don't have anything to announce.
Can't two Avengers just hang out on the West Coast, kick ass and save lives without it being "an official thing"?
After everything I'd been through, it was nice to have some fun, until it all hit the fan again, and you know it would.
Okay, and *maaaybe* we're starting a new **West Coast Avengers.** Just don't tell anyone yet.
NOT THE END!

AFTERWORD

That's a wrap on my custodianship of Tony Stark. It's always a privilege to be able to contribute to the stories of the classic Marvel characters that I grew up reading. As a Gen X kid, I was buying "Armor Wars" off spinner racks and then going back and finding "Demon in a Bottle" in back-issue bins. I loved Iron Man comics. I hope that affection translated to these twenty issues.

What a joy it was to collaborate on these issues of INVINCIBLE IRON MAN. Christopher Cantwell did me no favors by writing a stellar run prior to our volume, and he left Tony broke, but with some very fertile fields.

I think because I was privileged to be writing X-MEN, some fans assumed that Iron Man would be relegated to a support player in the larger story of Krakoa. But for those of us wrenching on this book, we never felt that for a second. Spiritually, for Tony to see his technology perverted by including it in the Sentinel program, it was like "Armor Wars III," I hope.

Thank you to Juan and Kael from being there from the jump and, of course, to Andrea, Patch and all our artists. Noah Sharma, Kat Gregorowicz, thanks for making the train run, we couldn't have done it without you. To Joe Caramagna, Bryan Valenza and everyone in the Bullpen, Sales and Marketing Departments—thanks for making us all look so good. To our retail partners and readers—thank you for making this a hit book. C.B., thanks for showing confidence in me again. I don't take that for granted.

I am grateful most especially to Darren Shan, my first reader every time, for knowing when to let me drive and when to grab the wheel because I was heading off-road. The true mark of an excellent editor. Darren's tough to make laugh, but when he did, I knew I had a home run. I'm not sure if I was his first call or not, but I made sure I was his last phone call for this gig. Thanks for helping shape this one. Looking forward to what you cook up for the X-Men next.

We love Marvel heroes because of their flaws, and this one hit home for me during production, while I was trying to help someone close to me who shares Tony's addiction. Heroes inspire, and we hope that Tony Stark's difficult path on the road to redemption was both fun and aspirational. We dragged Tony through some hard times, but that reactor on Iron Man's chest shined bright.

A special thank you to Mark Waid, who threw "the marriage of Emma & Tony" against the wall years ago. It was a notion I was asked to bless—which, in and of itself, is an indicator of what a gentleman he is... My response was, "Go for it, as long as you don't expect me to do anything with it."

Ha.

And of course, like many of Mark's ideas, there's usually a ton of gold behind them. Upon reflection, taking Tony and Emma from the gutters they found themselves in and putting them back-to-back against the world—that is a hit recipe. Sure, they practically hated each other at the top, but we love stories because of the changes along the journey. I know a little about what Spencer Ackerman has in store, and I'm really excited for his story. I can't wait to return to ol' Shell-Head as a fan.

Thanks for reading—this one will always have a special place in my heart.

Gerry Duggan
Los Angeles, June 2024

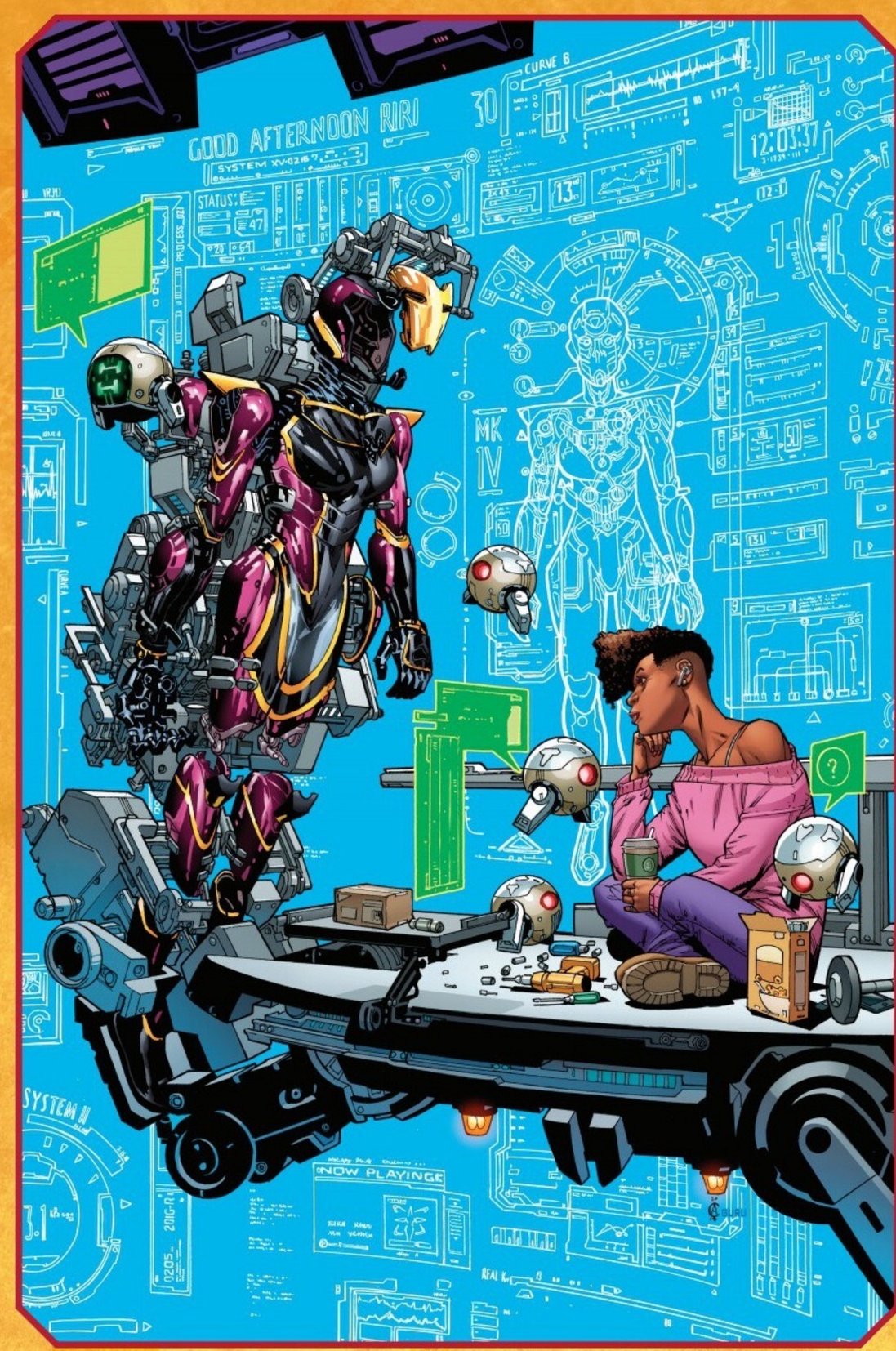
GREG & TIM HILDEBRANDT

#14 MARVEL MASTERPIECES III VARIANT

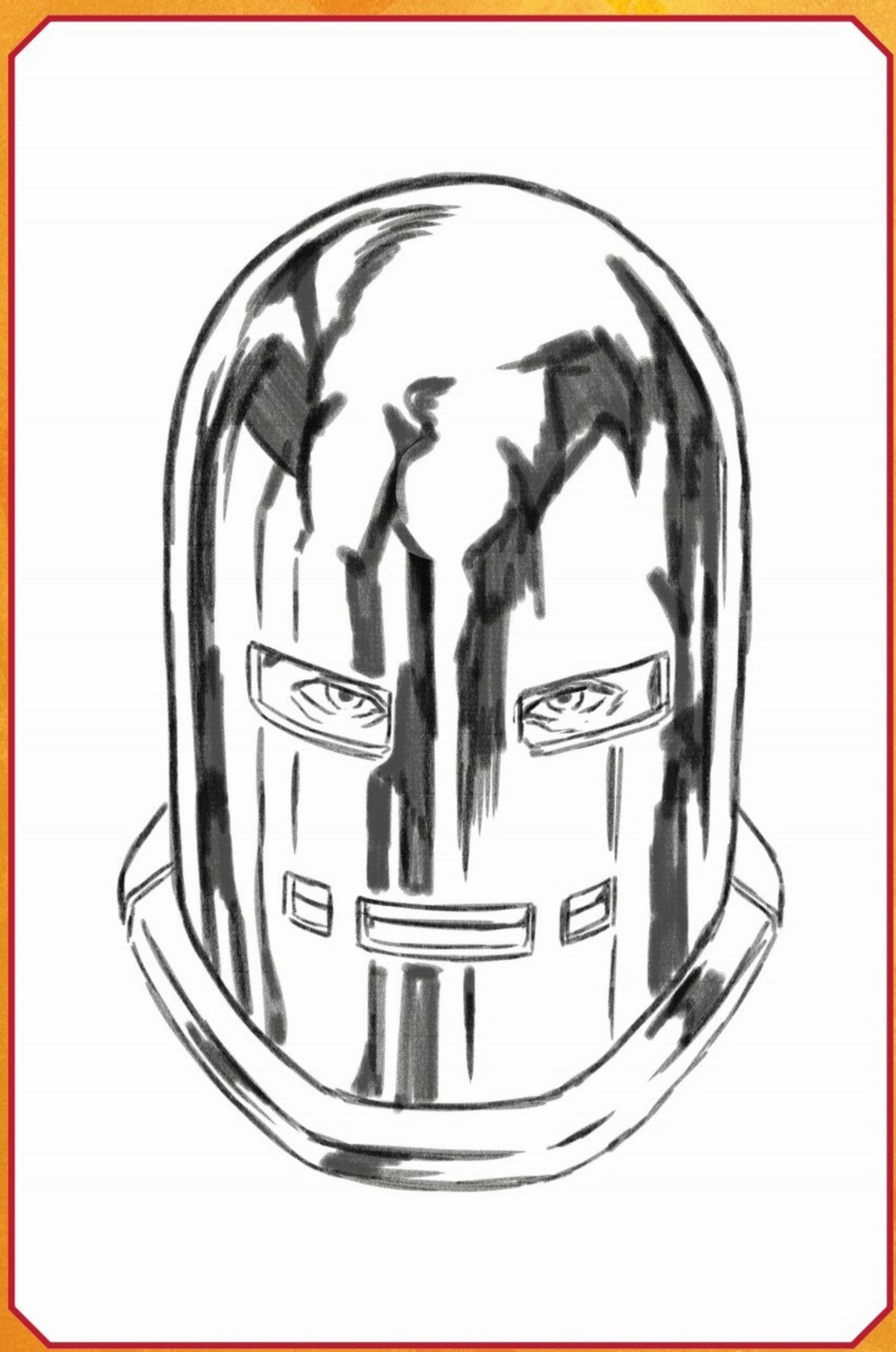
DIKE RUAN & MATTHEW WILSON

#15 VARIANT

PHIL NOTO
#15 MARVEL '97 VARIANT



CHRIS ALLEN & GURU-eFX
#16 STORMBREAKERS VARIANT



MARK BROOKS
#16 HEADSHOT SKETCH VARIANT

MARK BROOKS
#16 HEADSHOT VARIANT

JOHN GIANG
#16 VARIANT

RAFAEL GRASSETTI

#17 VARIANT

GIUSEPPE CAMUNCOLI, ROBERTO POGGI & JEAN-FRANCOIS BEAULIEU

#17 VAMPIRE VARIANT

PEPE LARRAZ
#18 DESIGN VARIANT

PETE WOODS
#18 BLACK COSTUME VARIANT

SKOTTIE YOUNG
#19 BIG MARVELS BLACK & WHITE VARIANT

SKOTTIE YOUNG
#19 BIG MARVELS VARIANT

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#19 IRON PATRIOT VARIANT

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T+

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